



SCENARIO WRITERS DUPED.

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MANY of my correspondents have written in, eager to know about the writing of scenarios, and although I have given little sparks of advice here and there and have written an article on it, I must go back and build up some rules for them to abide by.

In the first place, do not submit a play unless you are quite sure that you have an original, novel plot with characters, cleverly defined, a story that abounds with sympathetic romance, which stimulates the imagination and is full of logical and rapid action. As I have so often advised, do not even hope to have your stories read when they are not sent in type-written. The scenario editors receive hundreds of scenarios a day and they haven't time to read either very long synopses or hand-written scripts.

Make your synopsis as short and comprehensive as possible, so closely knit together that the reader can visualize your action and weigh the strength and sincerity of the story in his mind. It is foolish for the amateur to attempt to work out the scenes, as it takes a great experience to understand the technique of unfolding a story in such a manner that it will be ready to hand over to a director.

But the scenario editors are all crying for new material, new ideas, perhaps old themes newly constructed by strong plays; plays embodying a new thought or a new science; virile, clean plays—not suggestive sex dramas, which are a menace to the screen.

It is always best to make a study of pictures on the screen and learn from the weaknesses and the flaws you can find in the produced pictures. When you see a good picture, one which is recognized by the critics and the public as of high standard, study that picture well until you realize what there is about it that has made it so pronounced and artistic a success.

Many of the stories I have written have been inspired by these splendidly produced pictures, and I felt as I watched them that somehow or other I had my finger on the pulse of what the moving-picture directors as well as the public wanted.

"Can we take a correspondence course in photo-play writing?" dozens have written to ask, and here is a problem which I find difficult to solve, as there are so many fake schools which take your money and give you nothing.

I would not dare to advise any one to follow this course unless the credentials of the school prove it to be reputable. Thousands of agencies have been established all over the United States, advertising that they will place the amateur's scenarios at so much per sale. Their circulars read very enticingly and the amateur writers are duped by the fine phrases and highly-colored promise of fame and prosperity.

Unfortunately, few of these agencies can be relied upon. They even

steal the ideas, overcharge the writers and have no intention of trying to dispose of their plays. They usually devise some scheme to make the writers pay a stipulated sum in advance.

A well-known scenario writer told me that when she first wrote scenarios many years ago, she went to just such an agent, who took eight or ten of her stories and sent them to the different studios, according to his own statement.

Recognizing that she really had material there, this agent had taken advantage of her and had really mailed them to the studios, selling four or five of them. The checks were sent to him, and were shown to her as luring bait, with a spurious contract he had faked proving to her no checks were to be delivered to the writers until the stories had been released.

Knowing she was in very straitened circumstances at the time, he offered her fifty dollars if she would sign her interest away in over two hundred dollars' worth of accepted material. She did this gladly, but when she discovered his swindling, he had disappeared—nor was she the only one who had felt the scourge of this injustice. Hundreds of writers whom he had gathered into his fold were all bitten by the same scorpion.

So beware, amateur writers, and think and act for yourselves. Send your stories, neatly typewritten, in to the scenario editor of any company you wish to favor with your talents. There is a code of honor among the scenario editors of the reliable companies and stories will not be stolen which are sent to them.

Answers to Correspondents.

M. L. H.—The course at Columbia university of photoplay writing is the very finest I can recommend.

E. G. C.—The history of my life has never been written. I was not in the box at the American theater a few weeks ago. The picture you inclosed was taken some time ago.

B. B.—Don't you think you would be very ungrateful if you hurt your mother and father after their having been so kind to you and given you an education, undoubtedly at the cost of many sacrifices? You make a mistake in feeling education is unnecessary to our profession. It is the greatest boon to it. I would continue with art and sculpture if you have any talent for it and not hope to become an actress.

A. D.—Ambition is not the only requirement for becoming a moving picture actress. If you are not good looking, clever and talented, you would be very foolish to waste your energies and not direct your attention toward another field.

W. C. B.—What an interesting experience your meeting Edwin Booth was! All our lives we actresses have heard much of the great art of Booth. Glad you appreciate how hard we work to get an effect.

Mary Pickford.



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THE BLIND WHO CAN SEE.

"HOW dreadful not to be able to look upon the beautiful things in this world of ours!" we cry as the blind go hobbling along, feeling their way with their canes, stumbling often and sometimes falling.

"Not to know when the skies are blue and the white clouds go sailing by!" cries one. "Never to know that the wild flowers are blossoming yellow and scarlet on the green hills!" cries another.

"To think of not being able to see the ocean when it breaks against the rocks and throws its mantilla of foaming white lace over the shore!" laments the third.

"What a man or woman must miss who cannot see the little children romping at their play!" from another.

"And how lonely the blind must be when they cannot see the faces of those they love!" is the cry that came from my own heart.

These are the things we talked of as we stood in a little group looking pitifully upon a blind man who was edging near us, listening with the keen, sharp ears of the blind.

"You are mistaken—we can see," he interrupted us, and the smile on his face as he turned from one to the other made us feel as if he knew us and could read the confusion in our glances.

"We see with our ears and our hearts," he continued, "and there are many times we blind who talk among ourselves regret that you who have your sight cannot hear the voices of the world and of nature as we can hear them."

We drew around him in a circle and listened as he told us of the compensations the Lord has given those destined to go through life shut away from the color of the world.

"I can sit on the grass in the sunlight," he told us, "and can hear the songs of the insects, the bees and the birds as they circle around and light on the flowers and branches near me. So long have I listened to them I seem to know the little things they are saying to each other and I talk with them, never feeling lonely because I know they are there and will always understand me."

"The wind has a song as it sighs through the trees—the night has its songs and the day has its songs."

"But I thought it was always night to you," interrupted one of the little girls who was listening to him, eager eyed.

The old man smiled upon her and laughed as merrily as old men always laugh when they are talking to a little one.

"The night is more silent," he answered her, "and there are no vibrating echoes of thousands of footsteps. Then the night smells differently from the day. Cool breezes from the sea come, and, like a good house-keeper, they sweep out the dirt of the city's day—the smoke, the soot and the grime. Sometimes they carry the

perfume of the green hills with them, and just before the dawn comes I can smell the fragrant country in the air."

"Then the city awakens—it yawns! I can hear the rumble of the trains in the distance—the machinery of the day is beginning to grind. The whistles blow—the milkmen rattle their wagons through the streets—the dogs bark. The street cars clang and the voices of men and women pass me on their way to work."

"But you cannot see those things," the little girl interrupted again, with pity in her face.

"That's it—you're wrong," and he smiled again. "Those are just the very things I do see. When the passerby knocks against me in the street and some kind hand helps me across a busy corner, when little children stop and chatter with me, I can see nothing but love in the world. I never know that there are any shadows, except when they are read to me from the newspapers, because I do not want to think of the people of the world as cross and cruel and unkind to each other. I don't have to see their scowls and their frowns even though I do overhear their ugly words. I am blind. I can escape the unattractive moods which provoke their anger."

"And then I have music—the soul of the voice, the cello, the violin, the orchestra—all these are mine—mine!—and I am a king among men."

So never again shall I call the blind men blind, but in my heart of hearts shall I always think of them as "the blind who can really see."

Answers to Correspondents.

Mrs. W. B. F.—It pleases me very much to know you are making a scrap book of these little articles which I write in all good faith to you.

Irene E. and Bertha H.—Some actresses have personal maids who help them dress and make up, but I have always made up my own face for the screen. I simply use grease paint and a little shading around the eyes.

S. M. J.—Thank you very much for your suggestions, which you call "Little Piccrusts" for me to supply the filling. I have put them in my ledger and you shall see that I will write upon the subjects you outlined. I always appreciate and am glad to get letters like yours.

J. K.—Unhappily I am not a musician, although I do struggle with a piano and have always longed to sing.

Mrs. Admirer.—It is very seldom that actresses are forced to take chances with their lives, and then are never compelled to do so except of their own volition. I cannot advise you about leaving home and going to work at a studio. You would have to begin as an extra girl and would make not more than \$1.50 to \$2.50 a day without any picture experience.

S. N. T.—Of course a new girl at the studio is not made fun of by the others unless she does something foolish to attract attention to herself. I think the slogan of most of the girls is "kindness" to the newcomer.

Mary Pickford.



TATTLE-TALE SUSANS.

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HOW well I remember those days, far back in Canada, when Jack would poke out my poor doll's eyes to see what made them blink or remove her scalp to see if she had any thinkers or cut her in two to see if she had any feelings—just the very things that every girl's younger brother does to torment and tease her.

Sometimes I took it upon myself to punish him, and often mother would, if the offense was serious, but I soon learned that if I ran to mother with little trifling grievances I fared quite as badly as the culprit, because I became what my mother called a little "Miss Tattle-tale Susan."

Tattling is a habit that grows on children, and while a mother should always be informed by one what the other is doing, at the same time children's imaginations are pretty keenly developed and they can often make as good a story out of a small chestnut when they are six as when they are sixty.

Of course, it is such fun to feel sorry for yourself and have some one to go and tell it to, but it soon becomes a whining habit, and—whom do you dread to see come a-visiting more than a "Tattle-tale Susan," who will not only tell you all her own woes, but tales, true and imaginary, of her friends and her neighbors?

Of course, when a youngster brings the information, "Mamma, Johnny has taken your best hat to make a bean bag of," or "Katie is hanging the kitten to the chandelier with the cord from your bathrobe," it would seem rather inconsistent for a mother to say, "Run along, Tattle-tale Susan, or I will punish you instead of Johnny or Katie." But I do think mothers should not let their kiddies run to their knees with every little trifling incident of the day.

A girl at our studio whose little ferret eyes never missed anything was always the one who had much to relate of the goings on behind closed doors or in shadowy corners. As we can never believe anything we hear and only half of what we see, this girl made many unhappy mistakes and several innocent people were censured because she had spun little idle yarns about them detrimental to their characters.

"We must get that girl out of the studio," one of the directors finally determined. "She's one of the cleverest actresses we have, but there is not a word dropped in the studio that she doesn't carry outside."

"A title for a picture is suggested—she loses no time, but whispers it, in confidence, of course, to a friend who works for a competitor. Then the title which we would have liked to keep secret takes wings and speeds on its way to the public."

"As the plot of a story is read to the actors or actresses, it takes just ten minutes from the time Miss Tattle-tale Susan leaves the studio to

spread the news of the new scenario abroad among the other studios."

The following day this individual little newspaper was told that they no longer needed her at the studio, and off she flounced to another company, soon, I heard, meeting the same fate there.

Dear little girls, do learn to keep your own counsel, as it is one of the first attributes toward success. Don't talk about your own achievements even when you have something to be proud of, and remember that every unkind word you tell on others is bound to reflect upon yourselves.

Talking too much is infinitely more serious than not talking at all, and if you have nothing to say, close wise and silent lips.

Some people talk themselves into a position, but you will nearly always find they will talk themselves out of it just as quickly. Many times we meet with people to whom we attribute mental superiority because they are clever conversationalists, but the second time we meet them we change our tune and the third time we meet them we know how they have duped us by their superficial gleaming and their practiced use of a few pet phrases.

Ideas and not phraseology are the basic foundation of intelligence.

Answers to Correspondents.

Louise E. M.—It is impossible to say which of all the places I have seen in my travels I like best, as everything depends upon the seasons. The West in spring, the East in fall, the South in winter and the North in summer, and yet so much do I love all parts of my country that were I to choose a home, I think I would be quite unprejudiced.

School Girl.—I would give your teacher a subscription to a good, standard magazine. It is a most acceptable present.

Bettie and Frances.—Clean, wholesome plays are the ones which are my favorites; plays that have strong but tender morals.

L. M. R.—Florence Reed is with Pathe at present. Arthur Hoops is now with Metro, and Olga Petrova is also with Metro.

Edithe.—Indeed I do love little children, and, as a school teacher, you would have been charmed with the cunning little types we used in "The Foundling." Have the concise plots of your plays typewritten and send them to the scenario departments of the moving-picture companies.

L. V.—I cannot answer your first question. Earrings are very attractive, but I do not think it necessary in these days to have the ears pierced, when they make such firm clasps.

J. C.—Harold Lockwood played opposite me in "Hearts Adrift" and Owen Moore in "Mistress Nell."

Mary Pickford.



THE SPIDER'S WEB.

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WHY do so many girls think that because we are actresses we must trip the light fantastic, drain the cup of experience and suffer many humiliations before the eyes of the world? I always tell them it is not collectively the actresses, but individually the girls, who must meet their own temptations and overcome them.

And, of course, when we look at the other side of the tapestry, we will always find the raveled ends of threads which are part of the warp and woof of the finished masterpiece.

In the first place, we have to work so much harder than young girls ever dream, and I have seen many become discouraged and fall by the wayside, the prey of their own disillusionment. Some young goslings, pretty but weak, tire of the everyday grind, and because they do not make a sparkling success over night give up and look about them for a loophole to escape through.

The mother who wrote to me, telling me she would not let her daughter go even to visit a moving-picture studio because the men and women were thrown promiscuously together, is right if her daughter is of the type of girls that is susceptible and would easily fall a prey to the wiles of a certain class of men we instinctively call the "spiders" of our profession.

There is always the bad among the good, and though a wise girl learns to distinguish between the two she often makes mistakes and allows herself to be caught in a trap from which she has difficulty in freeing herself.

The suave, ingratiating, overly-groomed young chap who calls himself an actor, but stays in the shadows watching and waiting for the little, unsophisticated girls, is another spider. He has been called the "white slaver" and every effort is made to keep these dangerous men out of the studios, and we who are proud of the companies we work for feel we have rid ourselves of these social parasites.

Girls of fifteen plead, "Dear Miss Pickford, how can I persuade my mother to let me become an actress?" I have nothing to say to them but, "Take your mother into your confidence. If she thinks it is not wise for you to leave your home, obey her. She is your best friend. Even if she is willing for you to attempt to break your way into the picture field, always take her with you, so that she may be either a protection to you, if you are inclined to play fast and loose with fate, or to prove to her there is no contamination which will harm you if you are once placed in clean, reliable studios."

There is another spider of the profession girls must guard against—it is the female spider, the gossip, the woman who has a past and who meddles in the present and future of every one in the studio. She is generally kindly voiced and has ever a hypocritical smile which she has forced to her lips through many years of deceit. She will tell you that you are a dear, sweet little girl and she will take you right under her protecting wing. She will pry into the depths of your heart and your soul—and the following morning there won't be an ear in the studio that will not have heard the now distorted confidence you have given her.

You will go to her, upbraiding her, disappointed and chagrined. Then she will turn upon you, maligning

you, humiliating you in the eyes of the others and spreading gossip about you which is bound to hurt and harm you until you have lived it down.

No girl should accept the chance acquaintance of a fellow artist when he asks you to go out and dine with him. Find out about him first. If a man really is interested in a girl, he will ask to visit her in her own home, or, if she is away from home, he will see she has the protection of another girl.

Then it is even more dangerous to accept invitations from chance girl acquaintances, for while they promise a party of three or four girls, they often do not add that they are expecting an equal number of men to make up a dancing, skating or swimming party.

It is not the studios, mothers of our little girl readers, that harbor the pitfalls, as we are too busy to get into immediate danger, but movies are just like any other industry—it is what takes place after work hours that determines a girl's future.

If girls would only realize they are going to the studios to work and that the profession demands as much physical and mental labor as any other, if they looked upon them as wage-earning hours and not play hours, if they have talent and ambition, there is some hope for them. But do not be carried away by your daughter's pretty face and let her go unguarded into the mesh of this life, as her disappointment, if she fails, may unhappily influence her the rest of her life.

So swamped am I by thousands of letters, it seems to me the whole population of girlhood is rising and demanding, "I want to be a moving-picture actress, Miss Pickford—what do you advise me to do?"

Answers to Correspondents.

E. S. B.—Most of the cats and dogs used in pictures belong to some of the actors or actresses. The stray ones who have no homes are always adopted and become studio pets, as we grow so fond of them during the taking of the pictures.

Louise—Each company has its own staff of writers. It is true they are very anxious to get manuscripts submitted by outsiders. If you have a play written especially for me, send it to the scenario department of the Famous Players Company.

H. B.—There was no name signed except Frank B. and no address given on the letter.

R. E. L.—My hair is so thick I did not miss the curl that Jack snipped off, although I must admit that when I heard the scissors so close to my head it made me gasp with terror.

M. S.—You will have to write to the moving-picture companies, as I do not know which of them have their own photo-engraving plants.

Constance W.—No reliable studio demands payment of a fee for trying out a girl to determine whether she is clever or not, so beware of advertisements which hold out any such lure. Indeed I have no faith in these so-called "try-outs."

W. S.—Always search the directories and make a list of the studios before you start out. Take your photograph with you and leave it with the casting director.

Mary Pickford.



THE VOICE OF THE SNOW.

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A GIRL who has lived in the desert all her life wrote a quaint little letter to me the other day, the last paragraph of which sounded a bit wistful.

"Sometimes in the long, hot nights I dream that the snow sifts down and makes everything cool, beautiful and white. I have never seen the snow, Miss Pickford, except in moving pictures, but when I close my eyes I imagine that if I put my hand out it would close over a sparkling snowball and that these tiresome miles and miles of cactus are all dressed in shimmering, snowy party gowns!"

"What fun it must be! Do you skate or do you ride in a sleigh, and do they have bells on the horses' harness? I always imagine it would not be half as much fun sleighing if it were not for the jingle bells my mother has often told me about. Do write us of the snow, Miss Pickford."

I do not think we boys and girls in the snow countries appreciate how really beautiful the snow is, after all, and how much pleasure it brings into our lives. Though it inconveniences us at times, how we would miss it if Dame Nature whisked it away and carried it to the hot, thirsty deserts.

When I was a little girl, I always imagined that the good Mother of Winter was making up her beds, laying the white sheets down upon the earth. When it was snowing, I thought she was shaking out her pillows and the white swansdown feathers were falling. When the thunder came, she was cross because we had complained about her feather bed, saying that we did not like to see it lying across our meadows, covering up all the grass and flowers which would bloom again for us in the springtime.

In New York, the snow is not always so attractive, except in the little parks or in Central Park, which becomes, after a snowstorm, a glittering ice palace, shining like diamonds and opals in the sun.

"Look at the snowflakes clinging to the branches," we cry as we drive through the park. "Don't they look like little crystal butterflies fluttering on a marble limb?"

"See those rosy-cheeked youngsters!" some one else remarks.

And "Plump! There goes a fat lady on the ice!" We all shriek with laughter. "Oh, I'll bet she's a crossie!"

"It seems to me the women are prettier this year than ever, or is it the style of the furs?" inquires a cynical young man, as he glances around.

"It is the women, of course," replies the old Beau Brummel, who always has an alert eye for feminine beauty and charm.

And then, away from this sparkle and promise, thousands of unemployed men eke out an existence, support themselves and often their great little families—because of the snow!

It is gratifying to New Yorkers to the story of a wealthy New Yorker who, every winter, was known to walk through the little Madison Square Park where the statistics have proved less unemployed labor this year when the call to shovels came, and the line of men eager for the day's employment of shoveling snow from the streets is not so long nor so crowded as it has been in the last few years.

Even the reports from the municipal lodging houses state that during this winter they haven't had to build up the extra beds for homeless men, women and children as they have in winters past.

And now there comes to me a lit-square Park where dozens of poor, unsheltered men and women sought refuge.

Not only would he give to them himself, but it soon became his habit to stop the passersby and take a collection from them, impressing upon them the needs of these people and promising that from his own pocket he would double every donated dollar.

This money sent the half-starved souls to shelter and food for the night, and they began to look upon him as their patron saint, to watch for him, pray for him—and he never failed them!

How happy we would all be if we could feel we had never failed them, that we never let pass by a chance to do a little good for others—that we, too, were some one's patron saint!

Answers to Correspondents.

J. E. V.—"The Foundling" was taken in California, but the film was burned in the Famous Players' studio. It was then retaken. Some of the photographs of the first production which differed from the second had been sent out. Does this clear up the mystery for you?

S. S.—Try wet pumice stone on your arms. It is said to be efficacious. Try cold creaming your wrinkles.

L. K.—Have you ever tried writing scenarios to keep you busy during the hours you are not at college? If you are original, you will find them remunerative.

L. V. D.—Sometimes I think we chafe under a crown and wistfully long to be free of the shackles of success. Sometimes I think there is a premium on mediocrity.

E. L. W.—I think it is foolish for a young girl to accept gifts in the form of jewelry from a man she is not engaged to. But I would go to my mother and ask her what she thinks—she knows more about it than you and she is always eager to help you.

A. G.—James Kirkwood was my leading man in "The Eagle's Mate," Owen Moore in "Cinderella," "Caprice" and "Mistress Nell," Marshall Neilan in "Madame Butterfly," Eugene O'Brien in "Poor Little Peppina." You see we have many leading men. No, I was not at the Madison Square Garden ball.

Mary Pickford.



THE HOPE BOX.

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THERE comes a time in every girl's life when she dreams her little dream about the hope box, whether it is a big camphor chest or just an empty drawer in an old dresser in the attic. But it is there and it contains a myriad of the little things which will go toward making a multi-myriad of great, big happinesses.

For you unromantic girls who do not know yet what a hope box is, I must tell you it is the storehouse where girls lay aside memoirs, little trinkets that have tender histories, then—they begin to fill the box with pretty things—embroidered towels, hemstitched linen, bric-a-brac, favorite authors, a cook book, articles on household hints, pretty little lamp shades, sofa cushions, prints and framed pictures, candlesticks and sometimes bright and shining kitchen utensils.

Many girls add to these a lace and embroidered trousseau—which gives the secret of the hope box away to you all! They are planning for the happiest time in a girl's life—that time when she is to marry the man she loves.

Some girls never marry the man they love and the hope box lies in the attic, year after year, until the dust covers it with a heavy gray curtain.

I knew a young lady once who filled her hope box until the cover had to be pressed down upon its almost bulging sides, and after the box was filled, she made up her mind that now was the time to find the mate to share the secrets of the hope box.

I remember how astonished I was when she told me of her anticipated campaign, as I did not suppose girls ever thought of hope boxes until they had been chosen by their choice!

"Indeed not," this young lady informed me. "That is what a hope box is for—to stimulate us to matrimonial activity. I don't think I would have ever thought of getting married if I had not spent so many years preparing for this home of my own."

Five years passed before I visited her home town and saw her again. She was married—that I had heard—but when I inquired of her, still laughing in memory of the past, "What about the hope box—is it empty now?" she replied, echoing my laughter: "Indeed it isn't. It's filled again, filled until the hinges creak with toys and baby shoes and all the little things the kiddies bring in and store away in mother's camphor chest."

"Every girl should have a hope box if it turns out as happily as yours," I suggested, and when her husband came in, he, too, voiced the wisdom of our sentiment until there flashed across his mind this story of when he was a cub reporter on one of the newspapers:

An unknown, pitifully unattractive woman had committed suicide, jumping from a tenth story window to the sidewalk.

"Who is she? Why did she do it? Where did she come from?" All these questions were answered the reporter in a negative manner, and they

all left, feeling it deserved but a small paragraph in the paper—one of the city brevities, just one of the small candles of humanity which had given forth a wan, flickering flame had been extinguished.

He was assigned to the looking over of her belongings, and there, hidden in the corner of her room, he found a hope box. Such a hope box it was, filled with extravagant luxuries, with laces, ribbons, dressing gowns, boudoir caps, long white suede gloves and the daintiest of high-heeled slippers.

"Stolen!" cried the voice of an officer standing back of him. "This sure is a find."

"I believe it is," replied the reporter, "but I think you are wrong on the stolen part of it. It looks more to me like romance than theft."

And romance it was—the most pathetic, heartbreaking romance that a woman had ever lived within her own heart.

A hundred letters were there, addressed to her in the same handwriting, which later a hand-writing expert proved had been written by herself—passionate love letters, full of tender, beautiful thoughts, such as a man would write to a woman with whom he was madly in love.

Then the whole story gradually leaked out and, piecing it together, this was the sum and substance of it:

For twenty years she had worked as a seamstress, earning but a very few cents a day. Her very homeliness kept her from the little, transient pleasures that the other girls had who worked with her, and as the years went by and love and music and the joy of life passed her by she became embittered and cynical, self-analytical and hard.

"Say, Miss Liza, you ain't never had a beau, have you?" the girls would twit her, and Miss Liza would set her lips and answer grimly, "Not yet."

One day she came and told them about this man whom she had met—she showed them his photograph. It made them gasp with astonishment—he was handsome. One by one she took the girls into her confidence and read them his love letters—such letters as they had never received. Sometimes she invited them home with her and showed them the hope box and her trousseau, which was fast increasing as she spent her savings of years and years.

The day arrived when he was to come from the West and marry her, and great was the excitement in the workroom when they bade her goodbye. She was leaving them—to be a bride!

That was the night when the reporter was sent out on the story to find the body of an unknown, uninteresting, ugly, middle-aged woman who had thrown herself from her little attic room to the ground, ten stories below.

Answers to Correspondents.

Flora H.—I think you are a wise girl to choose the profession of music instead of desiring to become a moving-picture actress, as so many hundreds of other girls are doing. I would be very glad to receive the picture of your friend and yourself.

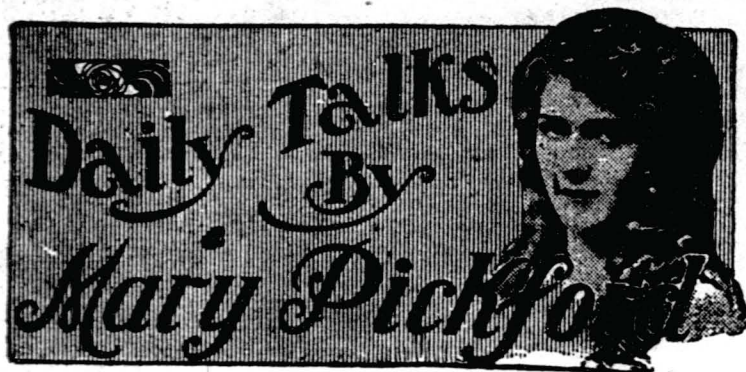
Her Chum.—I would suggest that your friend, as long as she has not found success as a moving-picture actress, get up a class to teach elocution. If she could interest the mothers of children in a class which would combine physical culture with elocution, she would make a success of it. Graceful gestures come only from a control of one's body.

E. M. K.—My sister Lottie played the leading part of the gypsy girl in "The Diamond from the Sky." Arthur Johnson died last month in Philadelphia.

H. W. O.—Edna May is with the Essanay. I am not sure, but think Harold Lockwood can be reached through the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, Cal.

Louise H.—You do not have to be as pretty as you do clever to get into moving pictures. If you want my advice, try to follow what I have given to others.

Mary Pickford.



SPRINGTIME IN PICTURES.

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"HELLO, Spring!" I cry as I peek out of the window each morning to see the little gay blossoms dancing on the crooked, black branches. "How merry you are and how glad the world is that you are here!"

"In the country the wild flowers are sprinkled over the meadows," reply the voices of the spring, "and soon it will be warm enough to stretch out on the sands while the children go in wading."

"How jolly! And there will be picnics in the woods under the blossoming trees," lure the voices, "holiday excursions into the fragrant meadows."

"Yes, and the moving-picture people will haunt the wild woods," calls out another elfin of springtime. "We poor Pans of the forest get no rest at all after the hills are stripped of their snow blankets. If we poke our noses from behind the oaks, whist! We are being photographed, here, there and everywhere!"

It is true. When the spring comes we scamper in droves to the woods looking for beautiful backgrounds for our pictures. The air is clear, the skies are blue, the wind sways the blossoming branches, and so filled are we with the joy of living that I think it is in the spring the very best of our pictures are taken. Even the drones of the studio are eager to work when the new creative spring forces send the blood rampant through their veins.

"Heigh, there!" the director will shout. "Stop Maypole dancing around the dogwood trees and remember that this is a workday and not a holiday season."

Then is the time I am always the most eager for out-of-door pictures which will take me into the woods and make me really feel as if I were a spirit of the untrammelled forests instead of a mere human being who dwells in a modern, steam-heated apartment house.

Spring is the time for "Fanchon, the Cricket," while in the winter, when our thoughts are sobered by the cold and the snowfall, we turn to the sociological problems and are ambitious to put on plays like "The Foundling" and "The Grind Eternal." Of course, there is the new early summer wardrobe and the pleasure it involves peeking into the gaudy Fifth avenue shop windows and wishing for hats you feel would be far too extravagant to buy if you were tempted beyond the portals of the doorway.

"The only trouble," wailed one well-gowned girl at the studio, "is that after I do get advanced spring styles, it will be late summer before the picture is released and no one will appreciate the expense or the extravagance of my wardrobe."

I do not think the public has ever realized what a problem gowning is to us when it has sat back in the theater and said: "I don't care for this young lady's style on the screen. Look! She is wearing the last sum-

mer's mode and the shops have already shown us their winter's offerings."

How refreshing pictures showing fields of daisies, poppies in bloom, flowering trees or pussy willows must seem to the dwellers of the sandy deserts! Many write to know where the different pictures are taken and whether they were taken in winter, summer or spring.

For "Tess of the Storm Country" we went to southern California, while "Little Pal" was taken in the high mountains outside of Truckee, in northern California. Although it was spring when "Little Pal" was produced, the avalanches of snow had almost buried the little mining shacks, and our company was snow-bound for many days.

"Fanchon, the Cricket," which so many have believed a Californian picture, was taken in New York state, not far from our studio in Yonkers.

The bleak backgrounds of "Esmeralda" marked that picture as having been photographed in the extreme East, when the chill wind of late autumn howled around us, making us feel twice as cold as we looked when you saw us shivering on the screen. During several scenes, my teeth chattered so hard they had to stop the camera until I could control myself.

So now I am happy because it is spring and we shall sally forth from the studio to bask in the most welcome, sunlight.

Answers to Correspondents.

J. S.—Thank you very much for your kindly criticism of my work, and know that I appreciate such friendly letters as yours. I shall abide by much of the good advice you have given me.

M. E. F.—I would consult a doctor immediately and stop taking sleeping powders at night. You may be seriously ruining your health. It was not I, but Marguerite Clark, who played the leading part in "Wild Flower." Miss Clark is with the Famous Players Company—not Lasky.

J. and D.—Alice Joyce has not been playing in pictures for some time. She is the wife of Tom Moore, brother of Owen and Matt Moore.

Florence L.—I would wait until I was eighteen before I made up my mind about my career. I would also keep on going to school, as your ideals may change before you reach that age.

J. H.—From \$1.50 to \$5 per day is the salary paid extra people, and if you have had no experience you would have to start in this way. It would be quite a while before you could earn \$25 a week steady salary.

J. A. R.—I regret very much to tell you the young lady you are interested in has gone abroad and will probably remain in Paris for many months. But I should not think it would be difficult for you to find authors eager to share your material.

Mary Pickford.



TOMORROW LAND.

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IT SEEMS as if the ghosts of yesterday would ever haunt the dear old grandmother and grandfather people who sit cuddled before a fireplace, with their knitting or the family Bible in their laps, and how pleasant seems these memories of years gone by to them!

Grandmother likes to tell us of her youth, which to us, in this whirlpool span of ours, seems tame and uninteresting. Grandfather is proud to boast that he is a self-made man, and how, after years of toil and travail, he has built what is today the foundation of our home and our future.

Sometimes we shock them and often we hurt them when we wantonly close our ears and will not listen to these stories of their beloved yesterdays.

"We wouldn't have committed such indiscretions in our youth," exclaim our grandmothers after listening to wild narratives of what are to us ordinary, everyday occurrences.

"So stupid!" we exclaim, as we turn and hurry out of the room. "And what uninteresting lives our grandmothers must have had!" Then, "How glad we are that our youth belongs to the Todays and the Tomorrows," we continue, not stopping to think that as the years go by on swallows' wings, we, too, shall grow old and our ideas become colorless and old-fashioned to the generation succeeding us.

And even now, we who do talk about the joys of our Todays are ever living in the dreams of what we have called, when we were little children, "Tomorrow Land."

At six we think that "Tomorrow Land" means twelve, when we will be old enough to play games with the other children, read books and go to dancing school. But when we are twelve, we are not so happy, because we allow ourselves to think of that "Tomorrow Land" when we will be sixteen, wear long dresses, hairpin our curls and perhaps go to boarding school.

At sixteen, there will be wonderful parties where boys will go—there will be hay rides and some one will make a mistake and instead of calling you by your first name, will address you as "Miss," which will make you know you are grownup and ready to face the great adventures of life.

But when sixteen comes, then once more you turn your footsteps toward "Tomorrow Land," and think of the early twenties, when the call of romance is tenderly persistent and you are always listening for it, eager for that day when love's dream will become a joyful reality.

"Oh, how uninteresting it is to be twenty!" so many young girls are overheard to complain. "When I am twenty-five, then can I be independent and sure of myself. And then can I make laws unto myself and abide by them, if I will or no."

If a girl is fortunate enough to be a mother at twenty-five, then will she live in the "Tomorrow Land" and dream of the day when her little children will be grown and in turn fulfilling their destiny. Sometimes a woman dreams of maturity as a harvest of blessing and reward for the many years of struggle that have passed. Hope, though it is ever fugitive, dwells eternally in "Tomorrow Land."

Perhaps it is sweet to dream of what the dawn will bring, but we turn to the sages and philosophers who have lived wise and happy lives, and ask, "Where and when do you find the honey of life the sweetest—dwelling in the past or living for the future?"

The sages look at us as if we were little children who were trying to learn the lessons of life by holding our primer upside down in our eager hands.

"The keynote to happiness," they warn us, "is living in Today."

Answers to Correspondents.

M. A. F.—Yes, many of the schools teaching the writing of photoplays insist that it is necessary for the amateurs to lay out their scenarios in scenes, but I would always advise sending in a well-constructed, typewritten synopsis only.

L. G.—Singing lessons and elocution are not necessary if you are ambitious to become a moving-picture actress. You might study Delsarte and facial expression.

Mamie B.—I think you have made a great mistake to bleach your hair, as blondes do not look any prettier on the screen than brunettes. It hardens a girl's face and makes her less attractive. If I were you, I would let it slowly go back to its natural color.

"Cruelty to Animals"—We never starve a dog or cat to make it look gaunt in pictures. We pick out types in animals just as we do types of people. Not all thin people are hungry, as you know.

"Inquisitive"—You cannot be very serious about your romance for the three moving picture actors you mentioned, nor can I help you by advising you as to whether they are married or not. Were you my sixteen-year-old sister, I think I should certainly scold you and send you back to your studies, warning you to keep your mind from romancing about screen idols whom you have never met.

Mrs. N. K. B.—Take the little boy around to visit the studios, taking a picture of him and leaving his description. Clever children are always desired by the studios, but it is difficult to train them, especially if they have never had any stage experience.

Mary Pickford.



PILLS AND PILLS.

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I AM not going to begin a dissertation on "pills" of people, who, though sugar coated, are at heart bitter and disagreeable, but real old-fashioned medicine bottles of pills, which, for some reason or other, I have always stood in terror of—big pills, fat pills, round pills, long, capsule pills—one an hour, two an hour or four an hour—however the doctor prescribes them!

What a fuss I make and how I gulp and blink my eyes and decide the ailment is easier to suffer than the cure! And yet, when the other fellow is about to take the dose, swallowing it with very bad grace, grimacing and complaining, I always think it is the height of fun to do the watching, and, sitting there, tell the other fellow it is really childish to take such trifles of life so seriously!

The captains of finance, whose deals are all of utmost interest to Wall Street, lose all their dignity and potent powers when we see them face to face with a teaspoon and a bottle of physician's prescription.

I remember when a child I thought the pleasant medicines were those which did one no good while the disagreeable mixtures were destined to cure. Perhaps I learned that from my mother, who insisted that the things I disliked to eat were always the most nourishing and would make me grow up to be a "nice plump, healthy lady!"

The dislike we all have for medicines is a beneficent instinct, of course, though there have been serious and sad cases of men and women who overindulged in patent cures until it had become a destroying habit.

Then there are the other poor unfortunate who are happy in their misery and thrive only upon their ailments, which are physically imaginary and mentally real, since they so weakly encourage them.

What a funny little old actress we have at the studio! And every morning when I come in, I like to stop and say to her, "And how are you this morning, Miss Blank?"

"Oh, Miss Pickford," she invariably replies in a faint, tired voice, "I don't know, but I guess I will get through the day if I keep up a courageous heart. Yesterday I had a backache, which I am afraid really is some serious dislocation of the spine. Today I am having blind spells, and I know my poor eyes won't be able to see the light much longer."

"Poor Miss Blank!" I always reply. "What a sufferer you are! Last week you were quite sure you had diphtheria, meningitis, neuralgia, bronchitis and an aneurism of the heart."

The truth of the whole thing is that no one in the studio could be quite as agile or even more healthy than this rosy-cheeked little woman, who is willing to assume suffering for the sympathy of humanity. Between scenes she goes around with her little roll of bandages, her powders and her pills—chiefly pills—which she takes between emotions to sustain her through the day.

Miss Blank is but one of the many whose morbid interest in their own fading health leads to an unbalanced mind. Let them read the symptoms of an ailment and they will diligently seek out those symptoms in their own system, never abandoning one

distress until they have discovered a new one.

They try everything they hear about, and in the course of time it is not surprising that they undermine their health by the use of too many drugs. Always they are a burden to their friends, and then, after an uninteresting span of existence, their illness, which at first was mental, has become physical.

In writing of pills, that reminds me of Melinda Lee, a colored theater maid I had. Melinda Lee was another of these patent-medicine friends, and it made no difference whether it was for sore throats or high temperatures, whatever medicine was left in a discarded bottle Melinda Lee took it religiously.

I had a prescription filled, and, to Melinda Lee's astonishment, this small bottle of medicine cost two dollars and a half.

"Foh, de lan's sakes! Dat shore must be powerful fine medicine!" exclaimed Melinda Lee.

I assured her that it was meant only for extreme cases of the grip, but after the bottle, half filled, was discarded, I caught Melinda Lee examining its contents.

"You trowed away some puffy good medicine, Miss Pickford," and her eyes were round as saucers. "I jes goin' to wrap dis medicine up and take him home."

"Have any of the children got the grip?" I asked her, as I watched her hide the bottle in her pocket.

"No one ain't got nothing like dat in ouh house, and I praise de Lawd we nebber will, but I'm goin' to gib it to dem, anyhow! Two dollahs and fifty cents! Dat ought to cure most any'ting, excepting lub, and dey ain't no cure foh dat!"

Answers to Correspondents.

Peggy L.—We always speak the lines which are shown upon the screen. In fact, we act our parts just as they do on the stage, only the camera does not register the sound of our voices. Our expression tells what we are saying.

Cecilia F. I.—If I were you, I would start to drink a lot of milk and eat foods that are fattening, or else consult a doctor. There may be something constitutionally wrong. I am surprised when you tell me they laugh at you because you are thin. The slender girl is the one to be envied these days.

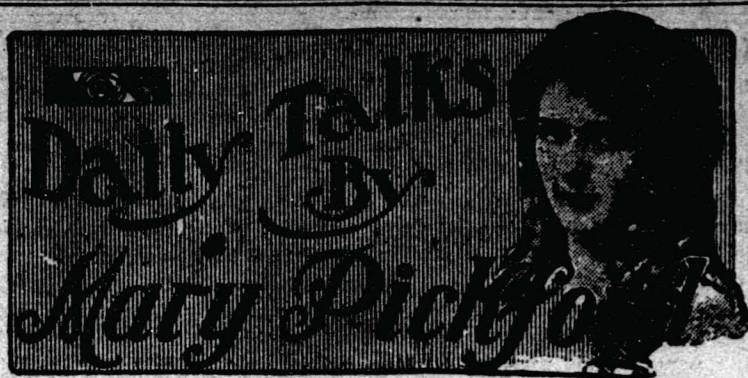
Mrs. F. C.—The picture you refer to is "Caprice" and Owen Moore was the leading man. The little actress you refer to has probably gone on the stage—that is why you do not see her in pictures.

E. Black—I would powder my hair with cornstarch, as it will shake out easily and give the same effect as a wig for an amateur theatrical performance.

L. R. and V. V.—I think boys do not care for sentimental girls as much as they do for sensible girls. The sentimental ones may have their day, but when a man asks a woman to marry him that is the time he turns to the sensible girl.

Gertrude E.—I would see a hair specialist if I were you, as it is foolish to neglect the hair when you are young.

Mary Pickford.



FLOWERS.

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WHEN the spring comes to California, it wakens a million little poppy buds, hidden among the tall grasses of the meadows, and then the fields burst into a veritable sunrise of gold and blue. The hills, the dales and even the desert wastes become such a harlequin universe of color that we long to reproduce it and dream of the day to dawn when Nature's colors will take the place of the black and white of the screen.

When I was a child, I could never understand why certain beautiful plants were called "field weeds" while others were distinguished as "garden flowers," for those dandelions, daisies, goldenrod and wild mustard were just as attractive to me as roses, carnations or violets. Sometimes, after going through the hot-houses, I long to see a wind-blown dandelion meadow, even though the cry of the farmer is a lament because this cloth of gold spreads too rapidly and chokes out the crops with its sturdier growth.

Many of my earlier memories are of flowers—of flowers cherished in our own garden, flowers begged from a neighbor's garden, or coveted flowers in those gardens whose high walls kept us children out.

Children are always so unhappy when they are witnesses to the death of flowers, and that is why they so eagerly press them between the leaves of their school books, hoping to keep them eternally alive.

I remember one rose my grandmother had given me. It was delicately pink, exquisitely perfumed, and while it was still in its waxen bloom I pressed it in the family Bible and dreamed because it was there it could never die. But alas! a few days later all that was left was a handful of withered brown petals, which carried only a faint memory of my regal rose.

All children have this instinctive love for flowers, and if it were encouraged and cultivated by sympathetic mothers it could be a potent and esthetic force in their lives. The more we train children to fill their lives with rosebud thoughts, the less they will turn to thorny sadnesses.

Studying the world flowers, we become conscious of the power and gentleness of their Creator, for God must be good and kind to put so much divine color and beauty into the world. Then it is we realize that it is ourselves who have brought the existing sinful ugliness into being.

Sometimes I dream of having a garden of my own, an old-fashioned garden, with little brick walks, which will be filled with single violets, dusky heartease, forget-me-nots, mignonette, hyacinths, moss roses, fuchsias, sweet Williams and hollyhocks.

Mother plans to be the gardener and dreams of the day when she will have her comfortable big chair out on the wide veranda overlooking this little earthly paradise of ours.

"Hello, there! Here come the flower venders; now we know the spring is here!" we shout with joy as we pause to buy a wee bunch of violets and a great armful of pussy willows. As we turn away from the flower vender, we paraphrase our Omar:

"I wonder what the venders buy, One half so precious as the flowers they sell."

All through the songs of Omar we know that his conceptions of life were beautiful as well as strong because he used flowers to symbolize existence. This steals a little from some of the passages of his warped and gloomy creed.

You who can afford it, some day when the clouds have shut out the sun and foreboding shadows hang over you and you want to feel the thrill of genuine pleasure, buy a great armful of flowers and go to the children's hospital or the old people's home.

Pass from one little cot to another and leave a few blossoms in their pale, transparent hands, and watch with what eagerness their outstretched fingers close over the bits of color you have just brought into their lives. Then will you really know for the first time how sweet and how all blessing is the intoxicating perfume of a flower.

Answers to Correspondents.

Nellie R.—"The Girl of Yesterday" was taken in California. Glenn Martin was the aviator in whose aeroplane I went up 2,000 feet.

Frances G.—Do not let the other girls influence you or ridicule your two braids. You have plenty of time to put up your hair after you are sixteen or eighteen.

Eva A.—The sport skirts and coats are broad stripes and checks this year, but if I could only have one suit I would get a dark color, if I were you. One grows tired so soon of extremes in fabrics or design.

F. G. M.—I cannot give you the address on letter sent to me signed Martha M. Perhaps if she is your longlost sister, she will write again through this column.

J. W.—Jonquils make pretty spring decorations for the table, and, later in the season, lilacs.

Luella G.—"The Goose Girl" was one of my original scenarios.

Mary Pickford.



IN THE LOOKING GLASS.

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THE girl who said to me the other afternoon, "I wouldn't be caught looking in a mirror for anything for fear some one might taunt me with being a foolish, vain creature," made a great mistake. I thought, as I studied her seriously.

It is not vain to take care of oneself. I shall never forget what my mother told me a good many years ago when I became a wee bit careless of my personal appearance: "We don't have to see ourselves except when we gaze into the mirror, but others do, our friends, our acquaintances, the people we pass on the street, whom perhaps we shall never know, but even to them we owe an obligation to look our best."

A little dash of romance sends more girls to their mirrors than any urgent need of self-adjustment, and when Young Lochinvar comes out of the West then flies the girl to the looking glass, scolding herself: "Why have you been so careless about your appearance all these years? Do you think he won't notice that your eyes are dulled, your hair untidy and your complexion has been neglected?"

What a period of polishing and primping before the mirror a girl goes through when the day of her marriage draws near! How much thought is given to her trousseau and how tenderly she regards herself because of that love which has come to her and made more effulgent the glow of life.

But, alas! How soon after her marriage she turns from the looking glass and settles down into a sodden heap, too occupied with her household duties to care either about the lines in her face or the lines and cut of her gowns.

Truly it is the way of Nature's course that the plants blossom at seasons only and the plumage of the bird is more brilliant when spring is here and the birds on the wing seek their mates. But love in the higher forms of life is not destined to be transient and humanity lives upon a cycle where life-long love is an ideal and even an aspiration. Love never stands still. It is not a thing that lives of itself, but continual effort alone can keep it alive.

"Oh, dear," apologized a young bride of a few months when we called unexpectedly, "I know I am a sight, but you cannot imagine how busy I am."

Her words had convicted her, and when, half an hour later, the young husband returned, he was visibly embarrassed by his bride's untidy appearance. Her uncombed hair was illy concealed by a boudoir cap and in order to preserve her pretty negligees she had adorned herself in a dilapidated dressing gown.

"This is one of the mistakes that make the flame of romance flicker and then die out," my mother remarked after we had left the house. "The minute a woman forgets to be a dainty, alluring little sweetheart, the husband lays aside the role of the lover and marriage becomes a mediocre humdrum of lagging years."

And then she reminded us of the romance of our grandmother, who, in spite of her paralysis, was dainty as a flower. There had been no drab changes of season when she and my grandfather were happy together, for she never forgot that love should be scenic, and when my grandfather came home she was always waiting for him in some surprising, sweet, clean little gown, looking as bright and cheerful as a wee, saucy pansy.

Those were the days when woman had to rise at dawn and help with the chores of the farm, but even for those duties my grandmother had her plain, clean linens, that she might never present an untidy, ungainly appearance before my grandfather.

And this is the way to stimulate love, though it takes a conscious effort to do it. Yet love, as the poets sing it, cares not a whit for material things. Let us not believe this in its entirety, but school ourselves to look our best so our reflection in the mirror of love's eyes will always be alluring.

Answers to Correspondents.

Evelyn P.—Crane Wilbur is now with the Horsley company in Los Angeles.

H. L. E.—Florence La Badie is with the Thanhouser company. J. Warren Kerrigan is with the Universal.

K. E. J.—By "doubling" a character we mean that if a leading woman has a part where she is supposed to dive from a high cliff into the water, an expert swimmer, often a man, wears her costume, and, keeping his face from the camera, takes the dive for her.

Emma J.—You cannot make a scenario unless you obtain permission from the author or holder of copyright on a book or play. The author or copyright owner has a property right during the life of the copyright. If that lapses and is not renewed, it is then public property.

E. J. N.—The leading woman in "The Great Divide" is Ethel Clayton. She is now with the Paragon company.

Effie McD.—James Kirkwood played Lancer Morne opposite me in "The Eagle's Mate."

Mary Pickford.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

THE RELIGION OF HEART.

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WHAT is your religion?" is a question that many of the curious ask me, and without the mention of creed I can sincerely reply, "The religion of the heart and the Golden Rule, for to abide by these is to embrace all creeds and all beliefs, Christian or even pagan."

If life has taught us to be bitter, resentful and unkind, we can repeat the Commandments and the Lord's Prayer, we can go about our religious duties punctiliously, but, after all, the results will be empty and meaningless without the concurrence of our hearts.

There are those who disdain creeds, but if in their hearts there is the wholesome joy of living, a belief that Nature and existence are essentially good, and if they love their fellow beings, then creeds and doctrines are powerless to improve upon the fullness of their lives.

This is the lesson we learn from the well known legend of Abou Ben Adhem, who awoke one night to find his room illumined with the glory of an angel, writing in a great recording book. Upon asking the angel, "What writest thou?" he is told, "The names of those who love the Lord."

Abou asks if his name is there, but the angel sadly shakes his head. Pondering awhile, Abou asks the angel to write him down as one who loves his fellow men, and, later, when he sees the angel's record, it is his name that leads the rest! Loving his fellow men was serving his God to the fullest love possible.

Some of the days when you feel as if you are a child locked up in a dark, gloomy room, life takes on a pretty serious aspect and you don't think success is worth the struggle until there come to you either your mother or those who are dear to you, and you feel the reassuring touch of their hands upon yours. Then you know there are few miseries the heart is subject to that human sympathy cannot lighten. Thinking of this, I remember a few lines of President Lincoln's favorite poem:

"Commend me to the friend who comes when I am sad and lone
And makes the sorrow of my heart
The anguish of his own;
He cannot wear a smiling face when mine is cast and gloom,
But, like the violet, seeks to cheer the midnight with perfume."

And, as one good quote deserves another, it makes me think of the copybooks we had when we were children—in which we copied, over and over, the Spenserian sentences written at the top of the page. Most of them have remained with us, and how glibly they come to our tongues!

"To may share a joy and so add joy to joy" is a sentiment not so tangible to us then as it is now, but one which I have never forgotten.

In our home town in Canada, there lived an old man whom we children were taught to fear, though we did not know what "atheist" meant at that age. We thought, of course, he was some relation to the witch of the town, the girl who was ostracized, as I wrote before, because she

was one of the unfortunate women of the streets.

"He doesn't go to church—that's why he's a bad man," confided one little girl to me.

"That can't be so," I would always defend him. "Mrs. Jennings never goes to church because she can't walk, but everybody says she's good."

"It isn't going to church that has anything to do with it," interrupted one of the older girls. "It's just because he doesn't believe in the Bible."

"Ooooooh!" the children would all exclaim, their eyes widening with surprise. "He must be a bad man."

But as we grew older we came to know him better and to find out that while he did not have faith which would have made him happier, he was far from being a bad man at heart, for there was no one who loved his fellow men more than he did, nor was there any one in our home town who did as much good as he with the money which he could afford to circulate among the poor.

Of course there were always narrow-minded people who drew aside their skirts to let him pass, but they, confident of their own salvation, on their way to their churches were less kind than he, or less religious of soul and heart. His prayer book was the poor box, and if he doubted that there was a heaven except on this earth, in spite of the attitude of his fellow men, I believe he was destined to find it here.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Anna H.—You can probably locate Mabel Normand by addressing your letter to the Triangle office, New York city. Theda Bara is with the Fox company.

G. C. T.—I do not know whether Mr. Bushman will answer letters from friends or not, but you can determine this yourself by writing to him. You might ask him if he is married or not.

Algie K.—The Kreutzer Sonata was not an original photoplay, but was written by Count Leo Tolstol and made into a picture which starred Nance O'Neil and Theda Bara.

"Anxious"—The studios do not furnish photographs of their stars. You will have to write directly to your favorites.

Rachel—If you desire to enter moving picture work, you should make personal application at one of the studios. Give the employment manager full details regarding your experience, education and whether you have had any stage or picture experience. It is always best to leave your photograph.

K. R. B.—It generally takes four or five weeks to film a five-reel photoplay, but it depends upon many things—weather, players and light.

Mary Pickford.



Daily Talks By Mary Pickford

WHEN THE ROBINS NEST AGAIN.

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"FAINTLY there echoes from the woods and the woodlands the song of the robin, and whether the hours are sunlit or gray our eyes can see life's rainbow because the robin nests again and spring is in our hearts."

So the prose poet of one country translated from the prose poetry of another, and I tell it to you who are ever listening for the song of the robin, because, after all, this is the time of the year when we should be the happiest. See how Nature is throwing her multi-toned garlands of flowers around the green hills, and high up in the trees the mother bird sits on her nest.

"Let us wander into the meadow where we can hear the robin's song," whisper the lovers to each other, and both will swear the robin's song is but a roundelay which only they can hear because their love has just awakened them.

"Cuss it!" stampedes the grouch. "If there isn't that confounded robin again! Where's my gun? I want to silence his infernal trilling—it disturbs my afternoon nap—I hate robins! I hate spring! I hate the whole bothersome four seasons!" While we—we hate the grouch!

I never hear a robin that I do not think of the old sea captain's story as he told it to me many years ago.

In his sailing boat he had ventured around the Horn from the east coast to the west, and as that was in 1846 there were no messages or letters which could reach him from the little bride he had left behind him.

Months passed, and finally his hungry heart could stand it no longer, and although there was much promise in the Pacific harbor of San Francisco, he turned homeward and again did he make the long, dangerous journey around the Horn.

Reaching the village which he and his bride had chosen for their home, he did not let the villagers stop him, but strode joyously along the streets until he reached their little cottage.

The robins were singing in the trees that overshadowed the house, and to him they were but one of the many symbols of the eternal happiness he was to find in the haven of his fireside.

But the house was empty and the little bride had been buried only a few days before with her baby on her breast.

And even as he stumbled forth

from that bleak house, instinctively turning to the sunshine, the robins' song still rippled on, and he looked up into the trees to wonder how the little songsters could carol such gay springtime melody when love and the joy of living had died within him.

Then across the seas there comes the plaintive memory of little Madam Butterfly, who waited patiently through the bleak, barren winter for the spring to come when the robins would nest again. Then would the Honorable Lieutenant Pinkerton come back to her, for he had promised her this, and the little trusting heart of her had believed him.

But summer had gone, the robins had nested, raised their little birdlings and flown away—but still he did not come.

"Honorable Mr. Consul," Madam Butterfly asked, hoping against hope that perhaps away from Japan the robins did not nest in the spring, but raised their birdlings in the fall, "tell me when in that United States do the robins nest again?"

The spirit of spring is strong upon us, so let us open our windows and, perhaps, across the housetops, we, too, shall hear the robin's first call to its mate, and then, if we believe the prophetic words of our grandmothers, let us follow him to his woodland haunts, for upon the sight of him the wish that is in our hearts is bound to come true. I believe all this fairy lore, don't you?

Answers to Correspondents.

Jennie L.—Francis X. Bushman is now with the Quality Picture Corporation. Beverly Bayne is his leading woman.

Edna M.—You can reach Viola Dana through the Edison Company. Weber is a very well-known director and is now with the Universal. Yes, she was the author as well as the producer of "Hypocrites."

Audrey D.—I think if you keep on studying drawing you will turn out to be quite an artist. The sketches sent me are very clever.

Mrs. J. S. P.—I do not recognize No. 1, but No. 2 is Willard Mack.

B. C. B.—So glad to get your letter, and sorry I made a mistake in your name. What an interesting school life you must have!

Elizabeth A.—I am always glad to receive letters from my friends and admirers and hope to be able soon to comply with your request.

Mary Pickford.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

BEFORE THE CAMERA.

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SO many have written to ask if we really, truly speak lines when we do our scenes that I thought to illustrate it best I would briefly sketch a little camera episode as it is meted out to us. First the director explains the drama or comedy of the situation, then we plan the business of it, striving to make it as true to life as we can, for that is what we style forceful human drama.

After the company leaves the studio, we search and find our location. This time it is a bleak, windy street corner, and huddled in a doorway is a mother holding her little baby close to her breast. Nearly always a real baby is used except in such cases where the child is wrapped in a shawl and is never exposed to the audience. Then it is not necessary, and a little cuddly bundle, the counterpart of a baby, is substituted.

"You have been starved, beaten and finally driven from home," the director tells her, and the actress listens intently, because it is real, serious business with her, and she must suffer within in order to enact the role she is playing.

"Hug your baby close to you and pray with all your heart that help will come to lead you to merciful shelter, to take you from the bleak out-of-doors into the indoor warmth of a home." The actress receiving her instructions sobers into the character and then the director turns his attention to us, who are waiting eagerly for our turn.

"As it is only 10 o'clock at night," he explains, "many would be passing by. A couple of men hurry along, but the mother does not speak to them—they have no time for her. And old vender shambles past, but he is shabby, so she does not call on him for aid; her heart goes out to him instead and her sorrowful eyes follow him until he has gone from sight. Then an old woman with many bundles lingers for a minute to scold the dog she is dragging on the end of a leash. The mother steps out from the doorway. 'Please, madam—could you help me?' she asks. The old woman hesitates for a moment then hurries away—we can presume that she is already late for supper and does not want to be bothered.

He rehearsed these scenes, which were followed by others similar in character. One of the actresses dressed as a well-groomed woman of means had made up to look cold, hard and unsympathetic, by deepening the lines in her face. When she passed the mother, the director had her pause to listen to the passionate pleading of the poor woman for help. "My baby and I have been out all day in the storm, Madam, and I beg of you—just a little money so we can find a shelter for the night."

"Miserable creature," the cruel woman replies, "I have no money to give you."

"Help! Help me!" the mother cries again, but the woman is already out of hearing. "God pity me!" and she hugs her baby closer that the warmth from her own body may keep it alive.

Then it is my turn, and, as I am playing the part of a little slavey, I stumble along under the weight of

my heavy market basket. As I pass the woman she calls out to me, "Little girl!"

"Yes, ma'am," and I wheel around, frightened.

"Little girl, I am starving!"

"Oh, ma'am!" I cry as I drop my market basket and rush to her side.

"What can I do for you?"

"Food—food!"

"When she says this, Miss Pickford, you must stop short and think," suggests the director. "She is asking you for food and you know that in the market basket there are many good things—milk, bread, cooked meat from the delicatessen and fruits. If you come home with an empty basket, you will probably be beaten—but here is a mother with a baby on her breast and she is telling you that she is starving."

Quickly do I unpack the basket, unwrap the packages and give the astounded mother a feast which will put new life into her. "Little girl, little girl, God bless you!" she cries but I do not wait for her gratitude. I hurry away lest I stop too long and the fear of what awaits me will surge through me and weaken my purpose.

After I have gone, the camera will show the mother tremblingly devouring the food. Then, if those are all the scenes intended for that location, we travel on like the wandering nomads.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Minnie James—If I were you, I would take the children to a studio and register their names, for if they have had as much stage experience as you say they will be very desirable in pictures.

Elderly Lady—Indeed we use mother types very often, but unless you have had some experience it will be rather difficult for you to get a good role as soon as you anticipate.

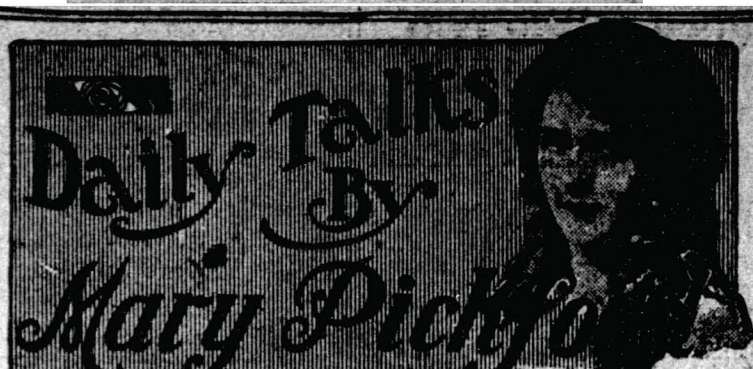
Virginia R.—Why don't you try your hand at scenarios? I should think your success as a short story writer would enable you to create some very original plots, and the studio editors are crying for new material.

Henrietta S.—I think the only thing for you to do is to have a doctor prescribe a diet for you. Your poor complexion may not result from your use of powder as much as from a disordered stomach.

Effie J.—No, I don't advise bleaching the hair. As I have told many young girls, blondes are not a bit more popular in pictures than brunettes.

Lydia D.—Your red hair would photograph black. Yes, Bessie Eyton has very beautiful red hair and it looks as if it were jet black on the screen.

Mary Pickford.



Daily Talks By Mary Pickford

THE LARK'S SONG.

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THERE echoes through my memories of California the early morning song of the lark, who calls to his mate as he flies over the housetops to the green hills and wheatfields beyond. Nor was it always a dawn song, because this gray and yellow-breasted songster, growing almost as bold as the mocking birds, would fly down to the studio gardens and warble a sentimental accompaniment to all of our scenes.

One little lark incident lingering in my mind is of the morning we were taking a scene in "The Foundling," where I, as Molly-O, paused in my work of cleaning the stove to dream of the lonely little children I had left at the orphanage.

Not a sound could be heard except the rustle of the wind in the tall eucalyptus—even the endless hammer beats of the city seemed far away because our studio was among the hills and trees of Hollywood—a suburb of Los Angeles.

"In this scene real tears must flow—the big, splashing tears that spell the tragedy of our childhood," prompted the director, as he stood beside the camera, waiting for that psychological moment when I so entered into the character of the little orphan girl that I could forget it was an art and not a real heartache that engulfed Molly-O.

You who have always thought the screen tears were trickled in by a convenient eye-dropper must be convinced that such is not the case. For we who play a part must live a part, and when there comes an unhappy hour in the life of the little character we portray we weep as well as we laugh with her; in fact, we are no longer ourselves, but the real, truly people of the story.

But it is not always as easy to cry as it is to laugh, and on this early summer morning, when the skies were unclouded and the subtle perfume of the flowers was whipped by the breeze across the studio yard, there were no tears within my heart and I felt as if I could better sing than weep. I would rather it had been a rough-and-tumble scene where Billy Whiskers, the goat, and I could have a tussle, or I could chase the pound wagon that had captured my ornery little yellow dog. But it was destined by schedule that I was to weep, so I resigned myself to the inevitable.

Hidden in back of the set was a musician who drew a bow across his violin, and I could hear throbbing strains of low, sweet music, which sounded like a little voice singing to me from out the darkness. And then the lark came to perch in a tree just above the studio, and carol forth a joyous morning song which died like the notes of the violin in a plaintive, wistful little trill.

Over and over he sang his little song, until the walls of the scenery faded away and, like the Arabian

fairy princess on the rug, I was whisked from the sight and the sound of a camera to the very gates of the orphanage.

"Hello, Molly-O!" I could hear the little voices calling me. "A lark is singing in the tree. Do you suppose they will ever open these dreadful gates so that we can scamper through the fields and see the meadow larks ourselves?"

"Little prisoners," I cried out to them, stretching forth my arms as if I could fold each one of them to my heart; "some day the gates will swing open wide and you shall all come out and turn your little faces to the sun so the shadows will fall behind you." And because they laughed with me, these little, wistful children, I cried as if my heart would break. Nor did I even think at the time that the tears coursing down my cheeks were being registered by the camera.

And so, you unbelievers, you who have never heard the song of the lark in your hearts, you must never doubt that we who appear before you in our silent drama really suffer many reflective heartaches that we may fill your cup of pleasure to overflowing.

Answers to Correspondents.

Grace V.—No, we do not expect to go to California this spring—at the same time, we can never tell where our stories may take us. I have never played in a Chinese picture, but expect to very shortly.

Berenice M.—Unhappily I have to tell you that the little dog in "The Foundling" died a few days ago. Both my little ragged pups, the one in "Rags" and now the "Foundling" hero, did not live long after their theatrical experience.

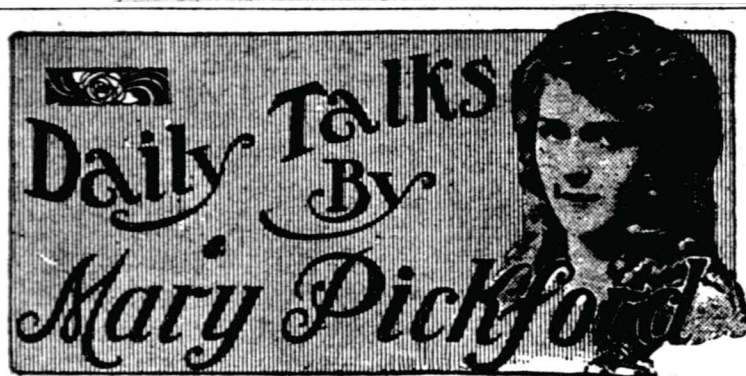
Josephine A.—If your eyes hurt so after a day in the studio with those bright lights upon them, try using boracic acid with an eyecup every night and every morning. I do and find it relieves me.

Sentimental Young Bride—Why did you run away and marry so young? You must tell your mother immediately as you could be prosecuted for swearing falsely that you were eighteen when you are only sixteen.

Mary Z.—If you look in the directory, you will find the addresses of all the studios. Have your mother take the children there when she registers their names, as it would not be well for them to go alone.

John D.—When you meet the right girl your heart will tell you so. Only do not let the old adage "Far pastures are greenest" lead you astray. Sometimes the very sweetest, simplest girl you have known all your life is the very one who is waiting for you to say the word to become your capable helpmate and your wife.

Mary Pickford.



HULDA FROM HOLLAND.

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"Mine feet's in a muddle, mine head's in a whirl. Ven I starts to dance like a leetle Dutch girl."

SO I am introducing myself to my friends now as Miss Hulda from Holland—that is what the picture we are working on is called, and, as you can guess, I stumble noisily through my part in large wooden shoes.

Here I have been sitting for the last lagging hour trying to shake the sleep from my eyes and start the lazy pencil down the page, but even pencil conversation is shaken out of me after eight strenuous hours of work in the studio, trying to learn to dance—little Dutch girl fashion. You can talk about your old days of Delsarte and dancing when you tripped the light fantastic through a Virginia reel or turkey-trotted fifteen miles around the ballroom, but I will have it that dancing in wooden shoes, hop-clickity-click, hop-clickity-click, is about the most violent form of pleasure you ever indulged in.

"You have to learn to dance," laughed my director, "or some one will suspect that you are Mary Pickford and not Miss Hulda from Holland, after all."

"No wonder she came to America," I replied breathlessly, as I shuffled through another movement of the dance. "I'd go to Afghanistan to shake a pair of wooden shoes."

"Hold on now—you are losing your balance!" but his warning came too late, and plump! down I sat in the middle of the studio floor, while all the little children dressed as my Holland brothers and sisters held their sides and shrieked with laughter.

"I wonder why Hulda ever wanted to become a moving-picture actress," I sighed with dismay, as I clutched my aching limbs. "She could have fooled the simple Hollanders across the seas, but no such luck with the camera—no one can fool that ogle-eyed monster."

"All the more reason why you have to learn to dance," prompted the director, and so my troubles to-day have been unending and I decided by tonight that character roles involve not only a lot of thought, but a lot of exercise as well.

Do you, who saw "The Foundling," remember that incident where the girl, Jenny, in the orphanage slapped my face and sent me skidding backward until I landed upon the floor in a dazed heap? There was no acting to that blow and I assure you that it could have felled a circus giantess if she had been in my place. My head buzzed with it two hours after the unhappy event, which all goes to prove that we moving-picture actresses are of the stuff martyrs are made of.

And then, in "Madam Butterfly,"

what uncomfortable hours of misery I spent when it was necessary to bow, sit and walk like the little Japanese girl. But that belongs to the martyred past and I am now dwelling in the present with Miss Hulda from Holland!

What waxen neat little homes the Dutch housewives are famed for! And so we built our studio sets so spick and span I almost wish they were not to be torn down at the end of the picture, that I could occupy just such an orderly and quaint little home.

Do you remember—it was not so very many years ago—when the art of the moving picture was new, and we did not care so much about the minor details in backgrounds as we do today? But now we do not enter a scene until the director has had the scenic artist study every nook and corner to make sure there will be no grave error even in the most obscure ornament or architectural decoration.

One last message from Hulda to you, as she sits twirling a new spring violet between her fingers:

"I gif to you this violet in token that ve two haf met
And hoping that ve two shall soon together get!"

Answers to Correspondents.

Albert R.—It is impossible to tell from a photograph whether you are clever or not, and, after all, it is your ability and not your looks which will distinguish you in any profession. Try the studios.

Ella C.—Why don't you go to an oculist and have him examine your eyes? The dye which you put on your lashes may have resulted in the trouble you describe.

Amanda K.—Yes, Pauline Frederick is at the same studio, the Famous Players, and is a very charming and beautiful girl. You can write to her direct.

Maria J. D.—Of course I cry real tears. Do you think we actresses have no heart when you imply our tears are all merely eyewash?

Rose W.—No, I never have appeared in a picture with Charlie Chaplin, but it would be great fun, as I have always been very fond of comedy.

R. D. S.—Yes, cosmetics do spoil the skin if they are of a cheap grade, and it is always necessary to cold cream the complexion every night to open the pores. A poor complexion well cared for often becomes better than a good complexion that is neglected.

Mary Pickford.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

TELL TALE TYPES.

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THERE is a little Bohemian cafe where many of us go when the days drag long, and over the marble-topped tables we exchange highly-colored yarns of our romances and of our everyday experiences. It is a strange little place, truly continental, and reminds one of the Latin quarter of Paris, where the students gather to discuss the eternal verities of life; just such a cafe as lures the tourist, whose constant cry is: "Atmosphere! Give me atmosphere!"

No discordant sounds of cabaret entertainers smite the ear in this quiet, artistic nook, but just the lull of voices, above the clinking of glasses and china, when the waiters set before you on the clothless tables some delectable dish—prepared in style Parisian.

"Who is that old man with the long, snarled hair and shabby clothes?" I asked, indicating a strange, pallid old fellow, who stared straight before him with dull eyes and who sipped lazily a tall glass of what might have been absinthe.

"He was reputed the greatest artist in the world," whispered one of my companions, "and held his finger on the pulse of the European art world for many years."

"And now?" I interrupted, for he seemed very much alone, as if he ever lived in the past.

"Poor old fellow! He's of the school of yesterday," lamented my friend, "and he's passed beyond the cycle of his success. Look! See that man standing in the doorway!"

I turned quickly to observe a tall, stalwart chap, who looked like a well-groomed, active business man.

"Do you know who he is?" questioned my friend. I shook my head.

"America's most successful artist," And she whispered a name which sat me bolt upright in my chair, that I might see the better.

At a table quite near us lingered a dreamer, who sipped his black coffee and gazed about him, conscious that all eyes were sooner or later bound to study the long lines of his elegantly groomed figure. So polished was he that he made me think of the wee figures upon large wedding cakes, and so aristocratic were his fingers and his well-rounded head that I suggested to my companions he might be the scion of a well-ancestored and noble family.

"He is a shoe clerk," came the aconic reply. "Comes here every Sunday—alone—dressed in the height of fashion. Poor little dreamer! He serves for six days of the week, but on the seventh he really lives and like a king among men. There is your millionaire and aristocrat!"

She pointed out a jolly-looking boy in a rough tweed suit with a cap pulled down over his eyes. He will inherit 30,000,000 upon the death of his father," she continued. "Looks like one of Sherlock Holmes' detectives." And I laughed because of the contrast between the two men.

Artists, musicians, actors and actresses came into the cafe, and soon it was filled with rare and delightful types.

Two lovers gazed into each other's eyes, and even if the cafe had been transformed into a woodland, they could not have been farther away from our prying eyes—we sentimental people who watched them and envied their happiness. But one who looked at them with the most longing in her eyes was the young girl whose companion was an old man—"rich as Croesus," so they told me.

She wore a wedding ring which was hardly discernible among the clumsy jewels which bedecked her hand, and as she listened to overhear the love notes at the adjoining table, we knew she was dreaming in vain, for she had bought her happiness and was paying for it in bitter measure.

A long-married couple neither chatted nor observed, but simply ate and ate until both were satisfied. Then the bill was paid and out they went to make way for a little old couple who spoke in quavering French and who came there because in Paris, years before, he had met her when she was queen of the Paris ball at just such a little rendezvous of Bohemia.

Shades of Pan! How romantic one becomes over the marble-topped tables of this cafe Parisian!

Answers to Correspondents.

T. P. V.—Why don't you try pasting a piece of court plaster between your eyebrows to overcome your habit of frowning? I have seen many expressions ruined by a deep, ugly frown.

Verona H. G.—Buttermilk is very good—that is, if you enjoy it. I have known many who improved under the milk cure also. But I do not believe anyone should follow such radical treatment except on the advice of a physician.

Joseph C.—Hobart Bosworth was the leading man in Jack London's celebrated story, "The Sea Wolf." Yes, indeed, his was a superb interpretation of so grim a character.

Hattie May—Thank you very much for your clever suggestions, and I will try to write articles upon the subjects you mention within the next week or so.

Anna H.—My mother has not appeared in pictures lately, and Lottie is at present resting. Jack is with the Selig Co.

Evelyn C.—If you are confident that the school you speak of has clever and intelligent directors, I would certainly take a course in acting. All that you learn will not go amiss when you seek real experience in the studios.

Mary Pickford.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

THROUGH OPEN WINDOWS.

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IT is not only the small boy who looks with envy through the window where there spreads before him a feast of good things, but we are all prone to spend too much time longing for that which is just beyond our reach.

Every time I am dissatisfied with anything, I catch myself in time and say: Mary Pickford, you are looking through open windows. Put the shades down quickly and learn to be contented."

Scold yourself seriously, then take yourself to task, and if you do get angry with your own shortcomings it is ever so much wiser than to turn upon any one near you and whip your disappointment or chagrin out on them.

As long as we are looking through open windows, just for fun let us pull up the shades of our neighbors' houses and see what they are hiding from us, and much will we find that will surprise, amuse and teach us.

Here comes a widowed mother who is carrying the burden of supporting several children and it has never occurred to us to give her a helping hand.

There hobbles a little crippled child, who needs to go to the country, and here are two misguided young girls who dreamed of being moving-picture actresses, but fell by the wayside because they were not sure of themselves. If we do not stretch out a guiding hand to help them, they will soon be on the streets.

Ah, here come the people whom we have always thought so kind and considerate of humanity, because of their ever smiling faces. But now the window is open and we can look right into the depths of their souls. "Hypocrites!" we cry. "Why, they have bared their hearts! We have let them trick us and they have been laughing at us all the time instead of smiling upon us!"

Then here comes a rusty old fellow who has been valet for 20 years to men whose fame has reached two continents, although it is with a smile we remember Carlyle's words, "No man is a hero to his valet."

"Have you any interesting stories to tell?" we stop to ask him as he passes by. "Secrets—without mentioning names?" we add, to ease our own conscience. The valet ponders a while, for he is quite a philosopher.

"People haven't as many secrets as they have peculiarities," he begins, "and do you know when I see a man's clothes without even a glimpse of the man, I can tell you his disposition, his mental characteristics and most of his personal habits?"

"Do tell us," we encourage him, and so he hurries on, describing clothes from loud to somber.

"There are distinguishing odors about clothes, too—tobacco, liquor, perfumes, musk, and each has its little story to tell.

"Men and their habits—that is another chapter," he continues. "Why,

one man I served for many years has dozens and dozens of pairs of shoes, for they are his hobby, and, strangest of all, he loves his old shoes the best and would not give a pair away—no, not a pair.

"Served another master who got superstitious about an old silk hat he had worn for years. I tell you, ma'am, it was a caricature, that hat was, for my master himself had sat on it many times by mistake, but, I am attached to that hat, Ruggles," he used to warn me, "and I won't let a new one take its place," so ma'am, for the five years I was with him it was that silk hat or none.

"Here's another yarn," and the old fellow chuckled with awakened interest, "about the man I served who had made a lot of money in New York, but had come from a small town in the middle west. 'Ruggles,' he confided to me one day, 'I never want you to crease my trousers except in the front.' 'Sir?' I interrupted, astounded. 'But won't they look funny to the eye?' 'I don't care how funny they look, Ruggles,' he went on, 'but I have always had a particular aversion to creased trousers.'"

How amusing is human nature! But it isn't often we get sidelong glances through the open windows to discover people as they really are, for, as a rule, they are clever enough to pull the shades and leave much to our imagination.

Answers to Correspondents.

M. F. B.—It was very wrong of you to censure professional women when you admitted you had no personal friends among them. They are very often unhappily maligned.

Gertie B.—I do not sell my discarded clothes, but have been giving them for several years to a charitable institution.

Eunice S.—I was born in Canada and we lived there until we went on the road. Lottie is a year younger than I, and Jack a year younger than Lottie.

Stella D.—Sky blue and yellow photograph white and the men's shirts and collars you saw dyed yellow will look white in pictures.

Sally O. D.—Your scenarios are not long enough for feature pictures, but would make clever one or two reel photoplays.

Juanita R.—Your verses were translated to me, as I regret to say I cannot speak Spanish. I only know a few sweet little phrases I learned from the Spanish girls while in southern California.

Mary Pickford.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

CROWDS AND THEIR COMMENTS.

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WELL, what do you think of her?" seems to be the general question as we, whom they recognize from having seen us on the screen, are tussled and jostled through the crowd.

"She's under-sized," said one large lady within my hearing the other day. "I can't say as how I think much of her," commented another.

"Hmmm, I thought her eyes were blue," a dozen will remark, and, "Do you suppose her hair is real?" the neighbors standing on their left will say, while "Wouldn't you think she'd dress a lot fancier when they say she's making such a great big salary?" say the neighbors on the right of them.

A dear old lady passing by stopped to squeeze my hand. "I lost a little girl many years ago that looked like you, Miss Pickford, and so I never miss seeing your pictures—they bring her so close to me."

"Thank you so much," and I returned the warm handclasp as I edged my way out of the crowd, happy I had found so sweet and so dear a companion.

"Mercy me, if that's Mary Pickford I want to get a good look at her. They say as how she's making such a salary that it's a disgrace to our country. Why, fer lan's sake, ain't she puny?"

"You have given us so much pleasure and we're so grateful to you, Miss Pickford," a dear mother says, as she stops to introduce me to her three beautiful children. "Are you Cinderella?" the smallest of them asked me, and "Are you bewitched?" the boy was curious to know, because they were not old enough to realize the mechanics of pictures and believed we were just shadow people playing on the screen.

One day a dear old lady came walking up to me and after introducing herself, pinched me on the cheek, exclaiming as she did so, "Well, if I ain't surprised to find you as plump as a partridge! Seeing as how you do so much jumping around, I 'spected to see a mighty scrawny bit of humanity!"

And here's one I will never forget, which makes me laugh every time I think of it.

Mother and I were coming from the theatre when a tall, angular, grim-visaged man accosted us. He didn't smile, he didn't bow, he didn't even tip his hat—he just leaned over and stared at me for fully two minutes before he spoke, and then he said, "I trust, Miss Pickford, you do not walk arm in arm with the devil."

I could hardly keep from laughing, as I hugged my dear little astonished mother closer to me, and seeing the action he added, with a slight air of apology, "Of course, I mean spiritually, Miss Pickford. Actresses," and he looked as if he carried the weight of the world upon his shoulders, "are generally drunkards and wantons."

You may have the face of an angel and the heart of a devil. If you have I pity you. If you haven't, I pray for you."

When the crowd swallowed him up, I breathed a great long sigh of relief, at the same time trying to analyze exactly what he intended to do for me—pity or pray.

Crowds are many and crowds are changing. Sometimes they are just curious crowds, pushing past each other as if they were hurrying to a fire. At other times they are kindly crowds of men, women and children, whose eyes look down upon us with tender interest. Some crowds are quiet and some crowds are noisy—some have nothing to say and others drag you around as if you were public property and make conscious, personal remarks about you. These are the crowds we always fly from in terror, although they are not quite as disastrous as the souvenir crowd, who are determined not to let you depart until they have carried away with them some memento of their stray meeting with you. Once, in just such a crowd as this, I wore a hat with daisies upon it, and nary a flower was blooming on the straw crown after the 15-minute ordeal of getting through this crowd from the theatre to the limousine.

Answers to Correspondents.

Katrine H.—A dark blue dress will photograph black, of course. It is only light blue which photographs white.

Nettie W.—I cannot tell you how to distinguish between real and studio sets. We aim to make the latter so realistic that there will be no difference apparent.

C. F. C.—The long quotation which you inclose is from Whittier, and the other, I think, but am not sure, is from Carlyle.

Harry A.—I regret that I cannot comply with your request, but have been unable to secure the information you asked for. I hope you will be more successful elsewhere.

Josephine B.—I have no "regular working hours," but work many times as early as 7 in the morning and late into the night.

Doris—No, costume plays are not popular at present, but many producers feel that romance will again shortly be widely demanded, and that will mean, of course, the romances of yesterday as well as those of today.

Mary Pickford



MR. STORK, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!

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A letter which was signed "Anxious Mother" came to me the other day and it not only interested but amused me immensely. Here is a paragraph from it, laying great stress on the treatment of children seen on the screen:

"Because of my little girl's good looks, several of my friends have advised me to take her to a moving-picture studio, but only yesterday I heard that in order to make the children act they are badly treated—pinched when the part calls for them to cry and fed unhealthy candies in payment for their laughter."

"Please tell me if this is so, Miss Pickford, as I was so shocked when I heard it. I felt I could never sit through a picture play with children again."

So this is what I have to write back to "Anxious Mother":

Of course the studio is about the worst place in the world to send your child if you do not wish the little one to be badly spoiled, because our love for them makes it ever a temptation to cuddle and fuss over them.

There is no time a child is dearer than when she unconsciously plays a little part in a picture, and while peppermint sticks often do feature in the training of a child actress they are the only sticks that do!

It is a very simple thing to make little children cry, much easier than it is to make them laugh. With some it is because they are in a strange environment; with others it is habit and training. Picture to yourselves how easy it would be to play upon a child's imagination when she faces conditions similar to these. On the stage the goggle-eyed camera is ever turned upon them, and even the director's voice sounds far away. Always dear mother is watching from behind a wall of scenery, but being just a few feet out of mother's arms stirs the little heart to beating fast. We say to them in low, modulated tones, all in a minor key, repeating our sentences over and over again, "You are playing the part of a little girl who feels very sad now, Doris, and that's why you are going to cry—that's why you are going to cry." It is really amusing, but in a few minutes the big sobs come splashing down, and often the little children will sob as if their hearts were going to break.

Clickety, clickety, click! goes the camera. When the director says, "Stop—lights out—that's the end of this scene," in the wink of an eye the tears have tumbled down to nestle in their dresses and their faces are wreathed with smiles.

The wee babies on the screen are so sweet I do not wonder every mother unconsciously cries out, "Ooooh!" when a little baby is shown kicking in its tub or looking with big, velvety, wondering eyes down from the screen upon the audience.

A director told me a cunning little story about a child who had never played in pictures before. He tried for two hours to make that youngster look cross and indignant, molding like a sculptor with his clay,

hoping to fashion her little features so there would be a scowl on her face and her little rosebud mouth would be drawn down in the corners.

Finally, as the last resource, he determined to act as if he were so thoroughly disappointed in her he never wanted to see her again.

"Well, here's a little girl," he began, "that I thought was going to be a nice little girl and do everything I wanted, but she's the naughtiest little girl I ever knew. I can't get a hand of anything naughtier, a little cinnamon bear, and if I were this little girl, I'd just go right away and live in a bear's cage, just so I could growl all day with the rest of them."

"She never flinched," the director told me, "but looked at me with her big blue eyes steadily fixed upon me. 'I'm a wicked fairy, I'm,' and she stamped her foot. 'I'll turn you into a big green toad.'"

"If this keeps on," and the director looked at her as fiercely as any ogre that ever growled from the pages of Grimm's "Fairy Tales," "I'll have to turn you over my knee."

At last she looked at him so scornfully the camera could have had at least 100 feet of it, then, finally, with a curl of her lip, she flounced off the scene, saying, "Well, I don't think that's a nice thing for a gentleman to say to a little girl who is not four years old."

Children are like wise old poll parrots, and it would surprise you to hear these little theatrical tads sitting around, talking about the film releases and the important parts they played in them!

Bless that dear, good, old Mr. Stork!

Answers to Correspondents

Selma—I do think the old Indian legends would make splendid films, and, as you doubtless know, a few such have been done. I will keep your suggestions in mind.

A. W.—Your letter was very helpful and encouraging and was very much appreciated by me. Even if you are lame it has not circumscribed your outlook on life.

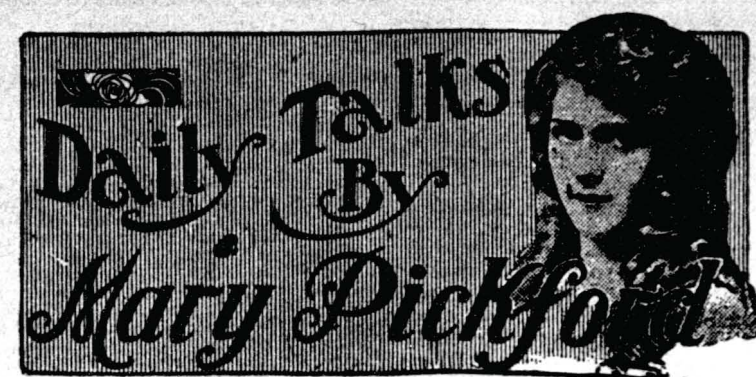
Hetty B.—When you have your photograph taken, no special makeup will be needed. Do not use rouge, as red photographs black. I would not advise your using grease paint. Use powder.

Theresa L. H.—Your mistake is a common one, but actresses do not succeed through notoriety, but through hard work and ability. Many clever actresses have ruined their careers by mistaken attempts at advertising.

Katie M.—I had not heard that the actor you mention is married. Perhaps it is a false rumor.

Gertrude F.—The photoplay you describe was "Beulah" and Henry Walthall was the hero. Joyce Moore played leading lady.

Mary Pickford



AT THE HIPPODROME.

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IF you ever strolled across the stage of the New York Hippodrome, facing such a vast audience as I did on the Sunday night I appeared for the Actors' Benefit Fund, you would decide that this round old world had been sliced in two and that the stage was the greediest half of it.

One might stroll from the Flatiron Building to Columbus Circle and consider it a pleasurable promenade if no eyes were upon you, but just try to act at ease walking across the Hippodrome stage, with thousands of curious people staring at you, and see how well you succeed!

Oh, but it's awful sneaky business—this appearing in public, and I am not half so lionhearted as I was in those days when I had to brave great merry-making audiences daily. So that is why I had shivery quivers running down my spine when our turn was called on the program.

As the little act was a burlesque on the taking of moving pictures, we began with the directors, camera men, assistants and assistants' assistants landing at Forty-second street and Broadway in full-dress suits, looking for a quiet location.

Of course there were a few teasing lines about the Mary Pickford star being late, and that gave them a chance to set upon me like a pack of snarling wolves when I drove up in a limousine.

"Excuse me, Mr. O'Brien," I said to my director, "I would have been here an hour or so earlier, but unfortunately we had a blowout."

At this all of the company looked at each other with wise eyes and laughed behind their hands when Mr. O'Brien asked, "When—last night?"

Along came my maid to take off my coat, and as I was preparing to enter into the spirit of this Times Square performance the director suddenly decided at the last minute he would change the location and, instead of the scene being laid in the city, we would play the parts assigned to us as if we were in the heart of a burning desert. Of course that meant I had to crawl back into the machine, take off my evening dress and get into my overalls.

You can't guess who played the double-dyed villyun hiding behind fierce mustachios—James Corbett! And who was the adventuress around whom the most bloodcurdling lines of play were written, such an adventuress that I dragged her by the throat from my automobile? It was Mrs. William Whiskers, the goat, in pinafore and boudoir cap!

Of course we did not rehearse the goat's part very much, and I want to confide in you I kept one eye upon her! Why? Because once during the taking of "Rags," when I looked the other way, the goat came up behind me at full speed and almost tossed me into the middle of next summer! Of course, if such a thing happened on the Hippodrome stage, it might have raised a thundering laugh, but undoubtedly the results would have been that I would be the first to draw upon the Disabled Actors' Benefit Fund!

Donald Brian was the handsome

leading man who at the last moment we called from his box to climb upon the stage and join us in the dramatization of our playlet. He came in the nick of time to save the villyun from choking me to death, from stealing the papers and eloping with Gwendoline, the adventuress.

This much—I do not think the audience enjoyed it half as much as we did, because there is ever so much real pleasure attached to reel work.

After the little playlet was over, I did my first dance upon the American stage, in the Dutch costume I wear in the comedy drama we are now taking, "Hulda From Holland." It was the little dance I told you about the other day, the little hop-clickety-click dance, and by the time I got through I decided there was no hope—I should never become a Pavlova of the ballet! I felt quite as if I had taken a forty-mile jaunt on horseback through the wildwoods, and when I had to face the audience to make the last little speech of "Thank you," I was so breathless I had to gasp out my apologies for this, my first feeble effort at dancing.

How kindly are the eyes of an audience when they look down upon us! We wonder if the people know how often we feel as if we wanted to stretch out our arms to them and spiritually embrace them! And when they smile, it is just a little bit of heaven to all of us who try so hard to please them.

Answers to Correspondents.

Ethel Moore.—My first photoplays were rejected by the company in which I was playing, but when submitted to another company to my surprise they were accepted. I have written both comedies and dramas.

I. R.—I do think it would be very wrong for a girl to send her photograph promiscuously, or to any one whom she did not know personally and who had not requested it.

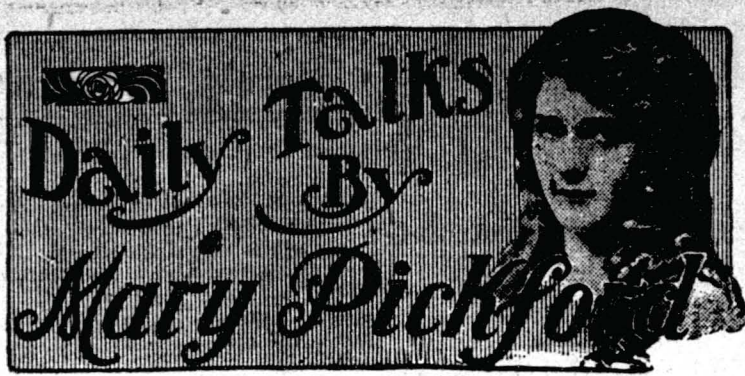
R. R.—No, it was not me whom you saw at the wedding referred to on February 20.

Rosebud.—No, indeed, we do not spank children to make them cry in the movies. They are natural actors and actresses, as most children are before they become self-conscious. If I were you, I would consult a specialist about my hair.

"Babe."—I am sorry that your first letter did not reach me, but it must have miscarried in the mail, as a great many letters do. I do not know the actress you refer to.

"A Friend."—I appreciate your very nice letter and am always glad to get such encouragement. If you were not afraid to write to me, why not write direct to Miss Pauline Frederick and tell her of your admiration? You can reach her in care of the Famous Players Company.

Mary Pickford



SENTIMENTAL GIRLS.

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OH, yes, the studios are full of them and so are all the by-ways and highways! Sentimentalists won't be concentrated in any one area, and sometimes—well, I'll try to say this so low it won't hurt their feelings—are't they the stupidest companions in the world?

Not for one minute am I suggesting that we should forswear sentiment—no, indeed—no more than I would want to see the sunshine disappear or the rose lose its color and its fragrance. But I think the girl who can talk in sixty unabridged editions of her affairs with men does not really love at all, but is just hypnotized by herself into believing she is under the spell of romance.

We actresses get hundreds of crush notes which amuse us, and often they are accompanied by pictures of the lovelorn gentlemen who are seeking romantic flirtations. A sober, sincere young man with grave purposes and ambitions in life hasn't time to court a fugitive sweetheart! He is too busy building up a future for the real girl who is bound to come along.

So we do not think overmuch of Mr. Sentimentalist who writes: "You are my ideal and I am madly in love with you. Can't it be fixed up for us to meet, for I have a strange feeling we are soul mates and that destiny is keeping us apart."

We may play Romeo and Juliet on the stage, but really we are just "plain folk" when the theater is emptied and we go happily to our homes for the night. I say this not because I am trying to hide anything from the public about the life behind the scenes, but it is true. There will always be many butterflies in our profession who are singed by the flame, but most of the actresses are nice, homey moths, who forswear the bright lights and enjoy their own cozy little firesides.

"Amused" writes me I should hang my head in shame; these articles have never touched upon the degradation and the moral decadence of the theater. She added as an afterthought, "You are wronging thousands of girls who are eager to go on the stage by not telling them the truth—that no good girl succeeds."

Unhappy "Amused," wherever and whoever you are, if you are looking for trouble, for sordidness or for disappointments, you will find them a-plenty. But if a girl has strong ideals, if she is clever, capable and willing to work hard, has good morals and a sane view of life, she will go through the fires of experience and come out unscathed.

But it is the sentimental gosling who is always in danger of stepping off the precipice. When the heart runs away with the head, certainly it does lead you blindly—goodness knows, there are a thousand ways to get lost in the maze of romance.

To me ultra-sentimental girls are the mote in the sunbeam. They are what is called in plain terms "gushers," and is there anything more trying than having to listen to the over-bubbling of stupid sentimentalism?

A bit of moonlight never strays into their lives that they do not dream it was made by a divine Creator for the sole purpose that young people might spoon within its mystic light. They stand before the magnificent wonders of Niagara Falls and cannot be dumbed by them—no, indeed! they are the people who will rattle on a thousand heedless words a minute. "Isn't it perfectly lovely?" "Oh, my, isn't Nature grand," or "Isn't that the dearest, sweetest little waterfall you ever saw in your life?"

I have even known them to go so far as to bemoan the fate of the poor innocent fly who must die at the hands of the irate but sensible housewife. "Poor little fellow! He was walking so happily around the walls, never suspecting death would take him in a moment," Miss Overly Sentimental says. "Oh, how can you be so cruel—so unjustly, wantonly cruel?"

What shall we prescribe for these foolish little ones, because they have never grown up and I do not think they ever will. Shall we shame them by making just a little bit of fun of them every time they overflow the markets with their surplus stock of "gosling" adjectives?

Answers to Correspondents.

Florence M.—If you have written a scenario for me, send it to the scenario department of the Famous Players Company, telling them you wrote it for me. Yes, a typewritten synopsis will be sufficient for you to send. I appreciate very highly your commendation.

Marie S.—It is very nice of you to plan such a pleasant surprise for your aunt, but I do not believe it would be wise to take the little girl to the studios without your aunt's consent and knowledge. Tell her what you have in mind and let her decide.

R. H.—I am always willing to profit by good advice and yours is of the very best, indeed. Thank you for your letter.

Evelyn B.—I think that blue and white or rose and white are the very prettiest possible color schemes for a young girl's room. I know that rose is considered the color for a brunette, but it is very becoming to blonds as well, as very few realize.

Henriette D.—I would go to a dentist at once about my teeth. If there is anything really wrong, he will be able to cure it. It is never well to try every prescription one hears of from friends.

Rosemode L.—Thank you for your picture. Yes, Henry Walthall was often my leading man in the old Biograph days. Owen Moore played opposite me in "Mistress Nell."

Mary Pickford.



LETTERS FROM THE LOVELORN.

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I have been threatening for a long time to publish some of the letters, without betraying the names of the senders, that are mailed to me asking my advice on love, real and imaginary. Here comes the first letter, and it is only one of hundreds exactly like it:

"Oh, Miss Pickford, will you please advise me what to do, as I am desperately in love with a man who does not even know I am in existence? He is a moving-picture actor and for the last three years I have never missed going to see one of his pictures when it came to our town."

"I think he is the handsomest man in the world, and because I am so crazy about him I have no time for the other boys who would be nice to me if I would let them. Do tell me what I should do? I have written him many times and never got an answer from him. The last time I told him just how I felt toward him and sent one of my pictures. Now I am watching the mails every day and am terrified that he will not acknowledge my love letters."

"What had I better do? Write to him and ask him to return all my letters and my picture, or not write to him again?"

Most of the actors, if they are not too busy, will answer letters from sensible, intelligent correspondents who write either of their appreciation or even of their own ambitions. But there are very few actors who do not put aside all letters that come from foolish, sentimental girls. No doubt yours were destroyed with hundreds of others, as he is one of the most popular actors on the screen. But do not be worried about your picture—it is a code among them that they protect even the most unwise.

This incident makes me think of a little story about a very dear friend of mine, an actress, who received a letter from just such a girl, asking similar advice. Knowing my friend was playing in the same company with the hero of her choice, the girl offered many bribes if she could only be introduced to this actress' leading man. Such a cunning little note my actress friend wrote back to her! "Indeed I am in a position to introduce you to Mr. So-and-So, as he and I have been married for the past five years."

Now comes a letter that to me is pathetic, from a man who signs himself "Sixty Years Old": "Last summer a moving-picture company came to our town to take pictures, and as I had a very pretty little farm I was only too glad to let them photograph it. One of the moving-picture actresses was so nice to me and when she went away promised to write. I have written to her and asked her to marry me, but I only have got a postal in return. Now I am quite lonely and discontented. Why were they so nice to me when they were here and treated me so badly when they went away?"

Romance is sweet when May meets May, but it is very seldom that May and December can be happy together,

and while the actress may have been sincere in her liking for the kindly farmer, perhaps she never even thought of such a turn in the affair as matrimony. Too often do we confuse regard and sentiment, friendship and affection. And how many people are made unhappy just because they allow themselves to be discouraged in what promises to be an affair of the heart!

A very lovelorn young fellow, not a day over twenty-two, confided in me that he was in love with a woman of forty, and after he disclosed his secret inamorata I laughed at him, for she was the happy mother of three boys nearly as old as he.

Fie, for shame, on the schoolgirl of fourteen who writes to me, telling me she waits outside the theater every day for a glimpse of her matinee idol! Some day she will be mighty sorry she did not spend more time at books, for good looks soon die and if a girl isn't clever she cannot hope for many colorful romances.

Many girls write that they are secretly engaged and that they think it is much more romantic to keep it from their parents. One unhappy story I know about a girl who would elope always comes back to me and I think of it so often.

Her parents opposed her marriage, so they decided to elope, the girl climbing out of her window on a ladder which he had set against the side of the house. Something frightened her, she lost her balance and fell, so injuring her spine that she was forced to remain in bed the rest of her life—thirty-five unhappy, drab years of sorrow and suffering.

There are several more such letters which I am going to answer next week.

Answers to Correspondents.

Rosalie King.—No, there is no book published which contains storyizations of the photoplays in which I have played.

J. L. D.—It would be hard for me to say whether I prefer to live in the country or the city. Both have so much charm for me that I like to be able to live in either as the mood moves me. However, my work really determines where I shall live.

Helen D.—Being a blond, I naturally admire brunettes most. I think there is nothing prettier than sleek hair, black as a raven's wing.

G. A. E.—Yes, peppermint is very good for neuralgia, but it affects some complexions and some skins very badly.

T. L. B.—I have never heard of a freckle cure that was permanent. They disappear for a short time and then return.

J. T. T.—No, indeed, I would not advise you to dye your hair black. Red hair, of the color of the lock you sent me, has been always considered peculiarly beautiful.

Mary Pickford.

LOVE, REEL AND THE THEATRICAL.

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HOW many girls have whispered to moving picture actresses: "Do you ever fall in love with your leading man? And is the love real or imaginary?" or sn't Mr. Tommie Tinkles the handsomest leading man you ever saw? How can the actresses who have to play such romantic parts with him keep from falling in love?"

Oh, my! Would you give us Mormon hearts, you sentimental young girls, and have us fall in love with every romantic turn in every story of romance that we play in? For there are mighty few scenarios nowadays that do not end up happily ever after, with the scenario writer's last scene diagrammed, "Fade out slowly in a love scene between the hero and heroine."

Don't be disheartened, but most of the handsome leading men are very happily married to dear little wives, and acting is to them what bonds and stocks are to the business man—a part of the routine of everyday life.

Of course, a hero and heroine may look very beautiful to you when you gaze upon them on the screen, but how your ideals would change if you could peek at them while the scene is going on, and if you could only gaze upon their painted faces which look startlingly unreal in the glare of the bright blue calcium lights.

Red lips turn purple, faces become ghastly green, blond hair looks for all the world like seaweed and blue eyes change to the hues of a watermelon. Just imagine, girls, when the hero puts his arms around you and says, "I love you—I adore you—will you be my wife?" you must look up into his lavender eyes and see his discolored lips coming closer and closer to you. Why, even his teeth and eyeballs are of a beautiful blue, so what does romance do but turn a double somersault and go hurryscurrying around the corner.

Of course, if two are destined to love all the motley colors in the world will not keep them apart; they might be painted like Zulu warriors but they will probably look to each other like rainbows from paradise. I am not talking about the real loves between actors and actresses which culminate in happy marriages, but I am just answering the questions of so many girls when they are curious to know, "Are actresses thrilled by the kisses of their leading men?"

"Oh, fiddlesticks!" often says the leading man in a most unromantic way when the scene is over. "Let's see if the director won't try it again. We were both awkward as giraffes and I know if I were given another chance I could do it much better."

"It's your fault," says the saucy

leading woman. "You had too much powder on your face—I nearly sneezed when it came to the lines where you told me how unhappy you would be if I refused to marry you. It was you who was the giraffe—not I."

Can you imagine anything less sentimental than that, Miss Romantic Young Schoolgirl? And leading men, like leading women, are not always so picturesque or so courageous off the screen as they are on. If you met the ideal of your dreams after seeing him in a beautiful play of three acts, you would find that he does not talk so cleverly as he does on—he does not speak in the language of Shakespeare, but of Broadway and Forty-second street.

Alas, for the little rainbow vanities. We feminists are never happy unless miserable!

Answers to Correspondents.

Betty W. S.—Yes, your understanding of my instructions on scenario writing are very adequate. I might add that it is of help to note which companies produce plays you see, and thus form an idea of the type of photoplays produced and preferred by each company.

Heloise B.—I do not know the film you refer to nor can I place the actor you describe. Why not write to the company producing the film?

E. R. P.—Denman Thompson did not appear in The Old Homestead, as he is dead. I was not in your city on the date you mention—in fact, I have never been there, but hope that some day I will be so fortunate.

B. T. R.—Henry Kolker played the leading part in The Warning and the scenes you refer to were secured by double photography.

G. P.—No photoplay of which I know has been built around Patrick Henry. If you have made such a detailed study of his life, you should be the better judge as to its dramatic qualities.

John W.—Certainly a boy or man secures his start in the movies according to the methods I have outlined for girls. You will doubtless have to start as extra man and will secure your first chance according to your type and the demand for it.

Mary Pickford.



THE GIRL WHO PERSEVERED.

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THE other afternoon, I had tea with one of the most successful women playwrights in New York city, and during that hour she told me in straightforward language of her climb from an obscure college girl to her remarkable position of today.

"Oh, please may I tell my friends to whom I write through the daily papers a little of your wonderful battle?" I asked her, after she had finished talking. "It should be such a help to the girls who are ambitious, who are timid about facing the great adventure of life and are fighting their battles in order to succeed and win as you have won?"

She laughed, a little embarrassed, for, after all, she who achieves is so much more modest than she who is content with paltry successes.

It was during her last year at college, when she was working hard to make the various honorary societies and finish her course in literature, that her father lost his small fortune; a Western bank collapsed and left them almost without funds.

"If I had stopped college then and sought some position, I would not have gone very far, but after being assured that a slight income would keep mother and father I swallowed my pride and went to the wife of one of the college professors who had always been interested in my work. I told her I must work my way through college, that, never having had any business training, I was not qualified to become either a stenographer or secretary, but there was one thing I could really do well—cook and keep house.

"What suggested this to me was that I had overheard her saying one evening before our financial crash came that she found it almost impossible to keep an intelligent housekeeper.

"At first I was inclined to feel a little bitter toward life, and imagined that my lot was a pretty hard one, but soon I realized that if once successful all the sorrow of the past would dissolve into nothing.

"I arranged my work so that I could attend my classes, keep house and study at night after the housework was finished. My last year at college was a successful one. I made the Phi Beta Kappa, and it was my play which, put on by the seniors, created enough interest to attract the attention of several newspapers. This gave me an entry, as soon as I had left college, to become a special feature writer for a newspaper.

"More battles did I have to face, which only newspaper women can appreciate. But finally I gave it up, after I had saved enough to live on for a few months, to write a play. You can never imagine in what feverish hope I built the silken web of that drama, or what joy I felt when it was completed. Would it make me famous over night? I wondered.

"But, alas!" And she looked at me earnestly. "As you know, Miss Pickford, fame does not come like the dawn of a new day. We are weeks and months and sometimes

years striving for it. My poor little play went the rounds from one management to another, and finally it came back to me at a time when I was not only absolutely without funds, but had just received letters from home asking me to help them out of one of their financial difficulties.

"I remember how I sank down in despair and felt that hope was so fugitive I would almost rather be dead than have to face this grind eternal.

"Just at the last flicker of the candle flame, when I almost sank into black despair, there came a letter from one of the greatest actresses in the world, who, having retired to her beautiful estate in southern California, had read my play while in San Francisco. She told me afterward there was a strange wistfulness about it which appealed to her. The following afternoon she sent her car for me to drive out and have tea with her. Oh, wonder of wonders! I never left her until her death, two years later, and there I wrote, under her loving and appreciative guidance, most of my plays that are being produced today.

"After her death, I came to New York, and for the last five years I have struggled through many adversities, but always was there the determination that I would win."

How proud I am to know a woman like this, and how she stimulates me to keep on until I, too, have reached the goal.

Answers to Correspondents.

G. J. K.—My mother does not play in pictures with me, and Lottie and I have not played together since "Fanchon, the Cricket." That was my brother Jack in "Poor Little Pepina."

Jennie H.—Marie Doro was formerly with the same company I am with, the Famous Players, but she is now with Lasky Company, Hollywood, Cal.

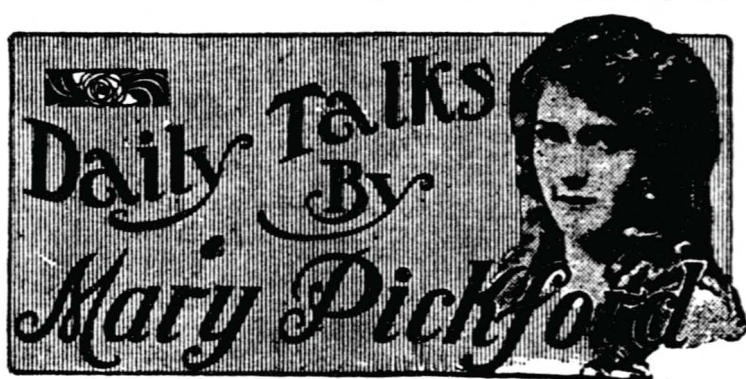
Madeline S.—Do not be influenced to dress in a too masculine style, for there is nothing so pretty as ultra-feminine women, refined and dainty. Unless your hair is falling out badly, I think you would make a mistake to cut it.

Grace J.—I do not know the actor you wrote of. Why don't you try to locate him through the company that produced the picture? Write to them direct.

Ruth F.—Anita Stewart was the star of "The Goddess." Earle Williams was the leading man. No, they are not married. If Miss Stewart gives her photographs away, you might write to her yourself and ask for one.

Belle D.—"Ramona," the twelve-reel feature put out by the Clune Producing Company, was drawn from the history of early California. Yes, indeed, the Indians you saw were real California Indians.

Mary Pickford.



BRAVERY AND BRAVADO.

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OF COURSE there are very few pictures we take where we are not subject to dangers besetting us on all sides, which we face like brave little soldiers going into battle. These are the dangers of working in the snow, laboring for hours in the hot sun, sitting in draughts and having to do scenes in the water when we are suffering from colds. I have taken high dives into icy streams when I have been so "skeered" and I have climbed up rocky sides of precipices, almost clinging to projecting branches with my teeth!

Often I have ridden horses which frisked around as if they had long danced to the vibrant strains of the steam calliope in the wake of a circus, but I swallowed my fears and tried to act like Buffalo Bill at the head of a band of cowboys.

The thing that makes us the most "crossy" is to sit behind some people at the theater, and when we are shown dashing down a bluff on horseback to hear some one invariably remark: "Oh, they can't fool me—that isn't Mary Pickford, at all! It's probably a boy dressed up with a wig on."

Once I told you how I went up in an aeroplane for two thousand feet, which really took a lot of courage to do. It was only the first ascent that chilled as well as thrilled me, because once we were in the air I had the sensation of being a giant bird whose strong, feathered wings were carrying me on the breeze high up above the earth, where humans like myself looked like little specks of dust.

At the same time, I wanted to be commended a little bit for having the courage to fly so high, especially after the long, unhappy list of accidents which cast their shadows upon aeroplaning in southern California.

The next morning, pouring over the newspapers, Jack, Lottie and I heard a dozen or so saying: "Mary Pickford up in an aeroplane! Humph! You can't tell me that—press stuff, of course."

So many dreadful accidents have happened to girls and boys who are so carried away with the idea of appearing brave in the eyes of their fellow workers that they dared too much.

Unhappily I was out on a location when one of the Indians, to show us several tricks with a new bucking broncho, took some harrowing chances. He was thrown, and in landing struck a jagged rock.

In many of the pictures where they have used wild animals, girls have forgotten to be overly cautious and have been severely injured by an unfriendly lion or a treacherous leopard. Outside of Mr. Bruin, of whom I wrote once, I do not think I will ever be a feminine Daniel-in-the-lions-den, as it would be foolhardy instead of brave for me to take these chances when I think of the grief it would bring to my mother if I should be injured.

How many times we hear people saying: "What if I should be hurt? Isn't it fate?" You may call it fate if you like, but it is more like recklessness to me. Then perhaps you have not considered that it is more unkind to others if you do not take the very best care of yourselves. Think of the mother who waits home for you every night—just think how her heart would ache if they brought you home on a stretcher or had to tell her you were hurt and would perhaps be an invalid or a cripple the rest of your life!

"Skating on thin ice is so much fun because there is danger attached to it," one silly young girl said at the studio the other afternoon. "It is just that uncertainty which stimulates me and adds to my pleasure." I wonder how much stimulus she thinks it would be if the ice should break and suddenly she should find herself precipitated into chilled water, which might result in serious illness—if not death?

So when people write to me and ask me if we are not brave, I always reply in the affirmative, although I do add that sometimes we overreach the mark in trying to think of situations of hairbreadth escapes which will give the audience a few moments of suspense.

Answers to Correspondents.

Edith G.—Why don't you give up your desire to become a moving picture actress and study music, if you feel you have talent in that direction? So many girls have been disappointed when they see themselves on the screen because their beautiful coloring is lost.

Henrietta D.—John Mason is playing in pictures, as well as on the stage, with Jane Cowl in "Common Clay."

Josephine B.—Do not be discouraged because you have not been given a chance in pictures. Some girls are months waiting for an opportunity to show what they can do. Bend every effort to making good when your turn comes.

V. L. H.—It would be impossible to tell you when I will make my next public appearance, as we never know in advance, and I am not likely to appear on the stage unless it is for some big charity benefit.

"Anxious."—"The Board of Public Censors" is a committee to pass upon pictures, seeing that there is nothing objectionable in them to offend the morals of any community.

T. P. D.—Edmund Breese, whom you liked so much upon the screen, is at present playing in "The Fear Market," a legitimate drama.

Mary Pickford.



SPOONING.

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I AM not going to put on a pair of cross old grandmother spectacles, draw my eyebrows together and "shush!" the happy young engaged couples who seek the cozy corners of the moonlight garden walks to exchange their lovers' litany—no, indeed, because that is the sweetest and most beautiful time of a young girl's life. But this I do think is dreadful—unengaged couples spooning promiscuously.

Is there anything more jarring upon one than seeing a foolish young girl not out of her teens allowing a boy to make love to her? And as is nearly always the case, the silly girl who tolerates promiscuous familiarities has much to regret when the one man comes along for whom she has been waiting for many years. Even if she does not confess, it is always in her heart—the ghosts of other men who have put their arms around her and kissed her. How much rarer would her love have been if she had kept it just for this one whom she had dreamed of in her paradise on earth!

I do not think we always know when we do meet our ideal, and as Mr. Wrong Man is often mistaken for Mr. Right Man we give to him, in all sincerity, our affection, and then, before we realize that our heart has eloped with our head, we have made another one of life's disappointing mistakes.

We were talking the other day about spring and how beautiful the parks are now that the trees are blossoming with little green leaves.

"How perfumed the air is," several of us remarked, "and what glorious moonlit nights we are having!"

"Hooray for the spooners!" interrupted the fourth member of our party, who is known to have a searchlight upon his automobile and who considers it part of the amusement of an evening to whirl it around on park benches just as giggling young girls are nestling very close to their giggling young gentlemen. And then they turned to me, asking me what I thought about spooning—if I believed or if I did not believe in it.

I refused to commit myself, but it reminded me of a bridal couple who traveled on the road with us several years ago. He was a rank comedian of the slapstick order, six feet four inches in height, and as gaunt as Abraham Lincoln. His wife, we were quite sure, could easily have tipped the scales at 250, although Jack would never guess a pound under 300 pounds.

Such billing and cooing was never attributed to turtle doves that nest in the springtime! And so weary we grew of their everlasting love making that several of us young ladies in the company took a solemn oath that upon our honeymoons we would not be such a disturbing element.

Often would she look rapturously

up into his face and ask him, "Oo's little gosling is oo?" while he had just as many rheumatic nicknames for her, names like "pidgy potpie," "lamb of love" and "Billie's little cherry blossom."

During the stormy days of winter, when we were gathered around the grate fire in the little country hotels where we were destined to spend several days while our play was being put on, we found it a great source of entertainment to listen to these two.

But, alas! It was like that funny old song our mother used to sing to us when we were children about the tattooed man who eloped with the fat lady's salary. At the end of the season, he disappeared and left his wailing, sorrowful pigeon potpie upon our hands to look after and protect, which we did out of sheer pity, because there is nothing more touching than the blighted romance of a fat lady?

So many of the young girls around the studios have false ideals of romance. I always regret to see it, as they pay so dearly for their little foolish mistakes.

Tomorrow I shall write about one unhappy girl who came to me in her distress, and who, like many others trying to fly before their wings are strong enough, fell by the wayside with her poor little face in the dust.

Answers to Correspondents.

E. S.—Theda Bara is known as "the vampire woman" because it was she who first created and made famous in pictures the part of a vampire in "A Fool There Was."

"Student."—Several of Charles Dickens' novels have been put into pictures, but I have always wanted to play "Little Dorrit," and perhaps some day I shall have that honor.

B. F. R.—Don't you think that a small string of good artificial pearls is prettier than a large imitation rhinestone lavalliere?

T. G.—I think your romance is beautiful, and how I would love to peek into your cunning little home and see it furnished as you describe. Love in a cottage is happiest, after all, isn't it?

Mary S.—Why don't you confide in your mother your ambitions to become an actress? She may not be so severe with you as you fear. Perhaps she will appreciate that you have talent in that direction and will further your ambitions.

Florence L.—Thank you very, very much for the box of wild flowers you sent me. Indeed I do love them, and kept them in a vase in my room until they were hopelessly faded.

Mary Pickford.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

THE BIRD WITH THE BROKEN WING.

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IN confidence we shall call this unwise little girl Dulcie, and even as I name her that it seems appropriate, because Dulcie in Spanish means sweet, and she was just that—the sugar of disposition unminged with the salt of common sense.

Her parents had made the sad mistake of giving her more privileges than were good for her. And because she was rather a fragile girl, the only child, her mother cherished her, lessening the duties which would have built up her character, making many foolish sacrifices so she could satisfy every one of Dulcie's whims.

Dulcie never was a selfish girl, but she accepted all of these favors which she felt were her birthright and shrank away from any work which would take her away from her lazy trend. Dulcie's mother wanted her to wear pretty white hands, so they were never dipped into the dish water, and because of Dulcie's weak back (the mother apologized) no one ever saw her with a broom in her hand, learning the duties of a housewife, which should be a part of every girl's education.

Cooking she despised—dressmaking was a bore to her—nor did she care particularly for her studies at school. "Dulcie must not overwork," her mother was heard to remark within Dulcie's hearing, many, many times. "I would rather have her backward in her school work than ruin her health for the rest of her life."

And backward she was until she reached 17, when her young school friends flattered her into believing she could become a successful actress. Many bitter tears did her mother weep over Dulcie's determination to go on the stage, but so accustomed was this selfish, unselfish mother to give in to her daughter that one day she came to the studio and registered Dulcie's name as a prospective moving-picture actress.

As Dulcie was very pretty and had a refined little face which the casting director knew would photograph and look well upon the screen, she was given a chance. Her mother came with her on this day of days, but Dulcie made it very obvious that her mother was not welcome there and she would rather be alone. This, girls, is such a great mistake, for no one knows like our mothers what is best for us, and the instinct of motherhood is to watch and guard against any shadows which may engulf their daughters.

Dulcie looked so well upon the screen that she was given many chances, although the directors began personally to dislike her because she was spoiled, lazy and seldom on time. "If I didn't think that girl had some rare possibilities," one of the directors told me, "I would let her go immediately, but if she is willing to work she's bound to succeed."

So carried away was Dulcie by her environment that ambition counted second to a desire for romance, and the first thing we discovered—to the gossip surprise of the studio—that Dulcie was seen talking very often to one of the handsome young leading men, whom we all knew was not only married, but the father of two children.

One of the girls took Dulcie aside and told her frankly she would be talked about if she were not more guarded of herself, but Dulcie was used to having her own way and was indignant that any one dared reprimand her or suggest her course of action.

"My mother wouldn't dare tell me what to do," she scolded at the girl who would have been her friend, "and I certainly don't intend to take anything from you. What I do is my own affair and I won't be bossed by a lot of jealous, evil-thinking people."

From gossip it drifted into scandal, and from scandal into a genuine affair which involved this young girl in a very unhappy notoriety. I do not think she ever really cared for this actor, but his wife, who had long since wearied of him because of his inconstancies, sued for a divorce and named Dulcie as co-respondent. Dulcie had written him foolish letters, which had fallen into his wife's hands, although there was not one of us at the studio who did not think Dulcie was innocent of any wrongdoing. She was just a foolish, unhappy girl, and how bitterly she paid for her indiscretions!

Now, as she goes from one studio to the other, she is branded as "the girl who came between a well known actor and his wife," and is the subject of much speculative gossip as to what she will do next. The women do not like her, the men are a little unkind, and perhaps for years she will bear these scars which she burned upon her own life.

Answers to Correspondents.

Genevieve L.—No, I have never written a stage play, but how I wish I were clever enough to accomplish it!

H. L. B.—If you dye your eyelashes, you should be very careful of your eyes. You might injure them for life. I would rather have light eyelashes than take such a precarious chance.

Effie G.—I was not at the party you mentioned on Thursday night, but on that Sunday I did go to the Fleischman concert.

T. P.—Why don't you try going to the studios yourself, taking your little boy with you? If he has had much stage experience, they might give him a chance when they need him.

Gertrude D.—Some of the fashionable modistes and milliners say white fox will be worn all summer. Of course, that does not mean on the very hot days, but for evening wear and on evening coats.

Mattie H.—Thank you so much for the beautiful little Bible! I shall keep it in my dressing room always, to remind me of your sweet thoughtfulness.

Mary Pickford.



LIKING AND DISLIKING.

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IT HAS always been very much easier for me to like people than to dislike them. At the same time, I think each one of us has prejudices which grow into veritable bugbears and which take some mental effort on our part to overcome. I have often wondered if it is because of cross currents that we often dislike people whom we have just met and whom we really do not know. Neither are we fair with them nor with ourselves if we do not try to find out their qualities which would endear them to us.

One thing I firmly believe in—that is, love or even liking, if it is not superlative, will always boomerang. A little child in our company whom we are all very fond of from the sheer happiness of being on this earth holds out her little arms to the people she sees walking on the street, and says, "I des luv evrybuddy."

When I was a youngster, I always wanted to hold out my arms to my audiences—so much did I love them—but when it came to the individual I had very strong likes and dislikes. However, children, as a rule, are pretty keen in choosing the false from the real, for that is an instinct such as is given the small, fat, "waddy" puppy, so he knows which hand will caress him and which foot is likely to kick him lickety-split into the street.

I remember well one woman named Mrs. Foley, who was an ever-visitor at our house, dropping in at all hours, but chiefly when the dinner bell called us to supper. She was what Lottie, Jack and I called a "squeezily woman," one who was always so effervescent, always saying so many nice things and never looking as if she meant one teeny sentence of them. Although our dear mother knew that Mrs. Foley was not as sincere as some of her other friends, still her heart was so big she found room for even this blight upon our family happiness.

When Mrs. Foley would arrive, Lottie, Jack and I would steal into the other room, and there we three wicked youngsters would give imitations of her. "I am Mrs. Foley," I would announce, knocking on the door. "Come in," said Lottie, pretending to be mother.

"Only for a second," I would say in Mrs. Foley's mincing tones. "I was just going by and thought I would drop in for a two-minute chat."

"Ding-a-ling-a-ling," interrupted Jack, pretending to be the dinner bell.

"Oh," I would cry, "you don't mean to tell me it is dinner time? Why, bless my soul! I wouldn't have believed it was a minute after four o'clock. No, no, no, I couldn't pos-

sibly think of staying—no, no, indeed!"

"You are welcome, Mrs. Foley," Lottie would say, trying to imitate mother's sweet voice.

"Oh, very well, if you insist! But I really had no idea—I never would have dreamed of such a thing!"

Sometimes mother would catch us at this game, and she would scold us for its sauciness. At the same time, I remember seeing little smiles crinkle the corners of her lips when her visitor would arrive and she would see us three children slipping off to the dining room to play our game of Foley.

But we three children were not so far from being right, after all, as Mrs. Foley was the first one, when our father died and mother was left to support not only her children but our paralyzed grandmother, to turn away and refuse us even the sweet consolation of friendship. This would have meant so much to mother through that desolate and unhappy period after the death of one whom she had so loved as my father.

But there are hundreds of these Mrs. Foleys in the world, although I always say about them that they, alas! are the sufferers—they are the ones who cheat themselves at life's solitaire.

Answers to Correspondents.

G. T. H.—Have you ever tried bathing your eyes in boric acid? Many people wear dark glasses at the theater when they go to see pictures. It relieves the eyes somewhat. If I were you, I would see an oculist.

Herbert O.—I have never smoked cigarettes, not even in a picture. But you cannot judge of a woman's character because she smokes; many of the most famous continental women are inveterate cigarette smokers.

Goldie May.—It was not I but Mary Miles Minter who played the leading part in "Dimples." So many people have noticed a resemblance between us.

Inquirer—"The Birth of a Nation," produced by D. W. Griffith in twelve reels, was also known as "The Clansman." It was indeed an epoch in the making of moving pictures.

Evelyn F.—Didn't you know that was Charlie Chaplin who played the part of the woman in the play by that name? Yes, indeed, Charlie Chaplin is a very good-looking young chap when he is not in his funny make-up.

Shop Girl—"The Grind Eternal" is the name of our factory play, and we tried to draw it as true to life as possible. Marguerite Clark and I are not sisters.

Mary Pickford.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

ON THE LETTERS I RECEIVE.

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THIS paragraph must be an apology to the few who have written twice telling me they have not received an answer to their first letter. Sometimes letters miscarry through the mail and many times they are mis-addressed, but one of the duties of my day is to see that all my correspondence is assorted and answered as soon as it is possible, either through the papers or through the personal mail.

Last week I wrote upon letters from the lovelorn, but there are many other interesting letters besides those, letters which amuse or touch me deeply.

An old man writes to know if his little granddaughter, of whom he gave a long description, could by any chance have come to my studio.

"Her mother died when she was only a little baby, and I tried to bring her up so she would be a nice, sensible girl," is written in a feeble handwriting which is dim and shaky.

"Milly was a good girl, too, and the people in the town thought a lot of her. There never used to be much excitement here until the theatre was built and traveling companies came to put on their performances. Milly seemed to be carried away with them actors and actresses, and one day she told me she had been thinking of going on the stage. I never scolded her—honest, Miss Pickford, I didn't—but I begged her to be a good girl and mind what trouble she'd be getting into that might keep her from marrying one of the nice boys of the town and growing up to be a fine, sensible woman."

"Milly seemed to take my words to heart, and nothing more was said until one day she ran away and left a letter telling me not to worry—she was going to New York, and when she was famous she'd come back to town and show the home folks up. That's two years ago, and I ain't ever heard from her, although I have written to many actresses like yourself, Miss Pickford, to know if they have ever seen her. Would you kindly write through the papers or to your friends, asking if they ever knew a girl named Milly Thorpe? And if you do find her, tell her that her old granddad is waiting for her and won't say nothing in case she ain't turned out as she expected to. God bless you and take care of you. James Thorpe."

Milly, Milly, wherever you are, by some strange trick of fate I pray your eyes will happen to fall upon your grandfather's letter; that you will go back home, if only for a visit, to tell him you are well and happy, and all the years he lavished his love upon you have not been futile. It makes me think of a few lines of verse I have always loved: "I never knew until I saw a grave Where wind-blown grasses wave, How futile and how fugitive The haubles are for which we strive."

And then, away from the pathetic letters, come the humorous letters by the score, which give me many miles of smiles, although the ones I believe to be written seriously I take seriously. One lady writes to tell me she had heard that I once weighed nearly 200 pounds, but had taken a cure now held out to her for bait. She wanted to

ask my advice about this medicine, which was being sold by a traveling Indian snake doctor, who appropriated for his imaginary customers most of the slender actresses of the stage and screen.

"They tell me I have a pretty face," she writes, "and that if I lost some of my 200 pounds I would be a very successful moving-picture actress. This is why I am writing, hoping against hope you will tell me if you regained your slenderness by the use of these herbs or not."

"Actresses is indecent or they could never go without their stockings on in pictures," came from one irate follower of the screen. "If I was your mother, Miss Pickford, I certainly could never bear up under the disgrace of seeing you perambulating around in bare toes. My opinions is that pictures is bad for the morals."

And this is the way my mail box goes—sunshine, smiles, rainbows, tears—letters from the north, east, south, west and across the seas from many countries. How I would like to publish many of them. Those that are novel, interesting, tender, wistful or kindly I always keep, so when I grow to be a nice, little old spectacled lady they will bring back to me ghosts of my happy youth, of unknown friends whom I am ever grateful to.

Answers to Correspondents.

P. O. R.—We spent many days at the Panama-Pacific exposition in San Francisco, and I will never forget how marvelous it was. The lighting of the fair grounds at night made it seem like a fairy kingdom or an illustrated page from Arabian Nights.

F. D.—If your skin is dry, why don't you use plenty of cold cream, massaging until the cuticle is soft? Try using olive oil on your scalp before shampooing your hair.

S. A.—If you are so madly in love with your fiancé, I should not think you would be happy quarreling with him as much as you say you do. I do not think it very womanly to slap a man's face for no serious reason, and if you are truly sorry it is you who should apologize.

Arthur V.—Probably the scar on your face can be hidden by a thick coating of grease paint. It is seldom any such mark shows on the screen if the makeup is put on properly.

Young Girl—Blanche Sweet is playing with the Lasky company now. She is not married. I cannot give you a letter of introduction to her, but you might write yourself, care of the Lasky studio.

Ambitious.—A 16-page synopsis is a little bit long. The scenario editors do not want flowery language; they want building up of scenes in a round, full plot. Have it typewritten.

Mary Pickford.



THE LEOPARD'S SPOTS.

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NOW, as this reads like a really and truly fairy story, I shall have to start it with "Once upon a time" there lived a little girl who was so homely that even her mother's very dearest friends could not look upon her and find any feature that would encourage complimenting, except her big wistful eyes. These had a habit of gazing down at the tips of her shoes because so many unkind things had been said about her she was afraid to look up into the smiling, unsympathetic faces for fear that what she would see there would make her the more unhappy.

"What would you like Santa Claus to bring you?" she was asked one day when she was a wee little bit of a girl.

"A pretty face," was her prompt reply. And the answer must have made them wince, because they were the ones who had taunted her with being the poor little homely girl of the family.

Then at twelve years of age, so she confesses, she fell in love with her great, big, handsome cousin of thirty, who had come from across the continent on a visit to his home.

"Oh, what shall I do to be pretty?" she asked one of the little girls of the neighborhood a few years older than she.

"Mamma says if little girls keep their faces nice and clean they will grow up to be very, very beautiful."

She did not hesitate to hear any more, but as fast as her scrawny legs would carry her she covered the distance between the neighbor's house and the sink on the back porch of her own home. And she washed and she washed and she washed—she washed until her face shone like a bright new dishpan and the end of her nose was as red as a cherry. Then she brushed her teeth over and over again, and she brushed her hair, and when that was done she washed and she washed again! She washed until the soapsuds burned into her eyes and her ears pounded from the water that had trickled into them.

"What are you doing?" the handsome cousin asked her as he came up the back stairs. "Your face is as red as a beet. What a homely little young'un you are, aren't you, Molly Jane?"

No one knew for two hours after where she had disappeared, but she crawled up to the attic, and there, hidden behind one of the musty old trunks, she lay with her face on the floor, sobbing as if her heart would break.

And then she tried it again—she washed and washed until her skin felt dry and cracky, and the white

lather which had dried upon it failed to make her as lily white as the ladies in the fairy stories, whom she dreamed of rivaling.

"She's getting homelier every day," the handsome cousin was overheard to remark, but still the poor little girl stuck to the soap and water until the mirror at last decided for her it was hopeless, and either love would have to die or the years would have to change her wry little face.

In the chrysalis of time, the gorgeous butterfly emerges from the drab and colorless grub, and so it is with many young girls, who at twelve are quite uninteresting, but in their twenties become beautiful and distinguished types.

Molly Jane was one of these girls, and today you would choose her from among a bevy of beautiful women.

I know you are going to ask me, "Did she marry the cousin?" and it wouldn't be a really and truly fairy story if she didn't. The two little girls they are the proud parents of are quite as homely as their mother was when she was a little girl, except that they will never be teased with it.

All children should be beautiful in the eyes of the world.

Answers to Correspondents.

N. H.—You are quite right—Florence Smalley and Lois Weber are the same person.

T. F.—The little musical composition you sent me sounded very well indeed when played on the piano. I hope the efforts you are making will be well rewarded with success.

R. D. S.—Yes, children have to have experience, as a rule, before they can get moving picture work, just the same as grown people, or else they will have to start as extras when a director needs their type.

Effie M.—I no more advise a girl to dye her hair than I do to bleach it. Naturalness is most becoming to every one at all times.

Ninety Years Old—I want to thank you for your dear, sweet letter. I'm glad if my pictures have given you some enjoyment, and I think you must be very up-to-date to go to the movies so often. I do indeed agree with you that no one is ever too old to learn.

Juanita J.—I think the cream you specify does bleach the skin. I do not know of the actress you mention. Are you sure that is the name she uses on the stage?

Mary Pickford.



THE HONOR OF OUR NAVY.

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SUCH a criticism as follows I believe in publishing, for it points its finger at one of the weak spots in our moving-picture industry. Though I do think we moving picture artists are always foremost in our patriotism, trying through so many photoplays to serve our country and encourage others, we have overlooked one grievous error brought before us by these men of our navy. There are very few diamonds without flaws, and we build upon the suggestions of the public. That is why we are so grateful for letters such as the following:

"I am writing you on a matter which is very difficult for me to approach you in in any other than this manner, and I earnestly hope that at a convenient time you will do us all the justice of reading this.

"In many pictures the low, pitfall dance hall is commonly staged as the rendezvous for murderers, gangsters and thieves (all in their respective make-up). My objection is not to the use of the dance hall of the type mentioned, but on what grounds does a director of a popular motion picture company, in staging a scene calling for a dance hall of the very cheapest and lowest type, dare to include in his mob of 'roughneck' dancers a few extras in the uniforms of United States sailors and soldiers? Miss Pickford, must we men at this station bring ourselves to believe that this certain director is so pessimistic and that he believes himself to be efficient in his profession? Many photoplays, I know, call for dance-hall scenes of the cheap type, but never did I think that the uniform for which I left my home three years ago, and which my mother and father, my wife and my sister and all of my friends hold in such high respect, would be used by a motion-picture company as a means of adding to the lowliness of the cheap dance hall scene.

"Miss Pickford, when I attended a local movie theater the other evening in company with my wife, and saw in that photoplay that the very uniform I was wearing was being used before the public as a means of expressing degradation, no one can realize what that scene meant to me. I shall not describe it, as I know you can imagine.

"The country needs men and is calling for them now, but can you wonder that so few young men are applying to serve the Stars and Stripes? In any audience there are mothers, sisters and sweethearts who probably have a boy serving his country in one of its military branches. Can you imagine what an effect a scene similar to that described would have upon them as they sit in the audience and have such a scene forced upon them? To say the least, wouldn't it be embarrassing for them? Think what it would mean to the 'I-told-you-so' type of neighbors, who wouldn't let George serve in the navy simply because they did not have sufficient confidence in their own boy to allow him to make a start and practice what his parents had preached to him.

"Think what it means to those of Uncle Sam's men who are straight! What if that photoplay had been, or would be, shown in their home town, and what if mother and sister and friends were to witness that poorly directed dance-hall scene, where murderers and thieves were plotting, fast women and men drinking and dancing, and (on account of an incompetent, pessimistic director) the uniform of the United States government was utilized to emphasize the viciousness? And furthermore, Miss Pickford, this picture and the other I witnessed were both 'passed by the censors.'

"It is the earnest request of all at this station that you use your influence to have this matter brought to the attention of the proper authorities, and I am sure that we all are not far off in saying that you will give us your help. Won't you?"

"This request comes from the men at this station and from another a short distance up the river, the total number of men being about five hundred or more—just from this vicinity. So, Miss Pickford, you can see what it means for men who are of the right sort if this little protest is carried on to the proper authorities." (Signed by men of the United States Coast Guard.)

Answers to Correspondents.

B. L. J.—I think you are mistaken. I never heard that Francis Bushman first appeared in pictures under another name.

Hettie K.—Vivian Martin is now with the Fox studio, at West Fort Lee, N. J. Yes, she played opposite Holbrook Blinn in "The Butterfly on the Wheel."

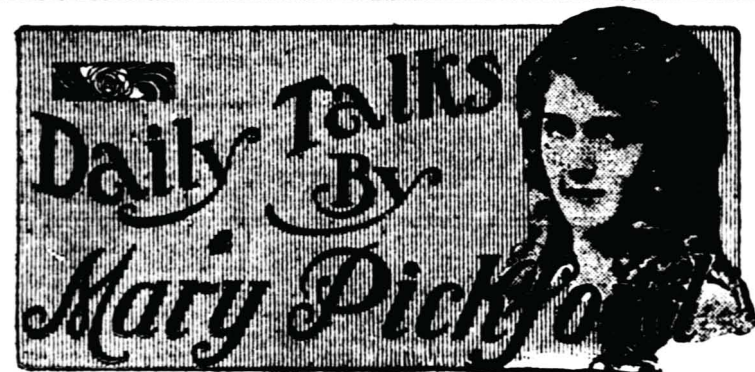
V. D. C.—It is very seldom that visitors are allowed in the studios of moving-picture companies. Still, it would do no harm to try.

Alice B.—Pauline Frederick is with Famous Players. The photoplay you refer to in which she appeared is "Sold." Yes, indeed, she has appeared in many other moving pictures.

Jessie McK.—Theda Bara may be addressed care of the Fox Studio. Marguerite Clark is with the Famous Players. Mary Miles Minter is with Metro.

B. V. H.—The last play in which I appeared on the legitimate stage was "A Good Little Devil." Yes, it has been produced in moving pictures.

Mary Pickford.



GETTING OUR GOAT.

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IF YOU had only asked me a few days ago, "Now, who ran away with your goat?" it would have driven me to despair, because some one did actually clope not only with the mascot of the company, but with one of our prized actors, as well. I am not talking about my "goat of slang," but Mr. Billy Whiskers, who was actually starring with me in our last picture, "Hulda From Holland," and this is how it all came about:

Billy Whiskers was never particularly popular with us because he not only had the goatliest kind of a disposition, but a very bad habit of butting in—surreptitiously! So bad were his manners we had to warn all newcomers at the studio to keep a watchful eye upon him and avoid any conflict not agreeable to all parties concerned.

The only ones in the company he seemed to respect were the kiddies, and he even tolerated their pulling his whiskers or riding around on his back. This, of course, endeared him to the children, and a studio pet was made of this "devil on four feet," as our old Irish comedian called him.

A few days ago we had to take him to Bridgehampton. Long Island, where we went for locations which would photograph like old Holland, and there, out in the country, he made himself perfectly at home. He gambled over the green, after he had successfully chewed the rope which tied him, and "Cherchez la goat" became the company's watchword.

One afternoon, the director called us to duty, and there followed a universal powwow.

"In this scene the goat has got to die," began the director, but he got no further.

"Die?" we all echoed.

"Yes, die—it's written in the story and I don't see any way to get out of it," he apologized, looking from the script to Mr. Whiskers.

"It will be a pretty tough proposition killing Billy Whiskers," the leading man remarked. "I guess death is the only thing that will ever get that yellow goat. I know—I've come in personal contact with him."

"We don't care if the picture is never taken—you shan't kill Mr. Whiskers," the children wailed with despair.

"But the goat in the story eats green paint and dies." And, sure enough, there it was written as one of the dramatic moments of Hulda's life in Holland.

"Let's photograph him when he's asleep," I suggested hopefully.

"Yes—let's," echoed all of the children.

"Asleep—why, that goat's never asleep." And, sure enough, not one of us could remember ever seeing Mr. Whiskers inactive.

"I've got the scheme," and the director excitedly waved the manuscript in the air. "We'll chloroform the goat."

"Until he's dead?" and the children's eyes were round as saucers.

"Of course not," the director consoled them. "Just enough to make him so sleepy he'll topple off and lie still for a few minutes. Then, when the scene is taken, Mr. Whiskers will come out of his few minutes of slumber."

"Not harmed a bit?" and when the director shook his head, the children danced around Mr. Whiskers with joy.

It was no easy job administering a few whiffs of chloroform to anybody as active as that mascot of ours, but we managed to perform the feat, and soon he just naturally rolled over into a peaceful, old-gentleman cat-nap. Many onlookers we had and many opinions were passed.

But the most stirring of all was a scream from one of the bystanders when she heard the director cry out to the camera man, "Hurry up, now, and shoot the goat."

"I'll call the police," the woman shrieked, as she rushed into the scene and stood over the snoozing body of Mr. Whiskers, ready to defend him, "if you dare to turn a gun on this animal!"

And then the director had to explain that by shooting the goat he meant it only in the technical sense used by moving-picture people to express quick photography. Whether she believed him or not we never knew until late that evening, when some one discovered the goat had been stolen.

The following morning a search warrant was sent out, and the whole company took to the hills and dales, calling in vain for Mr. Whiskers. But, safely locked in some one's woodshed, let us hope Mr. Whiskers found peace and content at last, as we were forced to come back to the studio minus the most eloquent of our actors.

Answers to Correspondents.

H. J.—I do not know whether "Carmen" will appear at your local theater or not, but you could write to either of the companies which produced it and they will probably let you know.

Herbert G.—I do not think Kempton Greene was ever with the Vitagraph company, but, at any rate, he is at present with the Lubin company, Philadelphia.

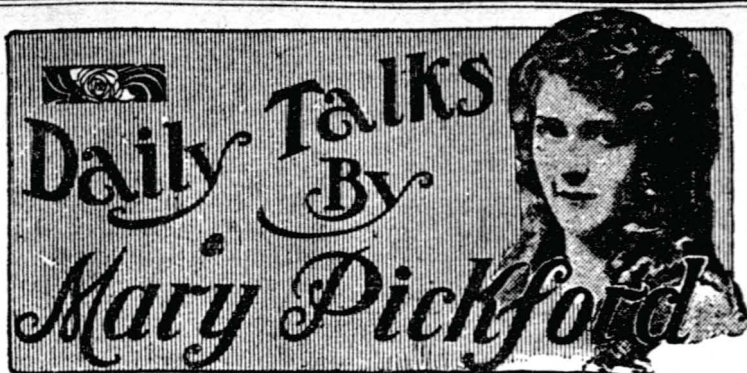
Thana F.—I cannot recommend to you any specific dramatic school or school of photoplay acting. Your elocution teacher, however, should be a very good judge, so why not follow her advice, especially as you say she has taken such great pains with you?

G. K. P.—I would be only too glad to comply with your request, but I have no time in which to read scenarios or plays. Send them to the scenario departments of the photoplay companies and I assure you they will receive careful attention.

School Girl—No, I do not advise you to leave school and try to act in the movies. If you do become an actress, you will find an education invaluable.

Jane F.—I cannot give you the recommendation you ask for, but write direct to the actress you mention and ask for an interview. I cannot promise you she will grant it, but state all the facts to her fully, as in your letter to me.

Mary Pickford.



THE LITTLE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

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MANY years did our grandmother spend in an invalid chair, a hopeless paralytic, but she was always a cheery lesson to us children, who could never remember a cross word or a somber complaint from her. Always there was a sweet smile upon her lips, and oh! what wonderful fairy stories she told us—folklore which we have never forgotten.

They were the old Irish legends which had been told to her by her own dear grandmother, and which I always enjoy telling to the little children in the company, because they are so full of romance and charm. We believed just as firmly that the little people hovered near us, watching us at our play, as did a superstitious old Irishman who lived in a funny little half-tumbled-down house not very far from us.

He was a cranky old fellow, and because we children were afraid of him it became a dangerous but alluring sport to tease this old man whenever we had the chance. Lottie, Jack and I discovered that he never locked the doors of his house, and with two or three of the boldest of us we would steal into the shanty and there would play our pranks.

If the bed were made, we would always unmake it—if the fire were built, we would always put it out. But if we found the bed all tossed and tumbled we would make it up spick and span like good little housewives, and when the stove was empty we would send Jack out for wood and build a nice little fire so when the old man came in he would find the teakettle steaming away on the stove. If the house were dirty, we cleaned it—if the pictures were straight, we turned them upside down. We always put the chairs in the wrong place, and before leaving, we drew down every shade in the house.

Then we would hide in the woodshed and listen to the old man as he stamped up the stairs, half afraid to go into his own house. "The saints have pity on me!" he would mumble, as he opened the door and peeked into the shanty. "Faith, if 'tisn't the little people have been ather me ag'in!"

Weeks came tumbling along and each day we lay in wait for him and each night we went home feeling as if our day had been full because we had stolen a march on old Papa Lafferty.

But one day we lingered a few minutes too long, and before we were aware of it the door had opened and there on the threshold stood old Papa Lafferty himself, with a good, long hickory stick. Lottie and I escaped through the back door, but

poor little Jack crawled under the bed we had just rumbled up.

A few minutes later, when Lottie and I peeked through the window, there was the poor little tad getting a good, sound paddling that was never intended as a punishment for the good little people of Ireland.

Years after the old man had died, we children were afraid to go near the house for fear the ghost of that hickory stick would pursue us, and when the house had fallen into decay, we children nicknamed it "the haunted hickory manor."

Our grandmother always told us that if we were very good children the little folk would come and dance in the lane with us, and if we were very bad children the banshees would fly away with us. However, I don't think the latter story affected us very much, as we were always tumbling into mischief, and wouldn't have been too good for anything in the world. But when our grandmother told the stories on long winter evenings she made them so realistic we would hug very close to her, and I tell you that we could almost hear the whir of the wings of the little people as they circled around our heads. Oh, grandmother mine, how I wish you were here this very minute, that I could press your frail, tender hands so close to my cheek and kiss those dear, patient fingers!

Answers to Correspondents.

Aimee—Your scenario is something like "The Piper" by Josephine Prescott Peabody. I regret that I cannot give you specific criticisms.

J. D. C.—I recall the letter you refer to, but could not answer it because you neglected to sign your name. Suppose you write me on the subject again.

H. G.—The play you speak of was "The Concert" and the leading role was played by Leo Dietrichstein. No; it has never been made into a moving picture.

C. T.—Viola Dana is with the Edison company. Certainly they were real flowers in the photoplay "Glad-i-ola." You must have overlooked the subtitle with that information. It would be impossible to get the same effect otherwise.

Evelyn Neil—I think you write a very interesting letter for a nine-year-old girl. You are quite sensible to want to go to school and not act in the movies. "San Toy" must be a most engrossing kitten.

Arthur B.—The only way to learn of vacancies in their scenario staffs would be to write to the moving-picture companies direct, stating your experience.

Mary Pickford.



MOVIE MADNESS.

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IT MAKES no difference whether it is the passerby on the street who hails me or the small messenger boy who comes to deliver the telegram—every one seems to be curious about our living in the movie world.

There is not one young girl out of ten who isn't ambitious to find out whether she would look well on the screen or not, and most of the young boys have the sneaking idea that they would make splendid heroes in the popular story that is shown at the moving-picture theaters.

Thousands of old ladies who, in their youth, would have scorned even the atmosphere of the stage, come daily to the studios, ambitious to play mother or grandmother parts. And many old men (who had scolded their daughters or even gone so far as to disinherit them because they had talked of the stage or fallen in love with an actor) come hobbling to the studios, eager to be the dear old white-haired grandfathers of the screen.

Mothers bring their little ones, and even babies just a few weeks old are offered at so much per day that they may appear upon the screen to the glory and pride of their family.

It has swept the country like wildfire, and what is more, it seems to be universal, this desire of most of the active young boys and girls to become stars in a field which they dream is a veritable heaven on earth. It is because they know so little of the hard work and the endless months and sometimes years of waiting before we make even our paltry successes.

Very few girls enter into the life with the idea that they are going to remain professional extra girls, but all hope to reach heights which will take them away from the unhappy drudgery of it.

"A girl must not only photograph well, but she must be talented in order to hope for success," I have warned many thousands of ambitious girls who write to me, eager to know the formula of success. "Then must she know how to adapt and adjust herself to her environment."

And here is another law by which she must abide. She must get away from herself and not let her own personality absorb her, but must enter into the spirit of the role she is playing, forgetting herself to assimilate the heart, soul and spirit of the character she is endeavoring to portray. The girls who can do this are not self-conscious, and because of this they radiate a strong personality upon the screen which will prove a Midas-like fortune to them.

Hundreds of girls have given up their positions in stores and offices to try their luck at this great game of experience, and many have fallen by the wayside, unhappily disappointed.

Many beautiful society girls have asked me if I could not find some small bit for them to play, as they would prefer the active life of a studio to their social duties, which are perhaps as strenuous, but to them more monotonous.

The other day at the hotel, I complimented one of the bellboys upon his intelligent service, and remarked that the hotel was lucky to have one who seemed to so enjoy doing his duty.

"But I don't enjoy my duty, Miss Pickford," he began, and then I knew it was coming! He wanted to know if I couldn't get him a position as a moving-picture actor! He was sure, if I found him the chance, Mr. Charles Chaplin would be forced to lay aside his laurels.

So I have come to the conclusion that half the world is looking through rose-colored glasses upon this great moving-picture industry of ours—and envying the other half of us busily engaged in making pictures!

Answers to Correspondents.

Mattie R.—Scenarios cannot be copyrighted at the present time. I believe that will be possible at some future time.

G. F. S.—Thank you for your friendly letter. I will use the subject you suggest for an article in the near future.

Jennie H.—I do not know where you could get a list of all the photoplays produced. In fact, I think it would be impossible.

Grace G.—I never heard of the photoplay company you mention, but no reputable company employs girls in exchange for a cash payment.

R. T.—Yes, Geraldine Farrar was married recently. Her husband, Lou Tellegen, is appearing in New York now in a play, "The King of Nowhere." Miss Farrar expects shortly to return to pictures. I do not know about her future operative plans.

I. D.—You must not make your boracic acid solution so strong. Why not have your druggist make it for you, or else follow closely the directions which usually come on the package?

Mary Pickford.



OUT ON LOCATION.

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SO MANY people are eager to know what we mean when we say we are going out on location to take a picture and why we have to travel to the North for one or two scenes and to the South for three or four more.

If our studio is in New York and scenes in part of the story are laid in Arizona, we have to travel to that part of the country nearest to New York which will photograph atmospherically like Arizona.

There are some stretches in Florida where the vegetation looks as if the geography had intended it to be the Southwestern desert wastes; then, again, we only have to travel a few miles farther to strike highly tropical oases.

In California, more of the moving-picture studios are located in the southern part of the state, within a short ride of the high mountains, the burning deserts, the crooked inland rivers and the great caves beaten into the shore by the force of the ocean breakers. It does not involve much of a journey to find the desert environment there or the other extreme, rugged pictures taken in the snow of the high mountains. Even society plays are put on to great advantage in the beautiful, luxuriant suburbs of Los Angeles. It is true they have the advantage over us in winter, especially as we have to go South for all of the scenes which are not those of snow-capped winter.

Looking over some plays the other day, I was interested in making note of how scattered the artists of our studio would be when all of the companies were at work upon these different stories. One of them called for scenes laid in Alaska. For the exteriors they will probably go to the Adirondack mountains, near Saranac Lake, where the snow lies almost as deep during the winter as it does in the great Northwest.

Another play had its drama laid in the coal mines, and the company will travel to Scranton, Pa., for wonderful, interesting scenes taken in America's largest coal mine, while another play involves the social life of the South. This means that a company will migrate to Virginia, and as part of the picture tells of the life of the mountain folk, when they have finished taking the beautiful plantations they will go to the peaks of the Blue Ridge. There, from dazzling heights, will they photograph the valleys, which are resplendent now because spring is on the wing!

In my last play, "Hulda From Holland," we had to look for exteriors in this country which resemble the geography of Holland, and, strangely enough, we found what we wanted at Bridgehampton, Long Island.

Many have written to ask if we

went to Japan for the "Madam Butterfly" picture. That had always been my dream, but when our studio came from California to New York, Japan dissolved into the dim, romantic distance. For a Japanese location, we drove only sixty miles from the New York studio, but that was the ride which faced us morning and evening for several weeks. It was to a beautiful estate, an artistic replica of a Japanese garden, which had been tended for so many years by native gardeners that even the most obscure plants were essentially those of old Japan.

If the scenario describes the action as taking place in summer, we cannot show our actors and actresses wearing furs or walking through streets where the snow is banked against the sides of the houses, but we are transferred to some of the Southern cities for all of the exteriors. It doesn't matter where the interiors are taken, as they are mostly studio sets.

Marvelous tricks have been done on the screen which have fooled even the professions, who thought them beautiful country exteriors, but were later informed they were built upon the stage in the studio. Sometimes this latter course is cheaper than and just as successful as taking a large company over many miles of country through many different states.

Answers to Correspondents.

J. K. L.—I am so glad you took my advice and did not elope. Isn't it much nicer to have your engagement approved by your parents? I'm glad you wrote and told me—it will always help to encourage me to advise other young girls as I feel I should and not as they wish me to.

Mary F.—Your suggestions are very good, and I will try to use them in my articles soon. I'm glad you take such an interest in this column, and will indeed enjoy your letters when you write from time to time.

Anna H.—My mother has not appeared in pictures lately and Lottie is at present resting. Jack is with the Selig company. I answered your letter once before through this column—strange you did not see it.

B. H. K.—White does not photograph well, but sky blue and yellow look white in pictures.

John M.—I regret I cannot very well give your message to the actress you admire, but why not write to her direct?

Effie C.—In scenes such as you describe, a dummy and not the actor falls over the cliff in a machine, as a general rule.

Mary Pickford.



BEWARE OF THE DOG!

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THE other afternoon, while we were out on location, a large sign placed conspicuously on the stone wall inclosing a beautiful country home. It read, "Beware of the dog—He bites!"

"Probably some ferocious, high-bred great Dane!" one of the actors remarked. "I'm glad they warned us—I might have gone too near."

And just because there was that sign on the wall I was beside myself with curiosity to see this animal whose ferocity was advertised. My curiosity did not keep me in an uneasy state very long, for the great gate swung open and a limousine rolled out.

In the car was an elegantly-grown woman who might have been a grandmother were it not for the satirical art of today's beauty culturist, whose promise is, "We sell eternal youth." And there, on each side of her, were two pompous and arrogant looking poodles, who were so aristocratic and over-indulged they could no longer even exert themselves to wag their tails.

As the limousine passed us, I caught a glimpse of the woman raising one of the dogs to her face and kissing it—smack! upon its silken ear. "Beware of the dog!" I repeated to myself with a laugh. What a lot is implied by a phrase like that, and how often we confess ourselves when we are advising others.

"A dog's a dog for a' that," and is there anything in all this world, except a little baby, that makes you love it more than a wee, fat, unsteady-legged puppy?

I am so fond of animals that in nearly all my pictures some little kitten, dog or goat will stray into the scene, and I am not alone in this taste. It is interesting to observe the audiences when animals appear upon the screen—universally they are beloved.

I have even heard a rhinoceros or a giraffe called "cute," which always reminds me of the story of the country woman who saw, for the first time, a hippopotamus. Turning to her daughter, she said, with a doubting look in her eyes: "My Lor, Samanthal Ain't he plain!"

Lottie, Jack and I were so fond of animals that a sign "Beware of the Dog" never had any effect upon us. Over the fence we would climb and make friends with any dangerous beast who lurked in the shadows of the house. Children who love animals generally find these ferocious dogs to be nothing but rough-and-tumble old puppies, after all, with a fierce angle to their jaw, but a kindly look in their eyes.

Sometimes, though, the nice, amiable-looking canines turn out to be like people we meet—surface angels and heart devils.

Lately I have received so many

letters from animal lovers asking me to write something against vivisection. The letters are strong, tense and dramatic, and, as I read them, I am quite overwhelmed by their viewpoint—the thought that the little animals I love so are tortured, sometimes wantonly, breaks my heart. I have spoken of this to many physicians who argue in favor of experimenting upon the animal that the child may be spared.

But in this they all agree—that only scientists and surgeons who understand what they are doing should be permitted a free hand in such operations which cause terrible racking suffering to animals.

I cannot forget the horror of visiting a public school where the children were allowed to dissect a living frog. When I turned away shuddering, the teacher faced me with this accusing question. "You eat meat and you have nothing to say of the merciless killing of lambs and calves—the little creatures you pretend to love so much."

She was right. Only a vegetarian then can claim to be true to his religion of the heart regarding the dumb creatures he would protect.

"Then why not be a vegetarian?" comes the echo from thousands of would-be followers.

Again I must defend us eaters of meat. "It is not so easy to undermine the habits of many years and we all haven't the fortitude to follow the lines we would prescribe for ourselves."

Answers to Correspondents.

Grace M.—Thank you so much for your beautiful, encouraging letter. You have no idea what letters of this description mean to us, who are trying to please our audiences.

Anne G.—I hope you will see our next play, "Hulda From Holland," as it contains the information you were asking for.

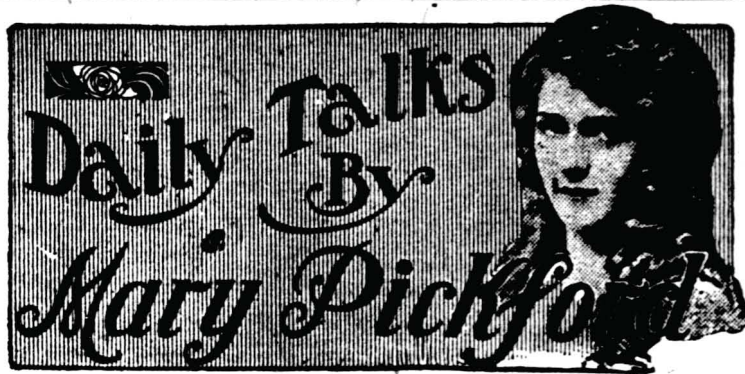
B. P.—How I would enjoy spending a vacation with you at your camp in the mountains, but it is not easy for us hardworking moving-picture girls to get away from the studio.

H. J. K.—Yes, it was I whom you saw in the box that night at the theater, and I thought Mrs. Fiske never appeared to better advantage than she did in "Erstwhile Susan."

P. R. T.—That milk cure you speak of has been known to benefit many, but I have never tried it.

T. E.—I wouldn't advise you to give up your diet of solid foods for such a radical change. You must see a physician.

Mary Pickford.



TO BE OR NOT TO BE A VAMPIRE.

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THIS little story begins with a confession—all my stage career I have longed to play the part of a vampire!

I confided this to a friend the other day, who told me it was just about as funny as Charlie Chaplin's longing to play a romantic Romeo. Not that Charlie Chaplin could not be the handsome Romeo, just as Shakespeare would have had him, but do you think the public would ever take him seriously? No, indeed, not even if he were to appear before us as the most somber-hued Hamlet who ever strode across the screen.

"What would you do with your curls?" my friend asked me, amid gales of laughter. "Who ever saw a vampire with a tumbled curly head!"

Of course I was quite indignant, and, seeking consolation, I talked with all the petite ingenues in the studio.

"If you could choose your favorite role, which would it be?" I asked them.

"I'd like to be a vampire like Theda Bara," lisped one little, round-eyed wisp of a girl, who looked as delicate and frail as a wild flower. "I'd like to wear snake bracelets, brush my hair right back, and wear long earrings," she added. "Then I'd have dresses with long trains, patterned after the old Egyptian dynasties—perhaps just the very type of dress the pharaohs' daughters wore!"

"If I were a vampire," observed the little ingenue who has never been allowed to play anything but the most tempered of dramas, "I would have a Louis Fifteenth boudoir and dress like Mme. Du Barry. I would have kings and princes fall in love with me instead of just nice young brokers or old men with lots of money!"

We are all alike—wanting to play parts for which we are not fitted is just as natural as wanting to wear clothes which are not becoming to us. It would amuse you to know how many women who are the representative vampire types dream their little dreams, just as we do, when they think of themselves. Their dreams never picture them in clinging, alluring gowns, but in simple little frocks, with their hair in curls and sunbonnets tied under their chins in the most ingenue fashion!

Some say that the day of the vampire is past and not much longer will be seen upon the screen the woman who lures and wantonly breaks all hearts. It may pass as a general wave of screen change across the country; at the same time, it may be interesting to know that the most circumspect housewives seem to enjoy these dramas the most.

Some said it was because it was an angle or phase of life of which they knew nothing, but others that there is an instinct in every woman which makes her enjoy seeing at a distance the life of a type of woman she instinctively fears.

Curiosity and love of adventure attract many colorless women whose lives have never known romance, and some very young women, trying to assimilate the characteristics drawn in the pictures, are pathetically amusing.

In fact, after Theda Bara appeared

in "A Fool There Was," a vampire wave surged over the country. Women appeared in vampire gowns, pendant earrings, and even young girls were attempting to change from the frank, open-eyed ingenues to the almond-eyed, carmine-lipped woman of subtlety and mystery.

In our grandmothers' time the lady who was not very courageous was the lady quite in vogue. She would blush at the least provocation and faint at opportune moments, dramatically, naively and with finesse. How often our own mother has told us that she was quite out of fashion with her rosy cheeks and bright blue, dancing eyes.

"Oh, how I did long," she confessed, "to be pale and interesting, and it just seemed as if I could never lose my color. When your grandmother wasn't looking, I would go to the flour bin and powder my cheeks until I was white as a ghost, then I would steal out of the house and sit on a neighboring doorstep, trying to look forlorn, sad, an interesting figure, one which would incite pity!"

A few years ago the athletic girl was all the rage, but today is the day of the vampire, and alas! we ingenious wring our hands in "awful jealous" despair!

Answers to Correspondents.

T. D.—I was very much interested in your letter—in fact, I always enjoy all my correspondence, when it is descriptive and filled with such clever criticisms as yours. I was five years old when I first went on the stage. That was in Toronto, Canada.

L. K. M.—Thank you very much for your little book of verse. I, like you, try to have a study hour, and most of all I enjoy magazine articles, short stories and books of verse. Robert Louis Stevenson is one of my favorite authors.

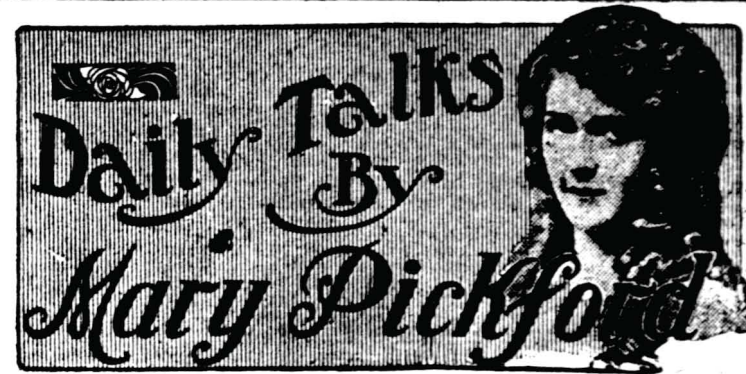
G. F.—No, I don't look as well in red as in a more delicate color, and to your suggestions that I should wear red entirely I am afraid it is impossible.

Mary V.—"Fanchon, the Cricket," was taken at the Famous Players' studio last summer in Yonkers. Most of the beautiful out-of-door scenery which you admired was taken not very far away from New York or Connecticut. "The Girl of Yesterday" was taken in Southern California.

Helena C.—You cannot make any magazine story into a photoplay and sell it—that is the author's right. Amateur writers must be very careful never to steal other people's ideas—try to write an original theme, put it into synopsis form and send it on to the scenario department of some moving picture company.

Mrs. L. M. B.—I wish to thank you, who sign yourself "The Mother of Three Grown Girls," for advising them to read my articles and to profit by the advice I give stage-struck girls.

Mary Pickford.



MOTHER'S GINGERBREAD.

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ONE of the earliest recollections of my childhood in Toronto, Canada, is of the Saturday morning baking. Lottie, Jack and I would sit out on the front steps and play with our games, but always did we have a joyful eye and an alert ear for the footsteps of mother as she strode across the kitchen floor.

Bang would go the oven, and then there would float out on the morning breeze the wonder of wonder perfumes—the odor of hot, spicy gingerbread, baking in the oven.

"Are you sure, mother, there aren't some errands you want us to run for you?" we would all ask, as we tiptoed to the back steps and peeked into the kitchen. And when she did remember an errand, it almost amounted to a fisticuff battle between us three children to see which would be the lucky one, for the payment meant the big yellow bowl around the sides of which still clung little dabs of batter!

I wonder if there ever lives a child who some time in its life hasn't run little fingers around the edge of a cake bowl and licked those fingers until every vestige of the dough was swallowed!

Sometimes, if mother was in a very happy mood, she would put three little individual pans in the oven and these were generally handsomer than the big gingerbread, for they were decorated with raisins and spices and sometimes a goody piece of citron.

When Lottie, Jack and I were traveling on the road away from mother, sometimes we were so lonely that we dreamed if we closed our eyes we could whisk ourselves, like the fairy geni of old, back to our little home in Toronto.

"It seems to me that every time I think of home it's always on baking morning," remarked Lottie one holiday season. "Mother would be putting up so many good things now, wouldn't she, Mary?"

"The mincemeat would be made," I would remind her, "and if we were home now, I guess we would be pretty busy cracking nuts and steaming raisins for the big fruit cakes."

"Oh, gee!" And little Jack would sigh, "I haven't licked the dough pan for ages and ages. I've almost forgotten just how it tastes."

And then we three would sit in a row and sigh and sigh, but when it came to writing letters home to mother we didn't tell her of the tears that were in our hearts, but of how happily we were dreaming of the day to come when we would all be reunited.

I wonder if the children of this generation are going to have the ten-

der, old-fashioned, wholesome memories that we have of our childhood homes? Sometimes it does seem that we live in such a mechanical age that everything is done almost mathematically, except in those homes where they still cling to the beautiful customs of yesterday.

Some day mother and I dream of having a little home with an old-fashioned garden and a great living room with a fireplace in it, comfy library and beautiful bedrooms with sleeping porches, but what a kitchen we will have! All white and clean and spick and span!

On Saturday mornings, there shall be baking there, and mother and I will have a hand in it. It can easily be guessed that one of the odors arising from that kitchen will be the pungent perfume of mother's gingerbread!

Answers to Correspondents.

Mary C.—I am sorry I cannot recommend any advertised remedies for bettering blemishes on the face. Sometimes they are the result of nervous and stomach troubles. If I were you, I would consult your physician.

Frances R. and Jennie B.—Without knowing you, it would be difficult for me to judge whether you are suited for pictures or not. You girls must realize that looks are only one of the attributes needed to become successful actresses. You must have talent, perseverance and the ability to work hard.

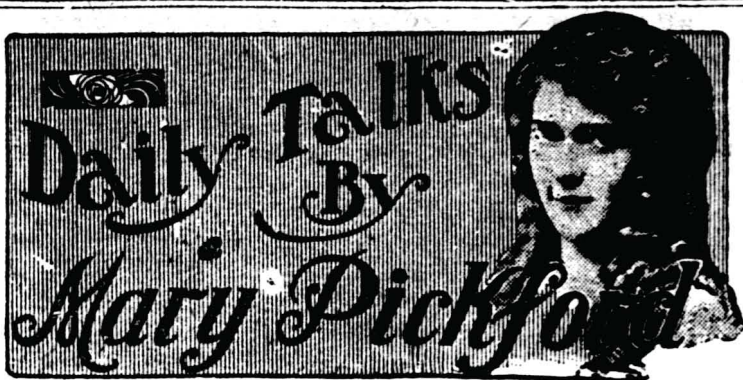
D. A.—Read Emerson's essay on "Friendship," which will be a great help to you. In fact, I think there is strength in every one of Emerson's essays.

G. D. I.—I cannot give you any more encouragement than I give others about becoming a moving-picture actress. Having had experience in vaudeville, and made a success, I would not think you would find it difficult to secure an entry to the studios.

Goldie H.—Mary Maurice, known as the "mother of the movies," has been with the Vitagraph company. She was well known as an actress before she entered the moving-picture field.

Mrs. B. E. W.—Your little girl's picture is very pretty. But such a healthy child should be allowed to go to school instead of trying to become a moving-picture actress.

Mary Pickford.



THE STORY THE OLD ARTIST TOLD.

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THREE long flights of rickety, dust-laden steps we climbed until we reached the door where our old friend, the artist, lived. There was a palette on the door, splashed with a few dabs of crackling, dried paint, and on the palette was written, "M. Periole, Artist."

We knocked several times before we heard his voice bidding us to enter, and when we did find our way through the dark shadows of a small hall into an illy-lighted room, there was the poor old man coming to meet us, trembling from age and from the lack of proper food.

"Poor Papa Periole," we said to him as we led him to his faded easy chair. "Why haven't you told us you were ill?"

"Little busy people," he replied, "what hours have you for a doddering old man? No, it is no use—time is stealing a march on me and it won't be very long before I can close up this little studio where I have lived all these years and sleep a long, peaceful sleep which will have no cruel awakening."

After we had stored our groceries away and cleaned up his little home, Papa Periole brought out his portfolio of sketches and showed us many interesting, unframed canvases of the style which had made him a prosperous artist thirty years ago.

They belonged to the old detail school of yesterday—these labored-over sketches of men and women of the seventeenth century. With such care was the paint laid on the canvas that one could almost hear the crinkling of the polished satin of Versailles ladies' gowns, smell the perfume of the heavy laden branches in back of them or count the eyelashes of the little children who played in the foreground.

"You can't guess," said Papa Periole, "what I have done for the last six months. I, who have seen my pictures hung in the great Salon."

We shook our heads—we could not guess.

"I have designed labels for tin cans and packages of chewing gum—I have drawn sewing machines until my hands ached from holding the pen—and only yesterday they came to me to tell me I was no longer of use to them, that the lines were getting shaky and young hands must take the work away from me."

Among Papa Periole's sketches there was one which held us for a long, long time. It was the sweet, oval face of a young girl with haunting dark eyes and a wistful mouth which drooped at the corners.

"Who is she?" I asked, trying to distract his attention from his unhappy reflections.

"I have never spoken of her these fifty years," and he looked at the little drawing so hungrily we knew that far back in his past he had loved her.

First he told us much of the artists' life in Paris as he had known it, and then he spoke of the girl.

She was an art student, who had saved and denied herself from the time she was a little child in hopes of becoming a great artist after the opportunity of studying abroad.

"We students loved her so," the old man told us, "but we were not blind to the fact that though she worked and studied incessantly, hers was no real talent and her drawings were pitifully weak. I had the studio across the hall, and when summer had sped on its way I realized I was in love with her."

"The following winter she had progressed very slowly and one of the

artists remarked that Marie was dying of a broken heart. 'What would make you happy?' I asked her, watching her ply her brushes as though she was putting her very soul into them.

"Success."

"Jacques, a young French engraver, had a brother, a draper, so fat and so sleek looking that we called him the politician. It was he who entered into our scheme that it would be quite fair to pose as an art connoisseur, and, taking our months of savings, buy from poor little Marie as many of her canvases as he could."

"You cannot guess how happy was Marie after the connoisseur had come and gone. Her cheeks were flushed with excitement, her eyes danced, and it seemed as if she had really begun to live."

"The draper cared nothing for the sketches he had bought—they were poor little worthless things—but I, out of my tenderness for Marie, hid them in my garret to treasure them."

"One day Marie came when I was away. It was my birthday—she had bought some luxuries and invited all the boys for a feast such as the studio had never before known. But first Marie must clean up my garret until it looked as spick and span as the home of a German hausfrau."

"Of course I need not tell you that the first thing she found was her collection of drawings—she knew that we had deceived her."

"What a gay little party it was—and the happiest of them all was Marie. How could we have guessed the tragedy in her heart? But in the weeks that followed she went into a rapid and heartbreaking decline."

"When the spring came again, Marie was buried in the little old cypress cemetery far out of Paris."

"It is often that way in life when we live a lie for the happiness of others; it is they who must pay when the deception is discovered."

Answers to Correspondents.

J. H. H.—You should not be unhappy because you are so tall, especially if you stand up straight and are athletic. Even the show girls of today are stately beauties, and I envy you your jet black hair.

W. M.—Perhaps we did know each other as children, for I was born and raised in Toronto, Canada. How proud you must be of your brother, though I can understand your heart-breaking anxiety when you do not hear from the trenches.

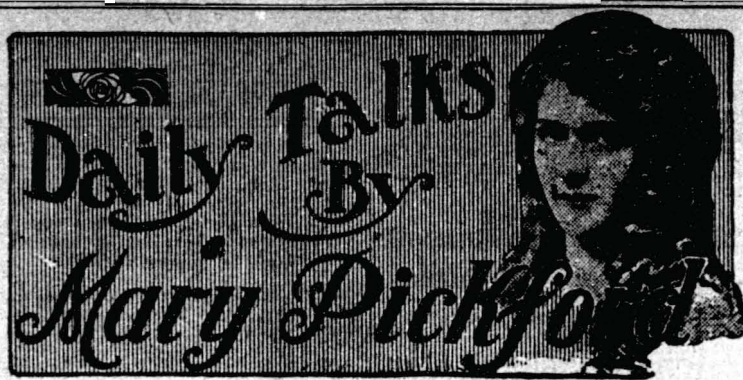
H. A. L.—Yes, I am reading "The Fall and Rise of Susan Lennox" and I have found it vastly interesting, not from a sensational viewpoint, but psychologically analyzed.

V. D. C.—Thank you very much for your sample of powder. I tried it and found it very satisfactory. They say cucumber cream is a very good bleach, but as I am seldom in the country long enough to tan, I never tried it. May I ask what your formula is for preparing it?

O. M.—I disagree with you about the using of ice for the complexion, but I am speaking only from my own experience. It seemed to benefit my complexion, and I felt after an ice pack on my face as one would feel walking through the park on a crisp winter day.

H. G.—It looks as if the skirts were going to be very full this summer. Yes, ruffles are very much in style again.

Mary Pickford



LONELY MOTHERS.

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THERE'S the dearest little old lady who comes to our studio "just for company," she apologizes, and she's known to us all as "Grandmother Betsy."

Often we make her play little parts in our pictures when they call for a dear, kindly mother face, and what a tender smile hers is—just what one would expect of a little old lady who knew the joys of curly-headed grandchildren hugging her close.

"Has she no children?" we asked each other when she first came into the studio, as some one described, "hopping into shelter like a little forlorn robin in winter."

"Children?" and one of the actors laughed as he said it. "Why, she's the mother of six splendid sons, each prominent in his own walk of life."

"Then why is she so lonely?" I asked. "She's spoken often of her hungry heart."

"One of the sons is an actor," our informer told us. "He is always winging his way from coast to coast. For many years she has not been strong enough to make these trips with him, and so she must content herself with remaining in one place and watching for his homebound flights."

"Her youngest son, only twenty-three, was one of those unfortunate young engineers whom Villa put to death in Mexico. This is one of the crosses she carries in her heart, and it is an overshadowing one, for no one knows all the suffering of those boys before death called them."

"Far up in Alaska the adventurer of the family is staking his claims, and across the seas another son has been gone a year. He is a war correspondent."

"Where are the other two boys?" I asked, all hope for the little old lady. "They are here," so we were told, "but they might as well be at the farthest corner of the earth for all the happiness they bring their mother."

"One of the boys, though he is recognized as a foremost artist, is an unhappily dissipated chap, 'mad as a March hare,' they say of him, a boy who has not awakened to the duty he owes a devoted mother."

"The other son is very wealthy and lives in a beautiful home on Riverside Drive. There are three lovely children, and sometimes, perhaps once a week, the grandmother is allowed to visit the children in their nursery—but no longer than an hour at a time. She is an old-fashioned mother, plain as an apple pie, a peasant mother, who does not look well to the fashionable daughter-in-law."

"So that her son may not be made unhappy in his own home by finding out the attitude of his wife toward his

mother, the little old lady has taken the fault upon herself, and before her son has made remarks to the effect that she is too old to be bothered by the romping, noisy children."

"Perhaps this has been as great a cross for the son to bear as for the mother, yet there seems to me no myth of Tantalus as potent as the sufferings of a mother whose happiness seems close and yet is held so far away from her."

We must all grow old—we will all have our yesterdays, and sometimes it seems as if the work of mother years is poorly paid. And so this little old lady with her six wonderful sons has to come to our studio to sit in a dark corner, watching, laughing and crying over the colorful antics of the children who take part in our plays.

Grandmother Betsy is only one of thousands of lonely mother hearts who, though their cup is filled to the brimming, are never allowed to drink deep draughts of happiness.

Answers to Correspondents.

Delia C.—Some of the late feature plays I have appeared in are "The Grind Eternal," "Poor Little Peppina," "The Foundling," "Rags," "The Girl of Yesterday," "Madam Butterfly," and "Cinderella."

Josephine T.—How I envy you the opportunity to study music. Do tell me more about your life at the conservatory. I should like to write an article about it some day, when I have the pleasure of visiting your school.

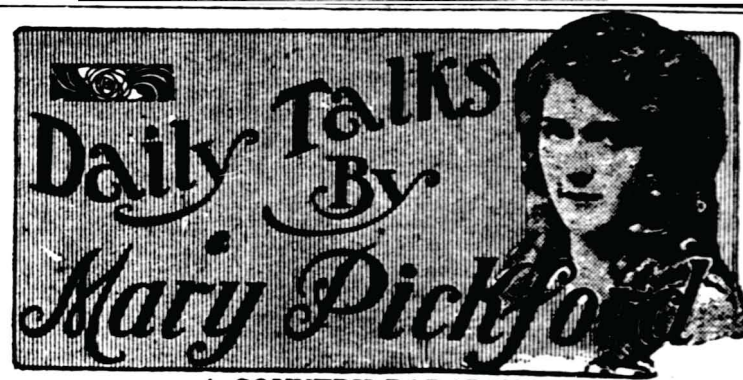
Gertie B.—We all laughed heartily at the limericks which you dedicated to me. Why don't you send some of those clever little verses to the newspapers and editors of magazines? You might have a good chance of seeing them published.

P. C. S.—Indeed our tears are real. It is as natural for us to cry when the scene is pathetic as it is for you to weep when you sit as one of the audience and are touched by our acting.

H. F. M.—How do you suppose I could have cut my curls off in "Poor Little Peppina" and then appear with them on in "The Grind Eternal." That was just a boy's wig I wore.

C. A.—Thank you for your little original drawing of me. At the studio we all thought it a very good likeness, with the exception of the eyes, which you have made blue. Mine are hazel.

Mary Pickford



A COUNTRY PARADISE.

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AS I SIT here writing this article, I am perched on the top of a hill overlooking the most beautiful vista, a veritable fairyland. I am in the country, out among the wind-blown, sweet-smelling grasses. The leaves of the tree are velvety green, and Mrs. Redbreast is building her summer home in the apple tree where by and by when the blossoms are heavy on the bough, there will be little speckled eggs in the nest.

A few minutes ago a frisky rabbit peered at me with startled eyes, and not far away I could hear the lowing of the cattle, just turned out to pasture. Tonight I will be there when they bring in the tin pails filled with foaming milk, and tomorrow there will be rich, thick cream on my strawberries for breakfast.

I remember Lottie's and my first visit to the country and how we were carried away by the strange messages of nature. We pursued the little frogs, climbed up into the trees to peer at the birds' nests, went berry hunting, and oh! for the wonders of the farmyard!

Lottie was especially fascinated when the hour came for the milking of the cows. She climbed up on old Farmer Butterfield's fence and stopped him in his labor to remark, "That's a very nice cow you have, Mr. Butterfield—is it a lady cow or a gentleman cow?"

You can imagine how wonderful it seems after being shut up in a studio and working as hard as we have to work to be in the country once more, especially now that the hills and dales are all tricked out in their early spring finery.

And now I must stop awhile, for here comes a little old farmer lady, who always tells me such delightful stories, and I am sure if I visit with her she will have something to say which will round out this article.

An hour has passed since I laid down my pencil and Mrs. Tinkelpaw and I have had such a glorious visit. "I kaint say as how I keer much for yer city," Mrs. Tinkelpaw began, "as I had a purty intolerable time of it there."

"How unfortunate," I replied, especially after I had been told it was her first and only visit to the city away from her little farm in the country.

"Of course we kaint stop the city. She's a-comin' purty fast down this way," she said reflectively. "But I'm a-hopin' before the bustle and noise and rumble sets right down on these here fields I'll be restin' in the fambly plot beside pore, dear Mr. Tinkelpaw."

Of course she didn't realize she was telling me something funny when she related her experiences when the city engulfed her.

The first place she had gone to was the hotel, well recommended by the whole countryside, and there, to her alarm, they made her sign her name in a book.

"You kaint never tell what you're a-signin'," she advised me. "It's a

risky business. Pa Tinkelpaw signed a slip of wuthless lookin' paper oncet that made us spend four years a-buyn' a set of Shakespeare's dramies."

Of course I can't tell it to you as my visiting neighbor told me, but it seems that when the clerk and she discussed the room she was to occupy she made the clerk go into very minor details concerning it. Finally she was satisfied and the clerk had one of the porters show her to the elevator. It so happened that another of the porters had disposed her baggage in the elevator, awaiting Mrs. Tinkelpaw.

Reaching the elevator, she stopped short and, looking into it, she saw her two fat hampers. With a gasp she rushed back to the desk, demanded her baggage and wanted her name scratched off the register.

"Young man, jes because I'm from the country, you ain't goin' to think fer one minute you can take me in by yer soft talk. That ain't the room you promised me and I ain't goin' to stand fer it."

And nothing would swerve her. She walked right out of there, bag and baggage, spent the day sight-seeing all she "wanted ter, and took the evenin' train home."

Answers to Correspondents.

F. D. S.—You would be a very foolish girl to run away and marry until you were sure you would be happy with this young man you write about, who is such a boy. I am afraid neither of you appreciate the responsibility of marriage. Do go to your mother—she is your best friend and adviser at this time.

E. Y. A.—The photoplay clearing house is undoubtedly reliable, but sometimes it takes weeks before you hear from the scenario sent out, because the busy scenario editors have so many to read they cannot give it immediate attention. I would not be discouraged.

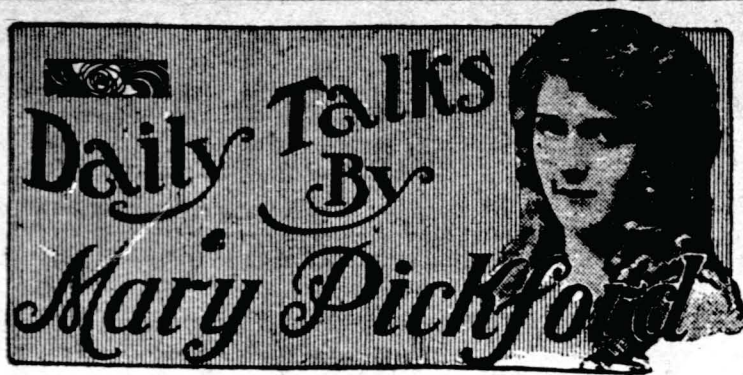
Miss C. L.—In the first place, I would advise you to have your scenarios typewritten. Very few editors will read stories, written in long-hand.

Alice—I often have circles under my eyes which come from overwork and when I am very tired. I do not think a massage cream could benefit them. If I were you, I would try to rest and see if your doctor can't give you some tonic to build you up.

Morris A.—Owen Moore was not in the famous photoplay, "Birth of a Nation," but he is with Mr. Griffith, the man who produced it, and is one of the stars of the Triangle company.

Nan W.—There is always a chance for the clever girl. I think you would have to go to Manila to try your luck, but if I were you I would be sure of my own ability before I decided on such a step.

Mary Pickford



THAT I-ME-MYSELF HABIT.

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LIFE is the schoolmaster who forces us to learn our lessons from experience—bitter or pleasant, cruel or kind.

Several years ago, I met one of the most prominent writers in this country, and so awed was I by the very introduction to him that I do not remember even finishing my conventional sentence of "Pleased to meet you." He was very kind and, out of courtesy to Mr. Belasco, settled down to converse graciously with me.

After a few moments of hesitancy, I asked him one weak little question which had to do with the building of the modern drama. Unconsciously I had launched him upon his favorite subject of discussion and for two hours his eloquence stirred me, nor was it necessary for me to enter into the debate, opposing him at any angle. I just sat there and drank in all he had to tell me, absorbing it, conscious I was accumulating knowledge which would be of material benefit to me.

To listen well is almost of as much value to one as to converse well, and this was proved to me when we parted.

"You have no idea how pleased I am that I met you," he said in all sincerity, and after I had gone it was reported to me that he turned to the group standing near him and said:

"That young girl"—and he laid great emphasis upon his words—"is one of the cleverest young women I have ever met."

And thereupon I decided that in order to preserve an atmosphere of intelligence I should never try to talk upon any subject unless I was acquainted with its many phases. Don't you think that we give much more credit to the intelligent listener than we do to those who express themselves poorly, even upon subjects in which they may be well versed?

Forgive my wandering pen—it is straying far and this was meant to be a dissertation upon the "I-me-myself" habit—that honorable friend of ours who lies in wait for us at every shadowed corner—that invincible "Big I and Little You" conversationalist.

Of course we all like to talk about ourselves, and how often we let the other fellow get in his sentence edgewise so that we may fill up the paragraph, telling our experience, which is just a little bit better than his. If we performed some feat that he did, we were always much younger, much braver, much stronger than he—in fact, we enlarge upon the seed of his fabled story until we have grown the giant oak of our own.

So much fun has been made of the fishermen's "I-me-myself" yarns, but here I can fully sympathize.

Once, in California, I caught a rainbow trout. I landed him after waiting hours in the red-hot sun, worn out, with aching arms, empty stomach and despairing hopes. Unhappily, he was not such a splendid specimen as had been caught, but it is the truth when I say that to me he looked as big as a speckled whale. Of course, womanlike, I wanted to throw him back into the stream when I saw him gasping on the rocks, but I knew I must carry home some trophy of my day's sport. If I had only followed the dictates of my heart, I would not only have saved a life, but should have had a better story to tell upon my return to the hotel.

As the days went by and I spun my fishing yarn to all the newcomers, that trout grew larger and larger until I do not think there ever was such a monstrous fish bred in the Pacific waters.

Only one man could better this "I-me-myself" story, and he was the bear hunter of the party. There was not a grizzly who had ever growled in the high mountains that had not fled in terror from his sure-shot gun.

But there came a wag to the hotel, an old friend of the bear hunter, who told how only once he remembered when the two of them were on the trail of a cinnamon. For hours, through the thicket and brush, they followed the tracks like crafty Indians, but their reward came at dusk when they discovered Lord Bruin sitting on his haunches, licking honey from his paws, after he had dug it out of the hollow of a tree.

Around his neck was a big, decorative collar with a long rope attached to it. Just as they were about to shoot, the Italian who had lost his pet support came rushing around the bend of the road and captured this Lord Bruin, who wobbled peaceably along in the wake of his owner, satisfied and sleepy after his spree of freedom.

Never more could Mr. Bear Hunter entertain us with his stories of "I-me-myself, went hunting in the Sierras."

Answers to Correspondents.

Margaret P. P.—You can generally learn through the newspapers where my new pictures are showing. "The Grind Eternal" and "Hulda from Holland" are my latest pictures.

S. M. B.—I would be very much interested if you wrote me more about your life as a Quakeress. There have been very few motion pictures built up around the life of Quakers of this generation.

L. D. Nies—Humorous letters like yours always inspire me to write articles for the future. I shall have to write one about your efforts at housekeeping, assisted and unassisted by your two children.

Harriet.—I think Rosamonde would be a beautiful name for a doll, especially if the doll is blonde. My eyes are hazel, not blue.

Doris G.—"The Good Little Devil" was made into a picture by the Famous Players Company and I played the same part in it I did on the stage. Ernest Truex was the boy who played the leading part.

F. J.—Alice Joyce is not playing in any company at present, but I understand she will sign up very soon.

Mary Pickford

Mary's Adventure With the "Spirits"

She Ran Afoul of Recreated "Amenhophthet," With Message From Beyond.

By MARY PICKFORD.

When I was with Mr. Griffith we were putting on a picture which centered around clairvoyants, palmists and spiritualists.

"I have always been anxious to have my palm read or to see spirits," I confided to the company, only to discover they were just as eager as I to penetrate the mysteries of the Unseen.

A few evening later several of us went to a strange, deserted-looking house, which for phantasm's sake, should have been built at the end of a long lane.

The spiritualist was a queer little woman, with short, bobbed hair, and wore great green goggles, which made her small eyes look very catlike and beady.

"You are just in time," she said to us in a sepulchral voice. "Sister Elmira is just going under control."

"What does she control?" Jack whispered in my ear, his eyes as big as saucers.

"Self control," I sneeked back, but the woman's eyes caught mine and she stared me into silence.

"She is controlled by the spirit of an ancient Egyptian queen," was her information.

Lights Went Out.

The lights went out and left us in total darkness, and then, as if from a great distance, there wafted toward us a transparent form.

"I am Amenhophthet, bringing you a message from the other world," the spirit wafted.

So "skeered" was I that I cung awfully close to Jack, especially when the ghost came very close to us and pointing its finger, cried out ominously: "Miserable earth creatures. Shame upon you, unbelievers!"

This time I was quite positive I heard the rattle of Jack's teeth.

"The spirits will revenge themselves upon you," continued the unearthly voice. And even as it spoke the room became totally black, and in the darkness came the whirring of wings. They

beat frantically over my head. Bella rang, spirits moaned and groaned and rattled their chains, then the piercing cries of souls in agony tore like distorted lightning through the air. "Let's get out!" I shrieked. "Yes, let's get out!" echoed Jack.

Fell Ice Hands.

"You must remain!" echoed the terrible spirit, at the same time laying upon my neck and arms its icy hands, hands that felt as if they had been chilled in the grave.

Oh, to get out of there, and how to get out of there! Finally just as we gave it up in despair, the lights were turned on—and there stood the rest of the company, roaring with laughter, while the old lady with the green goggles took off her wig and pointed at Jack with derision.

He was the daredevil of the studio, a practical joker who had gone to all the trouble of borrowing the little vacant house just for the pleasure of perpetrating this joke.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

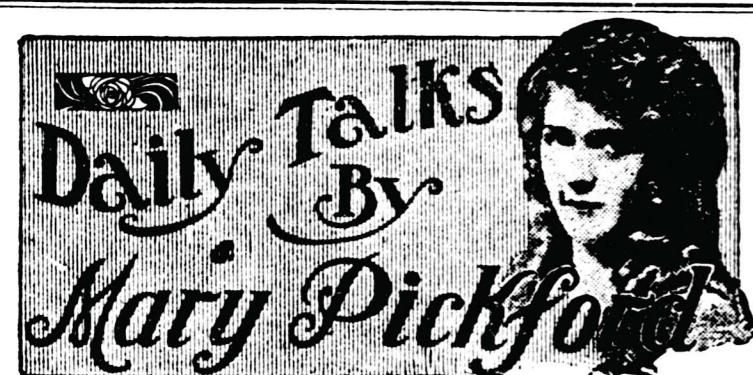
Neg.—If you have real talent for music, I would not give up after years of study to become a nurse. It is a very hard life and you may not be strongly enough constituted.

Margaret F.—Tell your mother for me I am very happy to know she has enjoyed my articles, and only hope I can write on subjects which will be of interest to her.

Just Mary—I am about 5 feet 1 inch in my stocking feet, but, as you say, they generally pick six-footers to be my leading men.

Katherine D.—You would be a very foolish little girl to marry so young. "Marry in haste, repent at leisure," is an old adage, but a wise one. Ask your mother's advice about this.

Doris G.—"The Good Little Devil" was made into a picture by the Famous Players Company and I played the same part in it I did on the stage. Ernest Truex was the boy who played the leading part.



I BECAME A TRAGEDIENNE.

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THIS skips a good many years and goes back to the time when I was five, just prior to the season that I really went on the stage.

When Lottie, as a little tad, was asked, "What do you want to be when you grow up?" she would always lisp in reply, "I wanna dance the waltz!" Of course, when it came to my brother Jack's turn, there was only one answer for him, "Engineer," although as he grew older he ran the gauntlet of many imaginary professions, from policeman to operating the calliope in a circus.

But I was always resolute in my desire to become an actress, a great tragedienne, the Lady Macbeth of the stage. Secretly, as the years of my childhood sped by, I hoped that in spite of my blonde curls I would grow up to be very tall and dark. Then, I promised myself, I would brush my raven locks and weave them into two long braids like the beautiful fairy princesses in my story books.

Sometimes I pictured myself walking down the streets, and it was my intention to have two Great Danes always guarding me. This would give me an air of distinction and make people stand around a little bit in awe of me.

Mother is always amused to tell about our homemade theatricals of those days when Lottie, Jack, Shakespeare and I produced our dramas on that stage between the dining room and the kitchen.

Lottie was the one chosen to be the leading lady; I was always the villainess and Jack was the property man. Back and forth across the dining-room floor he would drag the stage settings, and with the paper cutter I would stab the furniture, regardless of the damage done to it.

There was not a chair or table in the house that was not nicked in our dramatics, but our little mother was so patient with us, just for the reason that she, in her youth, had lived through the same imaginary dramas that we staged. Of course, when it came to poisoning the parlor sofa by pouring ink over it and watching its last flickering agonies, we were whisked up stairs not too gently and locked up in the nursery.

Once I remember that Jack, who was eager for Indian games and always wanted to scalp Lottie and me, built a bonfire in the bathtub. It was a magnificent spectacle, but if mother had not come home when the blaze was at its height the whole house might have burned down at the end of this Indian uprising.

And woe betide us when one of the neighbors told Jack the story of Charles the First, who had been beheaded! Lottie and I not only had to flee for our lives, but to lament

over the decapitation of two of our favorite dolls.

"If you didn't have those silly curls, Mary," Jack used to say to me, "you'd have pretty near as much fun as a boy! But silly girls don't have a very good time—they can't get around the way we fellows can. What good's curls, anyway?" And all of the time he was edging closer to the bureau drawer where mother kept the sewing scissors.

"You could run faster without curls," he flattered me, holding it out as a great temptation. So after fifteen minutes of Jack's eloquence—I let him get busy with the scissors. Nip, snip, nip! went the scissors, but, luckily for me, the door opened and in came mother. Well, I can remember with what speed Jack was rushed out of the room and how funny his legs looked as he tried to waddle away from mother, who held him by the ear in a firm, decisive grasp.

When she came back, she made me sit a long time before the mirror with the fallen curls in my lap, looking unhappily at the jagged, gouged-out hole in my hair.

It was the memory of this scene which suggested "Poor Little Peppina," and, by a strange coincidence, Jack, playing the part of Peppina's brother, finished the job he had begun many years ago, cutting off my curls! But you must not believe anything you hear and only half of what you see—it was a wig!

Answers to Correspondents.

F. K. and S. S.—From your description of the sunbonnet babies, I think it would be very cunning and quite original.

J. C. F.—That was not I, but my sister Lottie, whom you saw in "The Diamond From the Sky."

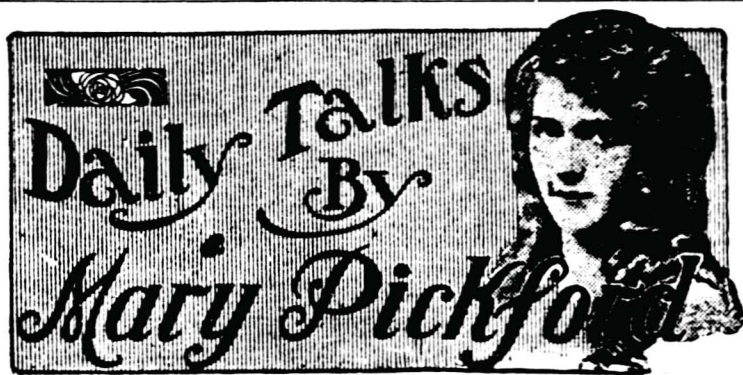
Isabelle M.—Many moving pictures are taken at night. If I were you, I would register with several of the companies, explaining you would be willing to work any nights they called you.

Ruth Z. G.—I do not know whether I shall be at Asbury Park this summer or not. I only hope so—my memories of my last visit there were so pleasant.

P. D. S.—If you are not sure that the copyright on a book or poem has run out, you have no licensed right to make it into a film play and try to sell it. It will get you into considerable trouble.

Mrs. L. McD.—Instead of taking medicines to reduce your flesh, why don't you try exercises and a proper diet? One of the best books written on this is "Eat and Grow Thin." I would advise you to read it.

Mary Pickford



THE CHEAT.

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THE other afternoon I had a long talk with a little woman who told me that she wanted me to write frankly upon her confession to me in hopes that other women who are inclined to be a little unconsciously dishonest will profit by her bitter experience. This is the story she told me:

"I think all my life I was inclined to be a little bit dishonest, although my first memories of it are of examinations when I went to grammar school. In some studies I was very proficient, but always was there that wrestle with mathematics. So afraid was I of not graduating that I began to employ many devious methods of cheating. Slips of paper with the answers to examples were hidden in my sleeves or my hair ribbons, or answers were written on my handkerchiefs and even in the palms of my hands. For months I passed the severest tests, but finally I was caught by a teacher whom I had loved more than any one else in my class rooms.

"I shall never forget the look in her deep-set eyes when she said to me: 'Katherine, you are a cheat! You, whom I had so much faith in, have betrayed me—your friend! If she had only struck me, branded me before the class or ordered me to the principal, who would have sent for my parents and brought down on my head physical as well as mental punishment, I would not have felt half so badly as I did when she looked at me pityingly, shaming me to the very depths of my soul.

"But instead of getting over this habit, it began to grow upon me. It settled over my life like a pall. I would have been horrified if any one had accused me of stealing, yet I gloried within myself when I tricked a car conductor, beat the telephone, stole stamps from the office I worked in and filched napkins and silverware from the cafes and hotels. When a few friends gathered for a game of cards, it was not only my greed, but my dislike of being beaten, that made me employ little tricks which soon became big ones, tricks which made me invariably hold the winning hand.

"For two years I was happily married, although there were several times when my husband seriously upbraided me for these little preying characteristics which seemed to grieve him deeply. I could never tell him the truth about the bills, even though I gained only a few paltry dollars. I had an intimate friend buy her merchandise at the store where I had a credit account and pay me the cash for her purchases. This was inexcusable, as my husband was always generous with me. But, more serious than all, he caught me taking money out of his pockets.

"He was boyishly fond of his card games and we made up a happy little party of three couples, who met every Saturday night for an evening's game. It was I who suggested playing for money, and, although they did not

approve of it at first, we gradually drifted into it, and the stakes grew higher and higher.

"It was I who always came out the victor. My husband was pleased with this—he was proud and boasted of how clever a card player his little wife was, and sometimes it hurt me when I thought of the sneaking little tricks I employed to get the better of these other honest bidders.

"One of the men in the party began to watch me surreptitiously out of the corner of his eye, and then, a few weeks later, it was he who laid his cards upon the table and faced me as a cheat. He did not take me aside because he had no pity in his heart for me, nor would he give me a chance. I do not blame him—I had literally put my hand in his pocket and stolen from him. I became hysterical, I lost my head and berated them, and then, when my bravado despair had reached its height, I broke down my barriers and confessed.

"You cannot imagine what it meant for a husband like mine to find out that his wife was a cheat. And this crisis was the beginning of the end. Now I am alone, divorced, unhappy, mistrusted, lonely and weary of living.

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave, When first we practice to deceive."

Answers to Correspondents.

G. P. D.—I was at the Sixty Club ball the night you mention. I am sorry you did not introduce yourself—your letter was so pleasing I would have liked to thank you in person for your kindly criticisms of my work.

Inquirer.—Grace George has never appeared in pictures; neither has Maude Adams or Elsie Ferguson. I do not know whether they will answer letters or not, but I doubt whether they will send out photographs.

O. T. H.—Though Mary Miles Minter and I are said to look alike, we are not related.

Ruth R.—Arthur Johnson has been dead since last February. He was with the old Biograph company and I was his leading woman many years ago. We all regretted his untimely demise.

Mrs. L. G.—I would let my daughter finish her music and then if she is still ambitious to become an actress or dancer you can get her into the profession you think she will make the best success of. Many mothers have made the mistake of taking their children out of school and putting them on the stage before they have received proper education.

Lynn B.—Personally I do not buy moving picture plays, but if you have your play typewritten send it to the scenario department of one of the large companies.

Mary Pickford.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

THE TRAGEDY OF "LOONY ANN."

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IN Toronto, living there at the time we were children, was a pathetic little crippled seamstress the children had learned to call "Loony Ann."

This name was not meant by the children to ridicule this half demented little woman, but had grown out of a pet name, one we had given to her because she had always been kind to us and shared her meager little earnings with the poorer children of the neighborhood.

Our mother told us that when Loony Ann was a little girl she had been thrown from a buggy and that for fifteen years she had lain in bed, a hopeless cripple. She had been a pretty child, but when she grew up her spine was as crooked as a gnarled oak, her face drawn from years of suffering and her hands as old and knotted as a woman's of seventy.

One by one those who were kind to her in her family passed away and she was thrown upon the world to earn her own living. The money that was left provided a little home, bought a brand-new sewing machine and paid for a gaudy sign nailed to the front of the house, "Ann Polytone—Fashionable Modiste."

No one ever had the courage to bring their better materials to poor Loony Ann, as she was never sane enough to design really good dresses but plain sewing, children's rompers and gingham dresses, became her specialty.

Sometimes she frightened me when she stopped me on the street, for she looked at me with such hungry eyes—almost as if she would devour me. Such was her intense loneliness and such was her love for children.

As the years went by, Loony Ann became more and more isolated from her neighbors, and then it was whispered about that her peculiarities had grown until they were now insanities.

"Poor old Loony Ann," I can remember my mother saying about her. "She imagines she is living in a beautiful home, is married to a prosperous husband and is the mother of a large family of children. You must all be very kind to her and never let her suspect you are afraid of her."

On Lottie's birthday, mother gave her a large rag doll, which was dressed in the baby clothes we had worn when we were little children. Proudly Lottie showed it to all the children and even to Loony Ann, who came around the corner at that opportune moment. Loony Ann stared at the doll and then she folded it in her arms as tenderly as if it were a live thing.

"She thinks it is real," Lottie whispered to me. And so she did—she cuddled it and crooned over it and laughed and gurgled and kissed its sawdust arms with all the ardor a mother feels with the newborn babe in her arms.

That afternoon, she stole the doll from our garden and while we children were heartbroken over our loss mother would never let us take it away from Loony Ann, who thought

it was her own little sunshine bit of a baby.

It was only the newcomers in the neighborhood who laughed at Loony Ann, as she rolled, in an old baby carriage, the rag doll through the streets, singing to it and showing it to passersby with such pathetic pride.

A year went by and Loony Ann's happiness and song became the cheery note of the neighborhood—no longer was she the forlorn and despairing little half unit.

"My baby is growing to be a fine big girl," she would inform the neighbors. "Her cheeks are as red and rosy as apples."

"She is beautiful," we would say to Loony Ann, looking down at the rag doll whose face was worn by her kisses, but whose clothes were immaculate and beautifully embroidered by patient, loving mother hands. "She is very beautiful."

No one will ever know how the fire started in Loony Ann's little house, but the word was passed around that the cottage was engulfed in flames. Two firemen hacked their way into the burning wreckage and dragged Loony Ann to safety, laying her on the ground, half unconscious. A few moments later, when her mind cleared, her first cry, "Where is my baby?" wrung the tears from our hearts. So stunned were we that before they could stop her she had sprung up the steps and into her burning home again.

The next time they carried her out she was dead, but clasped in her arms was her little rag doll, her baby, snuggled against the stilled mother heart, never to awaken through that long eternal sleep.

Answers To Correspondents.

Josephine Y. O.—Purple and green hair was only a fad which has long gone out of use. No one dyed the hair—all wore wigs of those colors.

P. L. F.—I do not think that it would be wise for you to give up your present position to enter the moving picture field unless you are sure your talent would justify such a radical change.

Grace H.—If the baby has had stage experience, why don't you take her to the moving picture studios, leave her photograph and references, and keep in touch with them, always being on the lookout for a chance.

Mary C.—"Poor Little Peppina" was taken in New York. I wore a wig and did not have my hair cut off.

T. G. D.—Gluten bread is nourishing, but not fattening. As long as white bread does not agree with you, why don't you try bran bread?

Jennie W.—Your scenario undoubtedly came back because it was not typewritten. Very few scenario editors will read photoplays sent in if they are not in proper form.

Mary Pickford.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

MORRID EYES.

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I WONDER why it is that when a crowd gathers at a street corner and word is passed around that a mangled body lies under an automobile, men, women, children and even mothers, with babies in their arms, will rush like mad to the spot and fight as if they were fleeing to safety, just to get a peek at the unfortunate victim.

It is just as surprising to me to notice that there are more women in the crowd than men. Perhaps it is because women so seldom see tragedies and, naturally curious, are afraid they will miss something, while men, who are ever living the great adventure of life, are thrown often into contact with human suffering.

Some women faint, other women have fortitude and some will offer their assistance, but most of them, after fighting to reach the axis of the trouble, sickened and turn away.

I have always lived in such fear that I might have to see some accident where men, women and children must suffer, and, knowing I could lend no aid as a competent nurse, I am always inclined to fly from rather than pursue the crowd.

One afternoon, we were out on location, taking a picture. It was supposed to be the scene of a man, half murdered by the villain, crawling out of the house and into the street to summon the policeman to his aid. We hoped to take this scene quickly before the crowd became aware that the moving picture camera was hidden in a large, empty, covered ice wagon.

It was rehearsed at the studio and the actors made up in one of the vacant rooms of the house. The moment for the scene arrived. The camera could be heard grinding out its feet of film, when the door of the house swung open and our actor, with grease paint wounds, hurled himself down the steps, moving his lips as if he were crying out "Help!" but really uttering no sound for fear of arousing the neighborhood.

If we had expected to get by with this scene we were sadly mistaken, as two minutes later the street became a veritable beehive of swarming, buzzing, curious people. Men and women were fighting and kicking at each other's shins, elbowing and pushing their way through the scrambling mass to get to the spot where they could actually see the blood upon the victim of the assault.

The cry of "Murder!" went up from the crowd and echoed down

the street with almost the same joyous note as a small boy would sing out, "Circus parade!"

Little, frail, delicate-looking women fairly became fiends in their anxiety to edge past the crowd so that they might see the injured man. Most of them were wild and scareyed, but nothing would deter them from their purpose.

I, taking part in the scene and playing the daughter of the man, was in the heart of the crowd when this bargain sale onslaught caught me in its mesh.

"Who committed the murder?" "Where is the murderer?" "Where are the police?" "What's his name?" "Who are you?" "Why are you here? You don't look as if you did it." "Did you do it?"

This was drummed into my ears until I was almost deafened by the sound, and in another two minutes I would have been trampled under their feet if the policemen had not ridden down in full force to scatter the crowd.

"My lan' sake!" cried out several women, their voices ringing with disappointment. "It's only movin' pitchers, after all!"

Answers to Correspondents.

Leila M.—Pearl White was considered one of the bravest girls in pictures. She is very seldom doubled in the spectacular scenes you see. No, I have never played with her.

H. K.—Florence Lawson is very much better and will probably receive your letter if you write now. We played together in the old Biograph days.

L. D.—Mary Moore is the sister of Owen, Tom and Matt Moore. She is with the Metro Co. at present.

Hazel G.—Anita Stewart is with the Biograph Co. Earle Williams played opposite her in The Goddess.

R. T. P.—George Walsh has never been my leading man. He is the brother of Raoul Walsh of the Fox Co.

Helen T.—The picture you refer to is Isben's Ghosts, with Henry Walthall playing the leading role.

Mary Pickford.



OFF TO THE CIRCUS.

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ASK you, Who doesn't envy a mother taking her little excited family of children to the circus? And is there any one "with soul so dead" who doesn't envy the children, with their eyes as big as blue china saucers, their cheeks polished with soap and water and their little sticky hands clutched over the pennies they are going to spend for pink lemonade, peanuts and popcorn?

For years I had promised myself a day at the circus when I had the time to take a little army of children, and during this vacation my dream was realized.

There were six of us when we started out—five little beaming kiddies who had never seen a circus before, and myself.

"I'm going to see the elufant," Harry, the oldest boy, cried.

"That's nothing," Billy argued, deliberately stepping on Harry's foot as he said it. "I'm going to buy the elufant, I am—I'm going to take him home and keep him in the garage. Ain't I, Miss Mary?"

At this the two little girls set up a wail of despair.

"If Billy's goin' to buy the elufant, we're goin' to buy a Shetland pony. Ain't we, Miss Mary?"

"But us fellers is goin' to get our elufant before you get your Shetland, ain't we, Miss Mary?"

"No, us girls is goin' to get our Shetland pony first, ain't we, Miss Mary?"

After six or seven more "Ain't we, Miss Marys?" I was no longer neutral. Also, I decided that war in the trenches could have been neither half so combative nor stirring as that moment when the five children decided among themselves who should buy the "elufant" first. By the time the storm was over and I could see a few rainbows in the sky, my five charges and I had reached the circus grounds.

I do not know how it happened in such a short space of time, but some one stepped on Billy's toe, Eunice eloped with a popcorn vendor, Jack had lost his pennies and was screaming at the top of his lungs, Kate had been terrified by the roaring lions and Harry had stampeded the whole army of clowns.

"Where did he go?" I cried in terror, and a dozen fingers pointed in a dozen different directions.

After an exhaustive search, I found him climbing up on the monkeys' cage, making faces at the crowd that had gathered to look at this bold little harum-scarum, and was wondering with amusement to whom the tad belonged. By the time the parade was over, I had counted heads, and, making sure that a remnant of each of us was there, I relaxed into a spiritless heap.

It would take a colored Sunday supplement to tell all the rest of the disasters happening on our way home—about two of the children who fell asleep and expected me to carry them, of how Billy threw his hat into the leopard's cage, and of poor little Harry, who had eaten

so many peanuts and so much popcorn I feared I would never get him home.

No longer do I say to mothers as I see them starting for the circus, "I envy you, oh, Fortunate Ones!" But I fly with unflinching footsteps to escape them for fear of being asked to participate in such a Roman holiday.

Talking of circuses reminds me of an old man we have known for many years. He had been a very strict father and had brought his children up to follow right and rigid rules. They had not been allowed very much freedom and not even the gala day of the circus was sacred in the family.

"I don't think much of circuses," the old man commanded, "and I don't want my children to be wasting their time going to them."

The younger boys and girls were afraid to disobey him, but the oldest boy was a born adventurer. He escaped through the school room window one summer afternoon, climbed over the wall of the school yard and, joyous with freedom, made his way to the circus. For carrying buckets of water to the animals, he was allowed to crawl under the tent.

And there, in the front row, enjoying the circus more than any one else, laughing and applauding the clowns, gazing with wondering eyes at the flying ballet, was his father, the stern old, cross old, disciplinarian!

Answers to Correspondents.

Mrs. J. B.—Tom Moore and Ethel Clayton played in "Dollars and the Woman." Aren't you thinking of Theda Bara in "Gold and the Woman?"

E. L.—Wallace Reid played Don Jose in "Carmen." The actor you refer to is Thomas Meighan. Yes, he was formerly on the stage.

V. W.—Crane Wilbur is with Horsch. Francis Bushman with Metro. Gene Gauntier is not playing now. Thank you for your encouraging remarks—letters like yours are always so welcome.

Evelyn J.—All I can say to any girl who is ambitious to play in the movies is first to be sure she has the ability and is willing to work hard and intelligently. Then persistently and hopefully she must make the rounds of the studios, leaving photographs and descriptions, refusing to become discouraged until she has secured her chance. If she makes the best of it, she may be sure of further employment. Your letter sounds as if you were one who could do this.

H. T. L.—I don't think audiences have any preference—they like both blond and brunette, tall and short, actresses.

M. R.—Violet Mersereau is with Universal. Florence Reed played in "Her Own Way." Earle Williams and Anita Stewart played the leading roles in "From Headquarters."

Mary Pickford.



MOVING PICTURES—THE PIED PIPER.

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I AM now surely convinced that the Pied Piper of Hamelin must have whispered to the children that if they followed him around the bend of the road he would get them all positions as moving picture actors and actresses! And that if he came from the hills with a proposition like that today, not only would the children tag close to his heels, but thousands and thousands of grown-ups, all eager to see themselves as others see them, dancing in black and white upon the screen.

Old ladies, young ladies, fat ladies and thin ladies, cross ladies and good-natured ladies, elegant ladies and shabby ladies—in fact, ladies of every kind and description—write to tell me they are ambitious to enter the movie field and become stars of stardom upon the terra firma of a studio stage.

Some, I think, are very foolish, especially when they confess they already have high-salaried positions where they are playing professions they studied for many years.

"But when we think of how much fun moving-picture actresses have," is the general singsong of their letters, "we resent being cooped up in an uninteresting, four-walled office. Just imagine having to look at desks and typewriters during the long summer days! Why, if we were only moving-picture actresses, we could spend them in the country, idling around until we were called for a few hours of work. Please, Miss Pickford, tell us what we can do to become moving-picture actresses!"

One of the girls who had been reading my advice to the thousands who write me thought I had been unfair when I warned girls to keep away from the studios unless they were willing not only to work hard, but were sure they had talent and would be of photographic value on the screen. This little girl gave up her position as stenographer in an office where she had worked for over two years, and spent her scanty savings in a wardrobe which she felt must be necessary to gain an audience with the casting directors. Some one had told her that only the pretty girls and the well-dressed girls are noticed and given a chance.

Then she came to New York and took a cheap room in a boarding house for a month. At the end of the month, she had tramped from one studio to the other, and had been employed only a few days for extra work. Those were the despicable mob scenes which she had always thought she would be able to avoid. But due to her lack of experience, when she was given a chance even in the foreground of a large cafe scene, she forgot everything else in her ambition to be looked at by the appraising eye of the camera.

When the scene was shown in the projecting room, there she was, consciously staring out at the audience. Because of her mistake, it meant that the scenes taken had to be

thrown into the discard, and so her name was scratched off the studio list.

At the end of the month, she was so discouraged that she went to the office she had deserted and asked for her position back again. A wiser and cleverer girl than she had taken her place and she was without a position for several weeks.

This girl's experience in the picture world has made her restless and unhappy—the walls of the office will always be cubbyholes to her, the typewriters thundering bugbears, the letters stacked up hopelessly drab and uninteresting. But she will have to stick to this work as long as it is necessary for her to support herself, for she has not made good in pictures and never could. These lessons, girls, are the dregs in the sparkling wines of experience.

So you who hear the call of the studios cover your ears until you are ready to listen to it, hide your eyes until you can see the pitfalls, and be sure of a landing place before you leap.

Answers to Correspondents.

J. T. W.—My other Jack is now with the Selig Company. My sister Lottie is not playing at present.

M. R. D.—Robert Edeson, not John Mason, played the leading role in "The Cave Man." Marshall Neilan played the role you describe in "Madam Butterfly."

M. W. B.—S. Rankin Drew is with the Vitagraph Company. Alec B. Francis played the part of Myron in "The Yellow Passport." The difference in his appearance which puzzled you was probably due to clever make-up.

H. G. S.—Nicholas Dunai played the role of the gypsy in "The Unbroken Law." Perhaps if you write him he will send you a photograph, but I do not know.

O. G. H.—Yes, "The Salamander" has been filmed by the Moss Producing Company.

Ada E. C.—I was not at the ball you mention, so it was some one else whom you saw. Why not write to Pauline Fredericks direct? She is with Famous Players. I am glad you liked "Poor Little Peppina."

Mary Pickford.



THE EMPTY CUP.

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TODAY I talked with the loneliest woman in the world—at least that is what she called herself, and after hearing her heart-broken story, which she permits me to tell to you, I, too, call an existence like hers "the life of the empty cup."

"I was twenty-six and had reached the age a woman should be sure of herself when I married," her story began. "But after our wedding, as the months flew by on swallows' wings, I became discontented and made myself believe I was not as happy as I had anticipated."

"In the first place, when planning for my future, I had always thought of a beautiful little home of my own. I had dreamed of well-filled linen chests, monogrammed silver, great, extensive guest chambers, a luxurious living room and a dining room. Even had I chosen from my day-dream shop window the mahogany table large enough to seat all my friends, who would always be welcome in my home."

"Of course, I planned to buy an automobile and pictured myself taking many imaginary trips into the country for riotous week-end parties."

"Mother had always told me if I depended upon such ideals to make me happy I should never consider marrying a poor man who was fighting hard for a career. I thought of this and thought of it often, but when I met the man I married I imagined myself to be so in love with him that two rooms and a little kitchenette would be a veritable paradise."

"But six months after we were married and the gilt edge of the romance had worn away, I began to feel very discontented and envious of friends and neighbors whose homes were more attractive than ours and who could enjoy the luxuries my husband insisted that we could not afford."

"John was a very ambitious engineer and had a splendid position in San Francisco, his home and mine. One day the president of the company sent for him and held out the glittering offer of a doubled salary if he would transfer his activities to South America."

"But it is no place for my little wife," he told the men, "and I hardly think she would be willing to have me away from her so many months of the year."

"I remember the night very well when he came home and we talked of this offer."

"But it is twice as much as you are getting here," I cried out with surprise. "You know what that would mean to us!"

"It would mean, dear, that you and I should have to be separated," and he drew his hand very tenderly over mine.

"I did not say any more to him then, but I began thinking and thinking about the myriads of comforts as well as luxuries which the doubled salary would bring to me. I believe I thought of everything from the new spring fashions to the make of the automobile which I would buy with the money that could be saved when John went away. I was freed of the fetters of a home and could board with a family of intimate friends."

"John never told me how badly he felt when I nagged him on to this career, but day after day I reminded him that he was throwing away not only the chance for a future, but the opportunity of making me happier. I taunted him cruelly. 'Would you drudge along year after year instead of striving for a spectacular success?' I asked him, but when his eyes sought mine and looked into my shallow heart he knew it was only of myself I was thinking."

"It is six years since John went away, never to return. Only a few months after he had reached South America, he was taken very ill with a malignant fever, and by the time the doctor's letter reached me, telling me he would never recover, he had been dead for several days."

"At first, I could not believe it. For weeks and weeks I lay in a collapsed state, alternately accusing myself of having doomed my own husband and trying to weave out of the tangled web of my future some tangible hold on life. It seemed to me I had nothing—that I had lost everything and that the future was a black pall which would always shut out the sunshine of the world."

"That's why, Miss Pickford, I call myself the loneliest woman in the world. I, who could have filled my life with love, happiness, contentment and little children, have nothing now but regrets, disappointments and hopelessness. Please write to the ambitious wives who are doing just what I have done and warn them through this laying bare of the tragedy of my life not to make the same heartbreaking mistakes."

Answers to Correspondents.

Alma D.—House Peters played "In the Bishop's Carriage." Alice Joyce was Mabel in "The Dance of Death." My latest pictures are "The Grind Eternal," "Poor Little Peppina" and "Hulda from Holland."

Inquired.—Gaston Bell was Jack, playing opposite Theda Bara in "Destruction." Frances Nelson played the part of the vampire in "The Family Cupboard."

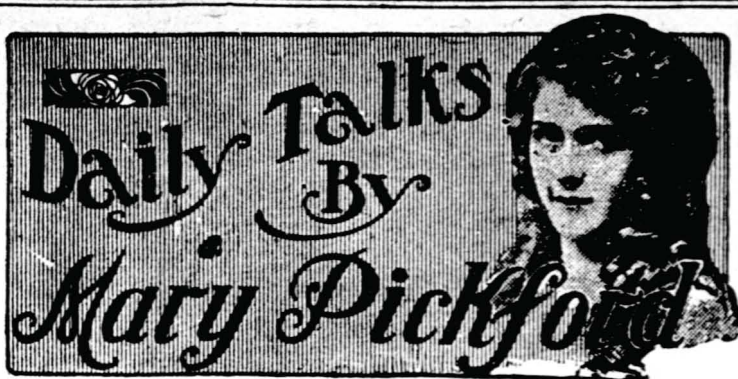
K. F.—No, Charles Chaplin does not play in the conventionalized version of "Carmen," but in a burlesque on the same.

H. G.—Holbrook Blinn and Vivian Martin played the leading roles in "The Butterfly on the Wheel." Edna Mayo is with Vitagraph. Marguerite Clark is with Famous Players.

M. A.—Jane Novak was Dorothy in "Graft." Cleo Madison is with Universal. Kitty Gordon is with World Film.

I. D.—Harold Lockwood was my leading man in "Tess of the Storm Country." Owen Moore played opposite me in "Cinderella." Carlyle Blackwell is now with the Equitable. He played opposite me in "Such a Little Queen."

Mary Pickford.



ACROSS THE DESERT SANDS.

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WE were a long caravan that started out from Palm Springs one morning at dawn to cross into the heart of the desert, where we were to take scenes from a story laid in the famous Death Valley. Even when we started out, though the sky was still opaled with the dawn, we could feel the throbbing pulse of the desert.

Most of us rode on horseback, with the exception of two or three, who preferred the covered vans; all dreading the moment when the fiery ball of sun would glare down upon us.

It was slow traveling—the horses' hoofs sank deep into the sand, but I can never forget the wonders of the marvelous country as the day awakened. I had always thought of great barren wastes when dreaming of the desert, and did not know that before the sun bakes the plains they are carpeted with myriads of the most beautiful flowers, of such vivid colorings they might have stolen their tints from the desert skies.

The sun in a chariot of blazing gold brushed all the rainbow tinted clouds away and left a field of azure blue.

One of the cowpunchers who had lived on the desert all his life, told us in the picturesque vernacular of the men of the far places the story of the cycle of life in the desert.

It is all a struggle for existence—the big bug eats the little bug, the bird destroys them both. The snake lies in wait to charm the birds so that he, too, can feast. Then there is the road runner who kills the snake, and the coyote, low baying in the night, who waits at dawn for the road runner. He told us of the wily animals that tracked the coyotes to their lairs, and when the burning desert in turn starves them, then the vulture, sailing high against the blue sky, sweeps down in circular flight to feed upon their carcasses.

For three hours we pounded our way through the baking sands, and made so many demands upon the water in our canteens that we were warned to control our thirst as it would be several hours before we would strike a well.

I will never forget how tight my throat closed as if an unseen hand gripped it in strong, relentless fingers. The blood pounded in my temples and the heat waves made the cactus gyrate in strange, dancing, whirling forms.

Several of the women fainted and the heads of the horses drooped. The men encouraged us to keep on, though their faces were getting haggard and their eyes seemed staring from the sockets. We had lost our way!

Twice I felt myself crumbling into a heap and had to grip the horse's mane to keep from falling off. Then, lo, in the distance, as if we had suddenly come over the brow of a hill, we saw a lake whose cool waters lapped the banks of a green meadow. Great eucalyptus trees grew close to the water's edge

and their shadows trembled in the reflection of the lake.

"Look!" I cried, and so joyous was my exclamation that it aroused even the women who had given up all hope.

"Look!" the men echoed, and a wan, flickering smile broke over their faces, "Water!" It was a terrible cry wrung from the very hearts of us who were suffering poignantly not only from heat, but from that mad thirst which paralyzes the senses.

Only the cowboy, who knew the desert, did not rejoice. He stared straight ahead at the lake and shook his head.

"That ain't no lake," he informed us laconically, "It's a mirage."

"A mirage!" and we all stared again, believing the cowboy to have suddenly gone mad. Why, we could even see the ripples in the lake and the wind waving the branches of the trees. Several of the men demanded we swing our horses in the direction of the lake, but the cowboy fought them back.

"We're close to the trail," he told us. "I know this here country, and God pity yuh if yuh pursue them phantoms of water."

It was true. When we turned to the right we could see a little pond and when we turned to the south, it was as though we were making straight for the great waves of the Pacific.

Another two hours and we reached an oasis, where we lingered until the dusk cooled the desert and we could return to Palm Springs.

That was the only day the camera was not turned. We had too nearly become a part of the cycle of death on the desert.

Answers to Correspondents.

G. J.—If your little daughter has such marked talent, take her to the various moving-picture companies, leave her photograph and description. You will hear from them when they are in need of a child of her type. Why, yes, I think it is safe to say that persistence always wins.

F. C.—Viola Dana played the leading role in "Gladiola." Fred Church is with the Western Universal. Lois Meredith is with Balboa.

J. L.—Muriel Ostriche played the lead in "A Daughter of the Sea." Clara Kimball Young played Aurora in "The Feast of Life." Owen Moore was my leading man in "Cinderella."

Mavis J.—Thank you for your verses. They are indeed very clever. Did you ever try to have your poems published?

A. D.—Blanche Sweet played the leading role in "The Secret Garden." Charles Cherry was the lead in "The Mummy and the Humming Bird."

M. E.—I don't know whether they allow visitors at the studio you refer to or not, but it will not do any harm to go there and try.

Mary Pickford.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

HANDS UP!

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I HAD always tried to imagine how I would feel when riding in one of the old stage coaches of California if suddenly out of the thicket a masked bandit should appear with the formidable cry of "Hands Up!"

We were out on location in San Bernardino mountains near Bear valley when I lived through just such an experience. It happened the day I was arriving there, and although it was out of the season, a few tourists had strayed into this wonderful country before the annual swarms of city folk had climbed the mountains.

There were four people besides myself in the little, old-fashioned stage coach—two tired business men who had come up on a hunting trip, a moving picture actor and his wife.

At that time several companies were at Bear valley taking pictures before the melting of the snow. Jack had been there a few weeks before, and had written me of the pranks they were playing upon each other and one long story of how he had impersonated a bandit of Little Bear cave and held up a whole company returning from looting.

As the men whom Jack had terrified with an unloaded, rusty old pistol were dressed and posing as outlaws themselves, Jack thought he had scored mightily and humorously.

I had told the people in the stage coach this little episode so when a masked man sprang to the heads of the horses as we rounded a bend in the mountain road and called "Hands up!" the five of us exchanged knowing glances and winked very broadly at each other.

"Let's pretend we're frightened," I suggested. The four nodded assent, and then there came a very visible trembling of the knees on the part of the two tired business men, who, for once, were going to pretend they were actors.

"Suppose it's a real bandit," whispered the other girl to me, drawing a little closer to her husband. I laughed—then I stumbled out of the stage coach at the command of "Hold up your hands!" The two tired business men tried awfully hard, pretending to be afraid, but I could see a twinkle in the corner of their eyes even when the masked men went through their pockets and relieved them of their watches and small change.

When it came my turn I was sure I recognized an actor whose love of practical jokes had made him the entertaining nuisance of the company. I started to make some compromising remark as to his identity, but a gruff voice which did not sound like Billy's ordered me to "shut up!"

In my purse, which he emptied, I did not have more than five or six dollars, but from the actor and his wife he secured quite a bit of jewelry. The joke was beginning to drag out to unnecessary lengths, and I noticed that the smile in the corners of the eyes of the two business men had died away and there

were uncertain doubts making tell-tale lines around their mouths.

Then for the first time we noticed that the driver's face was ashen white and the muscles of his body were drawn taut with suspense. With the gun swung upon him he was forced to open the mail bags, after emptying his pockets, which contained quite a few bills paid over to him when we had left Arrow Head Springs.

"This joke's gone pretty far," I said to myself, and then, like the rest of them, the fear came over me that perhaps, after all, we had made a mistake.

One by one we were forced to climb back into the coach and the driver was given orders to move on. With some gusto he cracked the long whip over the horses and the creaking stage coach rolled on around the bend of the road.

For a few minutes we sat there and stared at each other, the silence broken only by the frightened sobs of the actor's wife. The two business men looked at each other rather sheepishly, but the actor laughed.

"Slow up," he called to the driver. "That fellow will be back here in about five minutes. He certainly tried to pull a great joke on us, didn't he?"

And then the driver, between gasps for breath, told us that a posse had been searching the hills for weeks to catch that outlaw, one of the most desperate criminals in the country.

We never saw our jewelry again, but we didn't care—it made such a corking good story to tell the city folks when we returned after the picture was taken.

Answers to Correspondents.

Helen M.—Thank you for the kodak snapshots. They were very interesting and their composition and finish deserve all the praise your friends have given them.

L. M.—If you are going to dye your eyebrows, why don't you try sage tea? It will not affect the roots of the hair.

G. A.—Richard Bennett was George Dupont in Damaged Goods. Josephine Crowell was the Little Colonel's mother in Birth of a Nation.

T. B.—By all means, go to a dentist for the trouble with your teeth. It is never safe to try all the remedies that are recommended to you.

R. B. G.—Jane Hall was Adelaide in Madam Butterfly. I cannot tell you who played the role of the little girl in the picture you refer to.

P. L. H.—I cannot advise you to leave school to act in moving pictures. Do not take such a step without consulting your mother. I have said it many times, but it is always true—mothers know best.

Mary Pickford.



A TERRIBLE NIGHT ON THE ROAD.

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WHEN I was traveling in Mr. Belasco's company, playing the part of Betty in "The Warrens of Virginia," for many weeks I was alone, because mother, Lottie and Jack were playing in New York theaters.

Always in a company there are some kindly hands held out to you, but we lead such busy lives it is all we can do to take care of ourselves, and few of us have time to see to the comforts of a fellow traveler. So I would often drift away from them and take a room at some very drab, inexpensive little hotel, which would mean quite a few pennies saved for me at the end of the week.

In a luxurious hotel room one has a little delicacy about hanging one's laundry from the chandelier to the dresser and spanked against the window pane. But as the daily laundering of my wardrobe was necessary, I began to regard the clothes swung across my room as something rather decorative that peopled the hotel with imaginery companions.

In one city, an actress had given me the address of a boarding house which had been run by a dear, little, old-fashioned lady whom she assured me would mother me to my heart's content. I can tell you that I lost no time setting out from the station, but when I arrived there, to my surprise, the house and the woman who came to the door did not answer the description the actress had given me.

I should have turned right away then and sought the rest of the company, relying upon my intuition that I would face grave dangers if I remained there. But I argued with myself—surely my friend could not have been mistaken—the address was plainly written—a sign on the house said "Board and Rooms" and the woman assured me she was Mrs. Gregory.

I followed her up a long, dark stairway into a musty, dank-smelling house, but the room which she opened for me, and which she told me I could have at a very low price, was large and quite comfortable. I took it.

That night when I left the theater after the evening performance, the rain was pouring down in torrents, and by the time I reached the boarding house, I felt like a kitten who had strayed from under a protecting umbrella.

There was not a sound in the house as I tiptoed up the long, crooked stairs and slid down the unlighted hall into my own room. In the daylight the room had rather pleased me, but at night it was big and empty, with strange, unnecessary cubbyholes which looked, in the flickering gaslight, like formidable dark passages.

I do not know what fear inspired me to keep from retiring, but I sat bolt upright in my chair, listening for foreign sounds which would warn me of any dangers. I did not have long to wait.

First there came a creaking of the stairs and then the sound of some one brushing against the wall. Outside my door it stopped, and above the beating of my heart I

could hear a hand turning the knob of the door. It was locked!

For fifteen seconds, which seemed to me an eternity of time, I sat there, staring at that door knob until I saw it move again as if a hand had released it. Another minute or two passed, and then there came a sharp, scraping sound, as if some one were trying to force my key out of the lock. I tried to scream—I could not.

An hour ticked slowly by—still I dared not call, but sat there like one paralyzed. Outside of my door, whoever it was still scratched against it and I could hear heavy, irregular breathing. Once! twice! three times—there came a muffled knocking—then all sound ceased.

When the dawn's wan light stole into the room, I was still sitting there, staring hollow-eyed at the door. Five o'clock—six o'clock—seven o'clock came—the house was aroused. Voices echoed down the halls, and finally I had the courage to swing open the door, ready to bolt down the stairs and into the street. I listened inside the door—I could hear no one—the midnight prowler had gone.

Still it was with caution I turned the key and opened the door. There, coiled up at my feet, patiently scratching his ear and looking at me with big, brown, surprised eyes, was a Newfoundland dog!

Then up the stairs came the dearest little old lady, carrying a breakfast tray, surprised to see me ready for flight. She was Mrs. Gregory—the real Mrs. Gregory—the sister-in-law of the ogre who had admitted me the day before. And Bruno, the ghost of the manor, who had nosed the lock and cuddled down to sleep outside my door, did not know his mistress had given up her room that the little stranger might be comfortable.

Answers to Correspondents.

M. J. D.—Frank Mayo played opposite Jackie Saunders in "The Adventures of a Madcap." It was a Balboa film.

H. K. L.—Yes, "Mr. Crex of Monte Carlo" was produced as a film. The role of Lord Huntersley was played by Frank Elliott.

T. P. R.—Pearl White is with Pathe. Geraldine Farrar is with Laskey. Blanche Sweet is with Laskey. Warda Howard is with the Essanay.

F. K.—"Ramona" was not produced by Mr. D. W. Griffith, but directed by Donald Crisp of the Clune Producing Company.

I. H. O.—Warren Kerrigan played the leading role in "The Wanderer." Pauline Bush played opposite role. Teddy Sampson was Flavia in "Cross Currents." Kitty Gordon played the leading role in "As in a Looking Glass."

V. B. S.—No, Earle Williams and Anita Stewart are not married. If you wish an autographed picture of Miss Stewart, you had better write and ask her for it yourself.

Mary Pickford.



OUT OF THE DARKNESS—PART I.

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NOT many years ago, I was asked if I would go to an institution for the blind and raffle off a box of roses which had been sent from the White House, the proceeds to go to charity.

Always are we professional women glad to offer our services for such a cause, so mother, Lottie and I gladly accepted this invitation.

There was a beautiful box of roses sent from the White House conservatories with the President's card, and I thrilled with pleasure as I touched them.

One by one eager voices bid for them and eager hands took them away from me, while the pennies which jingled into the box promised more sunshine for the dark little lives of the blind children.

But it isn't the roses of the White House that I am going to write about—it's the roses of blind children who live in the midnight garden of life's eternal shadows. This was the first time I had ever visited an institution for the blind, and I cannot tell you the emotions that racked me as I looked into that sea of strange, smiling faces, into those eyes which seemed to penetrate the very souls of us as we gazed upon them.

"Children, this is Mary Pickford," the sister announced us.

"How do you do, Mary Pickford?" And all the children smiled at me with one welcoming smile which wrung the tears from my heart.

Then one by one they came up and put out their tiny, tender, speaking hands and touched me.

"Oh, your hands are little hands," the first girl said to me, as she bent my fingers back and laughed because they were so flexible. "You could learn to talk the language of our little deaf and dumb sisters very easily."

"I wish I could," I replied, as I drew my arm around her; she seemed so frail that I could not bear to let her go away from me.

"Let me touch your mother's hand," she whispered to me. "Where is she?"

"I see her," cried another little blind girl, who was clinging to my mother. "She's Mary Pickford's mother."

"I see her!" Strangest of all, these little wanderers in the darkness never say "I hear you"—it is always, "I see you." Dear little children! I know they see us with eyes of the heart and eyes of the soul, which are far more trustworthy than those orbs of ours that can only look at things and not into them.

Several of the children were whispering together, little giggling whispers, and finally one girl, urged on by all the others, came forward.

"We want to know," and she hung her head shyly, "if you will let us touch your curls. The sisters have told us that you have golden hair. Barbara Ellen had curls, but she went away last spring and she is never coming back."

Gladly did I loosen my hair, and I cannot tell you the joy of feeling those little, loving fingers running through it, tumbling it to be sure, but oh, so happily!

"Here are the grandmother people!" shouted one little girl. "I can always tell them far away—their

canes make such funny noises on the walks."

And in they trooped—little, bent old ladies, with sweet, smiling faces, as merry as gnomes.

"I'm very pleased to see you," the oldest and most trembling of the old ladies told me. "I've a son who comes here to visit me once in a while. He knows you very well—he sees you often in moving pictures. He tells me all about you and I laugh over some of the silly things you do. You must be a bold little girl—I'll warrant that your mother smacks you often."

"Humph, curls!" she added, after she had touched my face and drawn her fingers over my head. "When you grow up, I don't think you are going to have very nice hair. Little girls should wear their hair in two tight braids to keep the ends from breaking," and the old lady chuckled over her advice.

"I shall take your advice, grandmother, dear," I replied, to the amusement of the other old ladies.

"How happy every one seems here," and I turned to the sister. She smiled a deep, tender smile. Then she told me stories of the little children and the little grown-up children who had lived their lives in the institution. Tomorrow I must repeat some of them to you.

Answers to Correspondents.

H. E. K.—Robert Edeson and Muriel Ostriche played the leading roles in "Mortmain." That was a Vitagraph and not a Famous Players' film.

J. K. M.—Beulah Poynter and Arthur Donaldson played the leading roles in "Hearts of Men." Fannie Ward played the leading role in "The Marriage of Kitty."

Helen H.—Marie Doro was Nancy in "The White Pearl." Thank you for your expressions of interest in my work.

Eva D.—Not I but Mary Miles Minter played "Dimples" and the opposite role was played by Thomas Carrigan.

Goldie E.—The leading roles in "The Reapers" were played by Clara Whipple and John Mason. I had not thought of it before, but perhaps he does look like the actor you mention.

T. P. F.—Sidney Drew is with Metro; House Peters is with World-Equitable; Frances Nelson is with World-Peerless; Pauline Frederick is with Famous Players.

Mary Pickford



OUT OF THE DARKNESS—PART II.

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YESTERDAY I told you of my visit to the blind and today these are the true stories of the children told me by the loving sister in charge of them.

Little Catherine was a merry-faced little girl, and within her great, vacant eyes there were no depths of anguished unhappiness. She seemed quite satisfied with the little patch of sunlight they called the garden, but when I asked her: "What would you like to have above everything else?" instead of replying "peppermint candy," "bologna sausage" or "a phonograph," it was, "I'd like to have a mother."

"A mother! Poor little girl," the sister whispered in my ear. "This was the baby that was found on the street, deserted by her mother. She was a sweet, plump little baby of six months old, but, unhappily, born blind. A mother was seen carrying the baby and looking for a place to leave it. Two hours later she had gone—no one knows where—and when the baby was found they brought her here and she has been with us ever since."

Two little children, not over three years old, came stumbling in, reaching out their hands for Lucinda, the blind colored girl of seventeen, whose duties were to guard the little children.

It seems that Lucinda, too, had been found, a little, tiny, deserted blind baby. So light was she in color at that time that they had thought she was white, but as she grew older, she turned darker and darker, until they had nicknamed her "Little Chocolate Drop." Lucinda loves to hear this story and laughs over it as heartily as any of the other children.

"They call me 'Chocolate Drop,'" she informed me, "and I like to hear it. It makes lot of fun for the children, it does."

So many played the piano beautifully and several had voices sweet and clear as Christmas bells. Several of the girls were becoming expert stenographers and all enjoy reading the periodicals, newspapers and books which are printed in raised letters for the blind.

There was only one unhappy face among them—a little, sullen girl,

who had been blind for only a few years and had been sent to the home by her family because she had been in the way.

Memories of the world's colors, blue skies and the faces of those whom she had loved, made the darkness seem so terrible to her that she shrank away from human touch, cowering in a corner in fear.

"We are trying to win her little, embittered heart," one of the sisters told me, "before she grows up into unhappy womanhood. She will not play with the other children. 'I don't want to play with children that I cannot see,' she tells them, stamping her foot in anger. 'I don't want to hear things or talk things—I want to see things,' and then she bursts into paroxysms of weeping."

When we think of how little petty trifles annoy us, how we complain and make ourselves miserable when everything does not go as we wish, we should really go among those who have been deprived of their sight to realize how rich we are endowed with all of nature's faculties.

Answers to Correspondents.

P. W. K.—Mignon Anderson played the principal role in "Mill on the Floss." Mary Fuller played in "Under Southern Skies."

F. N. C.—Marguerite Clark and Marshall Neilan played the leading roles in "Mice and Men."

Heloise J.—The verses you sent me are very beautiful, and I thank you very much. Yes, indeed, I do think you are talented.

D. C.—Constance Johnson is the girl you refer to in both "The Goose Girl" with Marguerite Clark and "Little Pal," in which I played.

E. M.—David Wall was Tom Dorgan in "In the Bishop's Carriage," and House Peters played the role of Fred Obermuller. House Peters is now with World Film Corporation.

G. K. B.—"Hearts Adrift" was taken in Los Angeles and vicinity. Harold Lockwood played opposite me in same.

Mary Pickford



THE VALUE OF SUNSHINE.

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HAVE you ever noticed in the springtime of the year, after the hardships and bleakness of the winter, how the bright skies, the vivid flowers, the bird songs, stimulate every one to a state of health, mental and physical? The very old people seem to drink a long draught of the fountain of youth and walk more briskly with the ghosts of yesterday; even the sluggard is roused. It brings this tonic to the tired business man—while his body sits at his desk, his soul plays truant and goes in swimming at the willow-shaded pool, or else busies itself making plans for the summer's fishing.

The housewife's instinct to bestir herself with broom and sweeper is another expression of the same impelling forces. And never do we hear of spring that we do not dwell upon life's transient or everlasting loveliness. The whole scale of creation, down through our finned, furred and feathered friends to the tiniest windblown seed, responds to this same impetus.

The spring inspires cheerful thoughts, clear living, health by its beauty, and is inevitably and logically followed by the blossoming season of creativeness. Nature, the infallible, scatters her sunshine and roses prodigally.

Often I wonder and regret that we human beings do not follow nature's example and try to surround ourselves more with the beauty that stimulates us. We often cast aside beauty for beauty's sake and choose instead that which is durable or utilitarian. No one knew better than those of our grandparents' day all that made for use and service. But their somber colored homespun and dingy brown calicoes cast a tinge of gloom over their moods and the era of witches and fanaticism went hand in hand with homely furniture and scorn of colorful trifles.

Even today there linger with us remnants of this Puritanical tendency. We very severely condemn those who sacrifice what we call the necessities of life for the luxuries. Shoes must be purchased before the theater ticket—new hats are more to be desired than flowers or music. Yet "Man is not fed by bread alone."

The late Elbert Hubbard wrote: "If I had two loaves of bread, I would sell one and buy white hyacinths to feed my soul."

Through a friend I have heard of a woman in somewhat straitened circumstances who would spend part of her small earnings on remnants of bright, gaudy ribbon. Her friends scoffed at and condemned this extravagance, but at night, when she came home from work, worn and discouraged, she would hover over her collection of ribbons and let the warm-colored stream trickle through her fingers. It soothed her pas-

sionate rebellion against the hardness of her life and encouraged her to carry the burden a little while longer, hoping that her lot would grow less constrained.

Another woman, following the death of her husband, became morbid and gloomy. The laughter of her little ten-year-old daughter was rebuked, and in her heart of hearts she resented the existence of anything merry in all the world. Her home was kept darkened, hushed and somber—her moods were stormy or depressed. She ministered to her child's physical welfare, but starved her instincts for normal, glowing life.

"What a stupid, dreadful world," the mother would sigh, and as time passed on the child became so imbued with thoughts of this dreary, wicked world that she longed to fly skyward over the treetops to eternity.

Along the garden fence grew some toadstools which the child had been repeatedly told never to eat, as they were poisonous. One day, after listening to her mother's angry protests against life, she stole into the garden and ate them. While the frantic mother realized completely the devastation her morbidity had wrought, the child lingered between life and death. Hours of anguish and then the crisis had passed—she would live.

That child is now a woman grown, and she and her mother, because of their own dreadful experience, are firm exponents of keeping existence so filled with errant sunshine that there will be no place for ugly, misshapen shadows.

Answers to Correspondents.

S. L.—Alfred Hickman played the part of Richard in "A Woman's Past," and Clifford Bruce was Wilson Stanley. Pearl White is now with Pathe.

E. M.—Enid Markey is with Tri-angle Kay-Bee and Adelaide Lawrence is with Equitable. Lasky's studio is in Los Angeles.

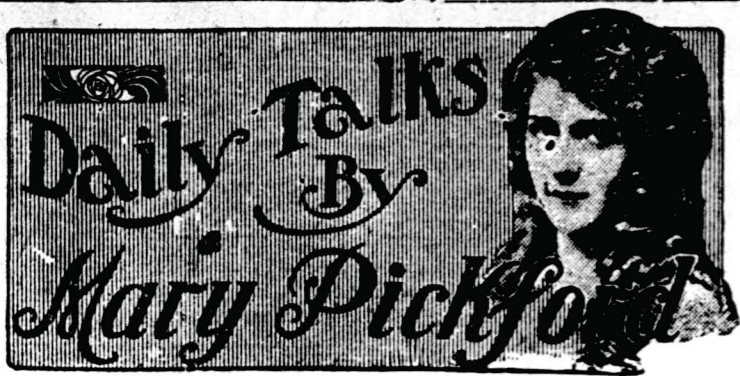
T. D.—Clara Kimball Young plays the part of Aurora in "The Feast of Life." Doris Kenyon is Celida. Robert Fraser played the part of the fisher lover and Paul Capellani plays the role of the blind husband.

D. L. K.—Blanche Sweet plays the leading role in "The Secret Orchard." Helen Gardner is with Universal.

J. F.—Alec Francis plays the role you liked in "The Ballet Girl." Teddy Sampson was Flavia in "Cross Currents."

W. H. S.—Charles Clary was Prince Umballah in "The Adventures of Kathlyn." No, indeed, he is an American, as white as you or I.

Mary Pickford



HEIGHO FOR THE SUMMER TIME!

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THE little boy who went fishing with me the other day said, "Gee—you're a pretty good sport for a sissy!" when I fell into the pond and scrambled out again, dripping wet, without a whimper. It was just a plain case of Mahomet and the mountain—the fish did not come to me, so I plunged in after the fish!

"Do you think so, Johnny?" I sputtered, when I got my breath. "Only a sissy would have lost her balance and fallen into the pond, I'm thinking."

"That's all right, Miss Mary," he apologized for me. "Yer not much on the fishin', but yer pretty good on climbin'." I never would have got as far up in the maple tree as you did. How many eggs was there you saw in the nest?"

"Four little ones," I replied, wringing out my hair and spreading it in the sun to dry. "They must have been robin's eggs, for they were blue."

"If you climbed up there now," Johnny suggested with a twinkle in his eye, "I think you could tell me how many eggs the ma bird had hatched."

"For shame, Johnny," I laughed. "You want to see me take another fall—I know you do."

And these are the games I am playing the long, sunlit days of my first real vacation in many years. Blossom picking, tramping the hills for wild flowers, climbing trees and sitting in the cool, green-leaved branches or wading barefooted into the pond with the children of the village.

Mother is sitting out under a blossoming tree, embroidering, and it makes her think of those days when we were little children, before we broke up our home to go on the stage. How happy mothers are in the reflected happiness of their children, especially at this time of the year when life is creative and even the buds cling to the mother branches like little, gay promises for the fulfillment of the blossoming life to come.

It will not be long before I am back in the machinery of daily work, with the voices of spring drowned in the pounding hammer beats of the city. In summer the studios are very uncomfortable, especially when the lights are turned on and we must work in the full glare of the calciums.

Sometimes, you know, we are doing pictures which call for winter

robes, and right in the heart of July we are in the studio, wrapped up in our furs. Of course, for the exteriors we must go into the land of eternal snows, far into the northwest.

I cannot think of snows now that I am here among the blossoms, and yet it was only a few weeks ago when a carpet of white lay over these very meadows.

California is the land of eternal springtime, and sometimes in the bleak months I cannot tell you how I long for the green fields and purple mountains, but in the East we have the advantage of the four seasons. After the trees and flowers have slept for many months, we welcome them with a joyous cry when they paint the stripped, bare branches again with velvety leaves and blossoms.

The summer drives us to the beaches and the nights are tropical. The fall, with its harlequined landscapes, fills the world with color. And when the winter brings its snows I look forward to the pleasures of sleighing and sledding. But springtime, my favorite season of the year, has never been so beautiful to me as this, my really, truly vacation.

Answers to Correspondents.

J. K. D.—I regret very much that I am unable to answer the very personal and somewhat impertinent questions you ask me.

Emma A.—Dear little girl, your very radical ideas will change and become more conservative as you grow older. And if you allow yourself to follow them now, you will regret it in after years.

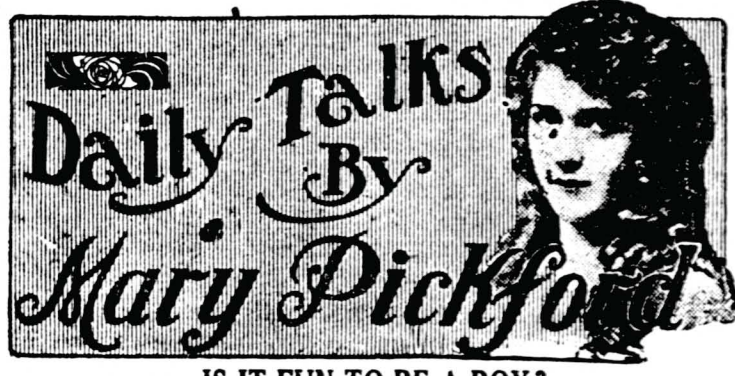
Helen D.—Viola Dana played the leading part in "Gladiola." No, we are not related.

Evelyn M.—I have never heard that the two moving picture actors you mention are married. I think you are mistaken.

G. B.—I was at the entertainment on the evening you mention, but do not recall the incident you refer to. However, it was probably I whom you saw.

F. E. K.—I have never heard that the "Firing Line" was produced in pictures, and think you refer to some other well-known book.

Mary Pickford



IS IT FUN TO BE A BOY?

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DURING the taking of "Poor Little Peppina" I was disguised as an Italian boy, wearing a short blonde wig to hide my curls.

Out for locations we wandered far into the Bowery in search of those interesting side streets which are crowded with the little street vendors' stands, hundreds of children and fascinating foreign types.

As I have often told you, it amounts almost to a science to get the camera up without its being discovered, for when the word "Movies!" rings down the street, it might just as well be "Fire!" such a startling onrush ensues.

This Saturday afternoon, so busy were the housewives buying from the pushcarts and so much busier were the children playing their wild games in the middle of the street, that for quite a few minutes they were unaware of pictures being taken right under their very noses.

I strutted around in my corduroy trousers and the camera ground out several hundred feet until the cry went up, "Movies and Mary Pickford!"

Before you could wink an eye, it seemed as if the whole beehive of the East Side had swarmed around me, elbowing, possessing, souveniring me, pulling, shouting and committing a thousand other indignities which were most uncomfortable, I can assure you.

"Let me get out of here," I shrieked in dismay, and, like the Pied Piper of Hamelin, I fled, followed by a scrambling mob of excited children. Never did I run so fast nor had I even dreamed that I could run so fast. Around the corner, around the alleyway, and plump, right into a store!

It was one of those little Italian spaghetti shops, where they sell raviola and tagliarini paste, where great strings of peppers and sausages hang from the ceiling, and on the dusty shelves are the arrays of canned goods—tuna, olive oil, conserva and dried mushrooms.

A great beetle-browed Italian eyed me with surprise as I burst unceremoniously through the door.

"Wot you want, keed?" he asked me, as he waddled behind the counter and looked me over with a very suspicious eye.

"I want to hide here," I replied, ducking around the corner.

"You tief?" he asked me, warily.

"No—I'm moving pictures," I replied, as he waddled from behind the counter to see if the curious ones were storming outside.

"Mova da pitch—bah!" and he snapped his fingers. "Breaka da head my Tony if he mova da pitch—you clear outa deez store, you bada keed, you actor keed!"

"You keep still," I threatened him, stamping my foot. "I'm here and I'm going to stay here."

"Fresha da keed," he shouted back

at me, "My Tony, heez breaka your face."

"Hush, father," a soft-voiced girl who had just entered warned him, and then there followed a musical reprimand in Italian which ended in the name of "Mary Pickford." I watched him with a new hope in my eyes, but do you think that calmed him? Not a chance of it!

"Peekford—bah! Heez a bada keed—I doant want no actor in deez store."

"What's the row, eh?" and the door was kicked open by a big, burly policeman.

"Heem," and the Italian pounced upon me, dragging me from behind the counter.

"Stealing, eh?"

I tried to explain that we were making moving pictures, and that when the onrush of the public had struck us the camera man, the director and I had fled in different directions to escape it. Twice we had had our camera almost demolished in the curious melee.

"How do I know you are a moving picture actor?" and the policeman looked at me with gimlet eyes. "Nobody pulls that kind of stuff on me—d'you get me? Come along, kid, or I'll make it pretty hot for you."

And so I was dragged off by the policeman, amid the mad cheering of the youngsters—and I probably would have enjoyed the sensation of riding in a patrol wagon to the station if the rest of the company had not arrived at this, "the psychological moment," as the scenario writer calls it!

Answers to Correspondents.

Mamie G.—Pauline Frederick is with Famous Players. Marguerite Clark is with the same company. My sister Lottie is not appearing in pictures at present. My brother Jack is with the Selig Company.

Goldie J.—Edna Goodrich played the lead in "Armstrong's Wife." You are wrong—it was a Lasky production.

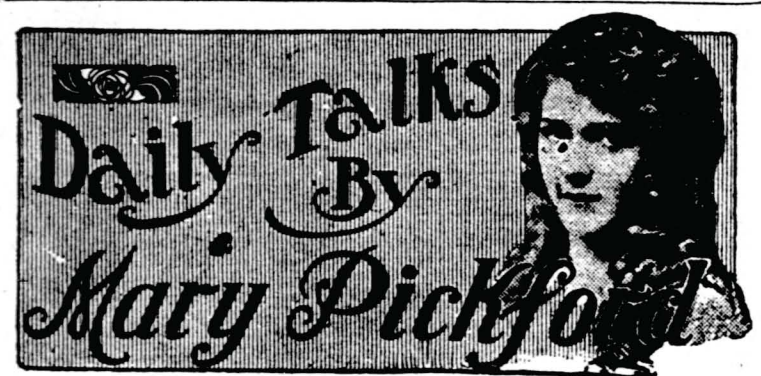
R. A.—George Marlo is Philip Wakem, in "Mill on the Floss." Viola Dana is with Metro. Sidney Drew and Sidney Rankin Drew are two different people, father and son.

P. O. E.—Don Jose in the Fox production of "Carmen" was played by Einer Linden. Wallace Reid played the same role in the other production of "Carmen."

L. B.—Lionel Barrymore played the leading role in "Scars of the Mighty." Henry Walthall played the Little Colonel in "Birth of a Nation."

K. E. F.—Lucy Blake played the role of Inez Castro in "Neal of the Navy." The role of Thomas Illington was played by William Conklin.

Mary Pickford



I SPRING HOUSECLEAN.

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ONE of my correspondents closed her letter with a happy remark, "This is my busy season—these are the spring housecleaning days when I am putting away the ghosts of winter and making everything ready for the merry arrival of summer."

I laid down the letter and looked around my room.

"This is my vacation time," I said to mother, "and I must sip all the pleasures of a home while I can, for, as you know, when my workdays begin again it will be scamper to the studio at 8:30 in the morning and drag wearily home again at dusk."

"You should rest," mother admonished me.

"Rest," I echoed, "How can I? The broom, the dust pan and the sweeper have crowded everything else out of my mind and nothing can swerve me." Mother laughed at me.

"I'm going to do something I've wanted to do all my life," I cried, joyously waving the letter in my hand. "I'm going to spring houseclean, too."

Mother laughed again, more heartily—then we both donned aprons and dustcaps.

"Where shall we begin?" she asked me with a twinkle in her eye, but before I could answer I was pulling up rugs, moving furniture and eying the pictures with an idea of discovering the best method to employ in getting them down without tumbling myself, like Humpty Dumpty.

An hour went giddily by until one would have thought the room had been transformed into a dusty cross-roads. Never had that sweeper been worked so vigorously, and as for the feather duster—there was not a gaudy feather in it that was not exercised to the utmost.

"You are a whirlwind," mother laughed, "but you'll tire yourself out before we're half way through." "No, I won't," I panted back trying my utmost to make dust fly. "I've never had such a good time in my life."

Another hour sped on its way and then a great pail of soapy water adorned the center of the room. Down on my knees I went, and how I iambasted that floor! Into the corners, around the baseboard, under the radiator and into the closets!

"What are you trying to make of this room?" my mother asked as she gazed at the floor with horror. "Is this a swimming pool or a bathhouse? You'll ruin these inlaid floors—don't you know they shouldn't be scrubbed—but oiled?"

I gasped with disappointment, and then there came a vigorous drying of the floors, followed by a polishing which I wouldn't allow any one to do but myself.

The bureau drawers were taken

out, clean papers laid in them and everything put in military order. The curtains, which had just been returned from the laundry, were put up spick and span. The rugs, which my worthy assistants had well beaten, looked as gay as a field of spring wild flowers. The pictures were cleaned and put back in their places. The furniture was polished and lo and behold! as I plumped into a chair exhausted I declared there never had been a Dutch housewife who had labored more industriously than I.

"The only regret I have," I confided to mother, "is that the room was not quite so dirty as I would have liked it."

And here, oh unhappy awakening, our housekeeper returned from her shopping and looked at us with sheer amazement.

"Faith, phwat is it ye've been doing?"

"Spring housecleaning," I replied triumphantly.

"My poor shnoodikins! It was only yesterday while ye were out in the country these very rooms were cleaned from top to bottom!"

Next spring, for the sheer joy of having a real dirty house to clean, I think I will shut it up for a couple of weeks before the eventful day when I take the broom, sweeper and duster in hand again!

Answers to Correspondents.

Mary G.—I am afraid I cannot give you a personal letter of introduction to the director you mention, but I would advise you perseveringly to try to see him, anyhow. If your face possesses photographic value and he sees in you the ability to succeed in the movies, he will give you an opportunity.

Gertrude D.—Valentine Grant played opposite Walker Whiteside in "The Melting Pot." She is with the Famous Players Company.

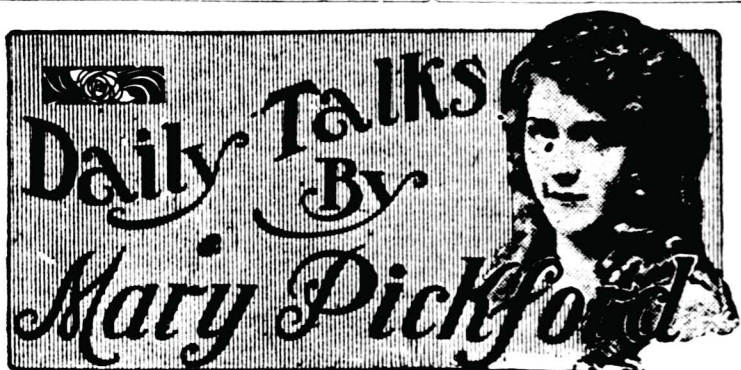
R. S.—Yes, your informer told you correctly. I am glad my pictures please you, and encouraging letters like yours are always very welcome.

Hettie M.—Viola Dana is with the Metro Company. Yes, she played on the dramatic stage in "The Poor Little Rich Girl."

Evelyn G.—Ethel Clayton is with World-Equitable. Ruth Stonehouse is with Universal. Robert Warwick is with World-Peerless.

J. K. L.—Alice Brady plays the leading part in "Then I'll Come Back to You." You probably have seen her on the stage, as even now, in spite of her continual work for the movies, she is appearing in a New York production.

Mary Pickford



BEHIND THE SCENES WITH—

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GERALDINE FARRAR! Oh, but she quite takes your breath away—she is so beautiful.

"How do you imagine I will find her?" was asked a group of four.

"High minded like the goats of Kerry," replied one.

"Blase," said a second.

"Being such a favorite with the whole world, she must surely be a little vain," ventured a third.

"Disappointing," decided the fourth, "as most of our ideals are when we get within close range."

But you can take a little sponge and wipe all these venturesome criticisms away, for Geraldine Farrar is a real flesh-and-blood woman, so much more beautiful and so much more magnetic when the curtain calls than under the glare of the spotlight.

Those who have never met actors or actresses at life's crossroads do not realize the glamor is often paint, the merry laugh a mask for tears and the bold, mad song and dance the routinized work, outlined for them as mathematically as the housewife plans her three meals a day.

When Geraldine Farrar emerged from the cocoon of her dressing room, she was still the gorgeous butterfly, but she winged her way to a beautiful home with her husband, Lou Tellegen, the famous French actor.

"I give to my art so much of that which is best within me, I am too tired for play," was her answer to a group of friends who urged her to accompany them to a cafe.

This winter we heard her wondrous song in many operas—again she thrilled us with the fiery passions of Carmen and broke our hearts with the love call of Madame Butterfly.

"Those silvery tones seem to murmur a mute benediction over my soul," a voice whispered ecstatically behind me on the stage. I wheeled around, blinking my eyes to see him through my tears. It was David Warfield.

"Study the audience," he whispered. "It is living in tempo with the music and the song."

You cannot imagine how interesting it is to stand on the stage, peering through a tear in the walls of scenery and study an audience, especially at a crucial moment in the opera drama. Concentrated upon Geraldine Farrar were the thousands of eyes like tiny magnetic rays burning their way to the heart of her song.

Mute lips were forming notes, bodies were swaying, hands unconsciously went toward hearts, for, after all, we are all born actors and actresses save that some lack the power and confidence of expression.

Isn't it wonderful to think that the voice and personality of Geraldine Farrar will live forever? Long after the little span of years has run its course for all of us, and we step aside to make way for our children's children, behold! no one can steal from the victrola her song or destroy her image now she has ventured into the realm of the silent drama.

Critics and public have all declared Miss Farrar to be deserving of the highest praise; no one on the screen has ever given such a superb characterization as her Carmen. "I went into the moving picture theater to see a mute singer," remarked the cynic, "but I remained to watch a great actress—a live thing in a puppet show."

Answers to Correspondents.

Lulu F. A.—Have the stories and moving-picture synopsis typewritten. In the case of the former, submit them to the editor of a magazine which uses such stories; send the synopsis to the scenario editor of the reputable moving-picture companies. Always enclose stamps to cover the return of manuscripts. If they are not acceptable, they will be returned, often with specific criticisms. Study them, try to see where the flaw is and change them so they will be acceptable. Often where a writer's ability is small to begin with, careful study of his work and constant application and practice will develop a good writer.

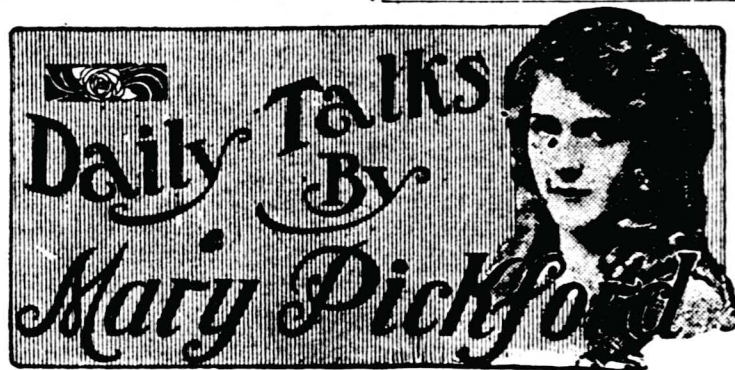
M. W. H.—Probably the trouble with your skin comes from your blood. Why do you not go to your doctor and get his advice? Cold cream is always very cleansing, and you certainly need it if you are out of doors a great deal. If the young man loves you, it will not be necessary for you to try to win him—just wait.

M. E. C.—Thank you for your very nice letter. Carlyle Blackwell played opposite in "Such a Little Queen." The volcano in "Hearts Adrift" was merely a studio set.

Mrs. L. E. S.—Take the little girl to any of the reputable photoplay companies, have her registered and leave her photograph. When they are in need of her type, they will send for her, but keep in close and constant touch with the studios.

Vero.—I regret that I cannot personally read scenarios sent to me, but if you have a well-written synopsis of your play typewritten and send it to the scenario editor of any reputable photoplay company it will receive prompt and careful attention.

Mary Pickford



GRANDMOTHER VISITS THE STUDIO.

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TODAY I am wondering if my readers would enjoy taking a little sunny afternoon vacation trip to a studio on Long Island. The idea was suggested to me after showing the inner workings of motion-picture activities to two dear little old grandmothers from California.

We who work daily in these studios forget it might be of interest to others, especially those who live miles away from the studio towns.

The old ladies were trembling with excitement when I met them, and it was a beautiful ride through the country to the studio. We arrived there just in time to join several automobiles filled with the painted actors and actresses, and followed in their wake to the selected location.

After a twenty-minute ride, we stopped at one of the narrow streets in the tenement district. As soon as the curious-eyed children saw the camera, the cry "Movies!" echoed through the neighborhood and the result was that in five minutes the traffic had stopped. Men, women and children mobbed around us, and out of every window poked the animated heads of those who hurled forth their opinions in noisy, jibbering language.

In their excitement, they leaned so far out that one of the old ladies became very much alarmed.

"Six stories is a long way to fall," she confided in my ear.

In spite of the fact that I have been in pictures so many years, when I am with those who are thrilled for the first time at our painted antics I assimilate their mood and become just as interested as they. Even as the old ladies held their breath, so did I when the villain crouched beside the tenement door, waiting to spring upon the heroine, who came stealthily out of the other.

The act was so realistic that one of my guests uttered a little squeal when the poor little yellow-curl victim was so roughly handled, but the cry melted into a sigh of satisfaction when the hero, dressed as a typical Western cowboy, came to the rescue.

"If there isn't one of our boys," came simultaneously from the lips of these Western ladies whose voices quivered with a quite possessive degree of pride.

Several little intimate scenes were taken at this location, and then the

story called for a change of costume.

"For land's sake!" exclaimed one of my guests, "where will they find a dressingroom in such a neighborhood as this?"

I laughed at this and pointed over to the machine.

"Look! See the storm curtains going up? There is the emergency dressing room!"

They were both shocked and amused by the inquisitive mobs who would have given much to peek behind those curtains!

Several street scenes were taken here and a few had to be repeated on account of a gust of wind blowing across the camera, which, the camera man explained to them, would spoil the clearness of the films.

Enough of exterior scenes, so we returned to the studio, where a great treat was in store for us, as the leading role was taken by America's greatest comedian, Nat Goodwin. Grandmother Kate told me she had seen him from the beginning of his career, and to her it was a thrilling experience to stand back of the camera and watch the scene that was to be perpetuated in the movies.

He was playing the role of a severe parent, and there he stood in a cowboy outfit, holding in his arms the bit of humanity who always reconciles. His lines were just as tender and his acting just as powerful as when he thrilled his audiences across the footlights with his wit and pathos.

After rehearsing several times, the directors asked the few onlookers to be quiet, and, at the signal lights, my interested friends could not suppress a bit of surprise at the ghastly, unnatural, greenish-gray color which it gave the actors and actresses.

Several days later we were invited by the same director to visit the studio and see the finished picture projected in the dark room. It was so much fun to hear the exclamations of my guests.

"To think we have seen Nat Goodwin in the movies and can say we were there when some of the scenes were taken! What an interesting story this will be to tell the home folks!"

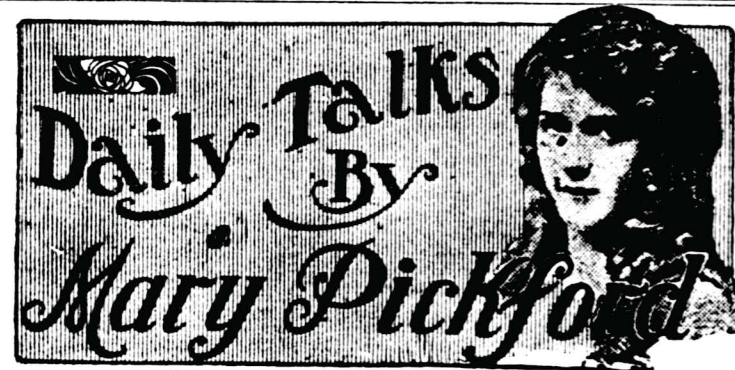
"Yes, a story that doesn't have to be exaggerated to make good telling," concluded Grandmother Minn.

Answers to Correspondents.

Jane H.—Mme. Petrova is not playing at present, but is in Bermuda on a vacation. She was with Metro Company.

T. B.—Do not send your synopses or scenarios out until you have had them typewritten. This is probably the reason that your scripts were returned to you. Editors will not read scripts that are not typewritten.

Mary Pickford



WORK WITH THE HANDS.

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I JUST closed a big, time-worn book which had lain on the shelf these many years, and for three hours I have been sitting crosslegged in the comfy Morris chair reading interesting paragraphs. Condensed and unraveled, here it is:

Several generations ago, there was a period of reaction from the extravagances of the Cavalier age when our forefathers became so interested in the welfare and destination of their souls they cared very little as to what became of their bodies. During that era, in spite of the large families and a high average of births, there was a great percentage of deaths. They threw their own lives and the lives of others away through their misjudged efforts to mortify the flesh.

Pages of explanatory history followed, and then I pondered long upon the changes these todays have made. Now we pay less morbid but more divine attention to our souls and concentrate more upon living wisely, sanely and spiritually. As an eminent college dean once preached to us, "Make your soul worth saving and it will be saved."

Don't you think that as a general rule any extreme tendency to dwell too strongly upon abstractions steals from physical health and vigor? This embodies, so my big, dusty book tells me, the same principle as that followed by a certain intellectual Parisian clique who became known as "The Decadents."

Scientists propound the theory that while a small percentage inclines toward abstractions, the bulk of the people can deal more aptly with the concrete. Those who are well balanced between these extremes are rare.

There is a clash between these natural tendencies and the economic conditions in which many of us find ourselves through some strange turn of Fortuna's wheel.

As I write, I am thinking of an old friend of my mother, a gray-haired, middle-aged woman. She had been raised on a farm and was the oldest of a large family, to whom she played the tender role of a second mother.

There was much heavy work to be done in their farmhouse—fruits and vegetables to be picked, canned and marketed; cows to be milked and hungry harvesters to be fed in the busy season. But she had been trained to do her share of the chores and went about it cheerfully.

Before she had passed thirty she had married a young farmer dependent upon the living he could eke from the small farm he had inherited from his father. She had made him a worthy helpmate, shrewdly marketing the eggs and golden pats of butter she had labored to churn.

Then, in a twinkling, this busy life was ended. Oil was struck on their farm. The ambitious husband, stirred to greater activity by this unexpected fortune, moved to a city and became involved in politics. Not to be outdone by her husband, she studied hard and sought to develop mentally until she was worthy of a position in the small but amused social world of their new home.

A few years ago the husband died,

and as they had no children the woman was left alone in her great, luxurious, but empty home, dissatisfied with the futile possessions which, she confided, were always stifling her. The color fled from her cheeks, her eyes grew dulled, she was listless and unhappy, and though her wealth commanded every attention, for many months she was a confirmed invalid.

She tried every recommended remedy which promised better health, she went abroad to visit famous springs, but returned dejected and disheartened.

One day she met the old country doctor who had cared for her little family of brothers and sisters. "What am I dying of?" she asked him in despair.

"Nothing to do," he replied laconically.

"I don't understand you—what would you advise?"

"Go back to the country," he told her, "keep busy—do anything—use your hands."

Listening, she believed. So back to the country she went, and made raising chickens her hobby. If it hadn't been for the old doctor she might have bought a well-stocked poultry farm, but his advice urged her on.

"Do all the work yourself," he had advised, and she obeyed. She gathered the eggs, tended the incubators, fed and worked over the wee downy, cuddly chickens, one batch after another, until they passed the scrawny age and became mature and fairly self-reliant chicks. Days danced into weeks, weeks into months, and behold! she was cured.

The last time mother and I visited her, she was building a chicken coop herself, carefully fitting the wire and pounding it into place.

"Work with the hands," she advised us—"that is our salvation from imaginary mental disturbances."

Answers to Correspondents.

Evelyn G.—Charlie Chaplin is not playing in the stage version of "Carmen," but in a burlesque on same.

G. P. F.—Have your synopses carefully typewritten before you submit them to the scenario editors of the reputable companies. Always enclose stamps to cover their return to you.

Herbert H.—I do not know when "The Dumb Girl of Portici" will appear in your town. You might write direct to the Universal Company and they will send you the information.

T. R. E.—Kathlyn Williams is now with the Selig Company. Henry Walthall is with Vitagraph.

Gertie G. H.—I never heard of the actress you mention. Perhaps she has taken another name in moving pictures.

Henrietta F.—Louise Lovely is with Blue Bird Company. Jean Sothern is with International Film Service, now playing in the serial, "Mysteries of Myra."

Mary Pickford

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

LAZY GIRL.

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BRUSH those cobwebs off your brain, Lazy Girl, and take a lesson from Mr. Ant, who is preparing for the cold-shouldered winter that will snow him under and force him to turn to his storehouses. If you haven't any storehouses, you will have to work twice as hard, facing all the storms of dark days unprepared. Isn't that true, little readers?

The girl who always seeks the most comfortable chair in the room, plumps herself down, folds her hands limply into her lap and says with an emotional pitch to her voice, "Oh, dear, how can I become a great success?" has as much chance of reaching what we call the shining-light goal, as the turtle who ran the fatal race with the hare.

Our mothers' cake, the most delicious in the world, was prepared by patient, willing hands. Do you think for one moment that if our mothers had dragged a rocking chair into the kitchen and brought with them the most popular novel of the season, hoping to peruse a paragraph while the cake browned or the filling simmered on the stove, the cake served at the dinner table would have been so flawless? Indeed not, little Lazy Girls, you who expect success to be materially showered upon you while you enjoy the transient pleasures of the springtime years bring to you.

"What does your success mean to you?" asks the curious public.

"Yesterday's years of hard work, today's hours of ambitious grind and tomorrow's of unceasing labor," I reply.

The Lazy Girl says, with a shrug of her shoulder, "Oh, but life is so short, and, after all, what's the use of starving your heart and soul to feed your ambitions?"

I tweak her ear. Lazy Girl, what pounds the pulses or beats the heart any faster than the knowledge that you are struggling and are making good? Besides, the more sluggish you are, the more weight you will take on, and, then, what a dieting remorse it will be!"

But don't you think for one line that I belong to the bee-hive order of busy humanity and am never a drone, because I must confess that there are hours and days and even weeks when I would like to hibernate in some nice, comfortable spot and shut my eyes for a long, cozy sleep.

Oh, these mornings, wondrous and perfumed with spring and early summer! How I do hate to be whirled to the studio and, let me confess, when the noisy alarm

clock warns me that it is up-and-about time, I am the 'yawniest' individual in the world. Dear me! but I do hate to crawl out of my comfortable bed!

Sometimes (even as you and I) I reach out my hand, turn off the alarm and nestle back in the pillows, comforting myself that I have successfully beaten old Father Time at his own game.

An hour later, when mother re-awakens me and I am in despair for fear of being late, I half apologize to the sentinel alarm clock and reprimand myself, arguing it is the ambitious interest we concentrate on our work that spells success for us.

But don't you think it is harder to concentrate at this time of the year than when the cold, brisk days stimulate us, while the storm clouds make the indoors a protective haven?

Tut, as I have said before, people confess themselves when they are advising others, and, if you will notice, this article started out warning Lazy Girls to go briskly to work and ended with a real Mary Pickford confession!

Answers to Correspondents.

E. D.—I regret that I have not the address of the actress about whom you inquire. Write and ask one of the moving picture magazines.

Annie B.—The first actress you mention is not Italian, and the other is not married.

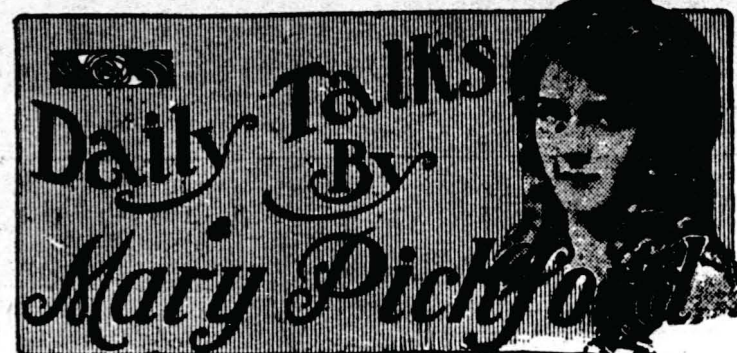
Ethel M.—No one should believe anything merely because it is generally accepted. He should weigh everything and form his own conclusions. You must have more confidence in yourself and go after the work you desire—it will not come to you unsought. About coloring films, your husband should communicate with the reputable photoplay companies.

M. L. H.—Mary Fuller is with Universal. Anna Nilson is with Pathe.

Helene J.—I, too, like your friend, have never eaten pork. Thank you for your very kind letter.

T. P. L.—I do not think Evelyn Nesbit Thaw is playing in pictures now, although her pictures made quite a success two years ago.

Mary Pickford.



JUNE BRIDES.

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SEVERAL of my letters lately have confided the tenderest of secrets to me. They were letters which breathed the perfume of a dainty trousseau and the secret was—the happy announcement of a forthcoming wedding. I closed my eyes to see the little brides, filmy white in lace and satin, smile at me as I read between the jaunty lines the heart throbs of joy and promise.

"Now that I have met Jack," one girl's letter begins, "I am trying so hard to learn to cook and keep a neat, attractive little home. But how I do wish I had not been so broom and dustpan lazy in the past! I would be more worthy of him, for I am sure he is the best and the noblest man a girl was ever lucky in winning—and, I assure you, Miss Pickford, he deserves the right kind of a wife."

I know that one entering upon marriage in such an honest, aspiring frame of mind as this little correspondent will develop into the type of housewife who is becoming traditional with us. But so many girls marry without any such realization of the responsibilities of married life.

"If you really, truly love your husband and he loves you," I often hear them say, "everything else will be all right."

Of course that is true to a great extent, but it isn't wise to put too much of a strain upon love.

I have often heard it said by women who are sages wise that the wife who is a careless, disinterested cook is quite a bit to blame if her husband turns from his home to the bar around the corner. Lacking proper nourishment, he seeks stimulants instead, and many homes have been ruined because the wife was not well posted as to her duties.

Another thing which drives men away from home is an untidy house or a slatternly wife. The husband who has married a girl because she is dainty and sweet tempered feels he has been wantonly cheated when she stores away that daintiness in a camphor chest, takes to spotty kimonos and becomes a termagant.

A successful marriage is a matter of give and take, the wife's loving sacrifices to the husband, the husband's devoted sacrifices to the wife. One must not thrive at the expense of others, and the girl who marries, determined to have her own way in everything, is preparing great unhappiness for her future.

It has only been lately that we realized that woman's work in the home, when properly performed, is an economic factor of as great value as the husband's work as wage earner. Soon this knowledge will spread universally, and when it does come to be more generally compre-

hended women will consider seriously this matter of preparing for their life's work.

The duties of the home should be systematized just as the work in an office, and women should realize that cheap, poorly performed labor is the dearest and hardest in the run of futile years.

Of course I, who have lived among professional beavers all my life, don't hold that every woman's only place is in the home—that is impossible for the woman with a career or fired by the divine accident of genius. But many of these same professional women find time for homemaking and the raising of beautiful families.

It is so difficult to follow a demanding public career and raise your family that we are firm in believing women should be freed from performing arduous tasks while they are performing that divine service to their race. But there should be no obstacles in the way of the woman who studies for her future, planning the career she is best fitted for. If she is destined a business woman and not a housekeeper, as long as she is not a drag to her husband, but a helpmate, working for their common interests, her career should be respected.

And no happiness is so potent as that happiness for which we pay the greatest price, laurels we have earned and deserve.

Answers to Correspondents.

H. T. F.—Mary Miles Minter is now with Mutual. Probably your letter care of Metro will be forwarded to her.

B. A. R.—Audrey Munson played the leading role in "Inspiration." I do not believe she has appeared in other pictures.

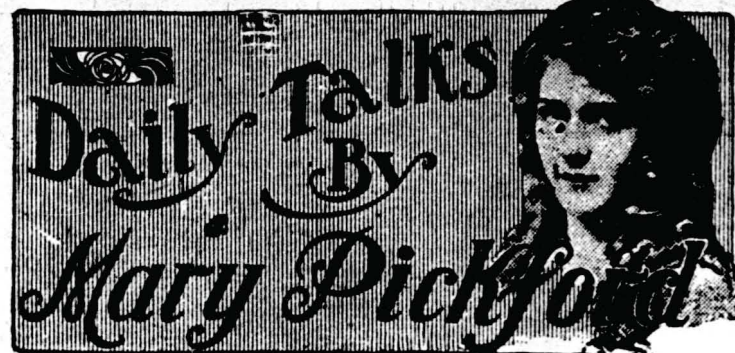
M. A. L.—Marguerite Clark is still with the Famous Players. No, we never appeared in a picture together.

Olga T.—Have your synopsis carefully typewritten and send them to the scenario department of any reputable moving picture company. Always enclose stamps to cover their return. Do not set a time limit—some companies keep scripts for consideration longer than others.

Berthe M.—Edna Goodrich played the leading part in "Armstrong's Wife." She is now with Morosco Photoplay Company.

Georgine W.—No, I would not advise you to dye your hair. It makes a girl look very much older and is no more attractive than blond hair.

Mary Pickford.



THE PREPAREDNESS PARADE.

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WITHOUT question, the greatest civilian parade the world has witnessed recently bore testimony in New York to the demand of the American people for preparedness. Over one hundred and twenty-five thousand marchers, four thousand of whom were women, swept up Fifth avenue, twenty abreast, the first of the long column making a start at half past nine in the morning—the last of the brilliant spectacle passing the reviewing stand just twelve hours later.

It was one of the most thrilling and dignified sights I have ever witnessed. Fifth avenue was like the great, restless ocean—a turbulent sea of waving American flags. Almost every bystander and onlooker wore the national colors in his buttonhole or on her dress, and my heart was stirred with new love for the emblem of my country.

Most strongly was I impressed by two facts about the great parade. First, was the unity of thought dominating this awakened world of people. The individual, his petty aims and selfish ambitions, were lost for the moment in a realization of the interest of the whole, and yet undoubtedly the whole depended absolutely upon individual thought, sentiment, and devotion.

Second, I was impressed by the diversity of the marchers. Not only was every profession, trade, and station of life represented, from supreme court justices, judges, bankers, lawyers, doctors, authors, to street cleaners, bootblacks and those humbler walks of life, but descendants of radically antagonistic races marched side by side, united in the common thought. Every one of the warring European nations was represented—Germany, France, England, Russia, and Italy—even to the remote Oriental countries. All were equally sincere—all marched with heads erect and shoulders thrown back, swept on by a mutual love of this, their country—the na-

tive as well as the foreign born—charging ahead as though to meet the invisible enemy who menaced their homes and hearthstones.

And just as sincere were the throngs who witnessed the parade—those who were not allowed to march because the ranks were already overfilled, those who had been unable to march for any reason, but were one in thought with the marchers and were no less anxious for their country and willing to spring to its defense.

No one who beheld the inspiring stream of people could doubt that the spirit of seventy-six still possesses the country. Without preparation, without rehearsal, almost at a minute's notice, all had dropped their daily duties and taken their place in line, to defy and warn any one who doubted that all were alert to the nation's welfare. And just as quickly would they spring to answer the call to arms should it come.

Of course, the mission of the demonstration has been fulfilled—it will caution those who question the spirit of the United States.

We women who watched from the grandstand told each other that our pride in our countrymen was of the tenderest and strongest, and we listened with fast beating hearts when the men told that the New York demonstration is indicative of the temper of the whole nation—that if the entire country had been called upon to parade for preparedness as great or a greater percentage would have answered the summons.

Thomas A. Edison, one of the marching patriots, feeling that he was too weary to last along the entire route, determined to drop out after passing the reviewing stand. Instead, however, he marched to the common destination where the parade disbanded, and explained that he did so because the enthusiasm of the people had so gripped and inspired him that he forgot his own disability and was carried on by the common sentiment.

There is but one regret about the great preparedness parade, and that is that the whole American people could not have been there to witness it.

Answers to Correspondents.

N. DeK.—Send your scenario, typewritten, to the scenario department of any reputable company. If you think you have talent, register at the studios, leaving your photograph and description, and when they are in need of your type they will send for you.

M. M. N.—The magazine informed you rightly. Dickens, Robert Louis Stevenson, and Emerson.

A Friend—Thank you for your very pleasant letter. Consult a hair specialist—some tonics are beneficial while others are not. I think waiting a year before taking up high school work would make it all the harder when you did so to take up your interrupted studies. If you have two years to spend on the first year's work and your health is uncertain, why not take that grade more slowly and easily?

Alexander A.—I have never heard of the company which has your manuscript, but ten weeks is not a long time for them to keep it, I think. Many of the editors to whom they send it will keep it three or four weeks. Why not wait a little longer? Very few people succeed at once. When you get your manuscript back, why not send it out yourself and get the editors' opinions direct?

C. E. S.—Why not write direct to Creighton Hale regarding the question you ask me? He is with the Pathe Company.

Mrs. R. C. Marshall.—Florence Lawrence is now with Universal. Arthur Johnson died last February. "Rags" was taken in California.

Mary Pickford.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET.

David Belasco—Part I.

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MR. BELASCO'S great, dark eyes seemed like searchlights to me the first time I met him, and I knew that no matter how colorful the story one had to tell, Mr. Belasco's eyes would ferret out every shade of the truth.

As I have written of my long, weary endeavor from the spring until fall to see Mr. Belasco, I shall pick up the threads where they were broken off and write a few little personal memoirs of this great man.

In the first place I can never forget my impression of his beautiful office, which seemed more like the hushed corridor of a church. There were many books around and rare curios; strange, somber lights seemed to come from everywhere and yet from nowhere, and because of the high ceiling and mission furniture, it was more like a sanctuary than an office. I peered around, drinking in the wonder of this strange room, until Mr. Belasco entered. Then his presence overshadowed everything else.

I had heard about this wonderful genius all my life and now that I was before him, I stuttered and faltered from sheer nervous fright.

"What brought you to me?" Mr. Belasco asked me, with an amused twinkle in his eye.

"I came, Mr. Belasco, because I consider you the greatest manager, and I had made up my mind that I would start from the very top of the ladder and go down," I replied.

"Well, suppose I am not in a position to give you an engagement—what will you do then?"

I looked at him undaunted. "In that case," and I sighed audibly, "I shall have to be a dressmaker. Rather than be a poor actress all my life, I would prefer to be an excellent seamstress."

He laughed at me and by this time I was beginning to feel very uneasy. But as I have already written, he gave me a contract to play the part of Betty in "The Warrens of Virginia."

Mr. Belasco did not attend the earlier rehearsals, where the company sat around a large table and read their parts to the stage manager until they were familiar with the lines, but the very first day he did steal in to listen to us. I did not feel my voice was coming from my throat at all—I could hear it high and squeaky, like the strange tones of a ventriloquist thrown far across the room.

As I was to play the part of a little southern girl, Mr. Belasco sent me many books of southern dialect which I studied diligently. The mother of William De Mille, who had written the play, herself a southerner, flattered me one day during dress rehearsal by asking me

what part of the south I came from. Mr. Belasco overheard the compliment and it was he who told her how long I had battled to overcome my Irish-Canadian accent.

"Oh, but I learned it from Mr. Keenan," I interrupted them. "You did, did you?" came the rumbling voice of Mr. Keenan. "When did you steal my accent, which I had to go all the way to the south to acquire?"

"By repeating everything you said during rehearsals to myself," I replied, not knowing whether to be proud or ashamed of my mimicry.

"Well, that's what I call stealing some one else's thunder." And Mr. Keenan pretended to be very cross with me, while Mrs. De Mille and Mr. Belasco laughed very heartily.

Often I would go during the final rehearsals to Mr. Belasco, whose art was the epitome of simplicity and ask him if I was satisfactory in my part.

"I would tell you if you were not, Betty," he replied. "You know how little girls feel more than I do, because you are a little girl yourself. You just put your whole heart into it and imagine that you are just a little girl living in the south during the war, hungry and frightened and waiting for the news of her father and big brothers on the battle field."

Somehow or other his just telling me that made me feel as if the whole thing were real, and after that when I went out on the stage I lived the part so sincerely I forgot even the watchful eyes of the audience.

Answers to Correspondents.

E. M.—Typewrite your scenarios on one side of the paper only. Send them to the scenario editor of any reputable picture company. Enclose stamps for their return if they are not accepted.

Beulah F.—I cannot send you a sample scenario, but if you apply to some of the photoplay magazines, they may be able to send you back issues containing such sample scenarios.

F. L.—I am sorry, but I have so little time when I am not working in pictures that it would be impossible for me to read your photoplays. Send them to the picture companies, and they will send you their opinions and criticisms.

H. T.—I think you had better see a doctor about the eruption on your skin. If it is anything serious, he will be able to check it.

Mary Pickford.



PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET.

DAVID BELASCO—PART II.

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AS I was telling yesterday, Mr. Belasco's great simplicity made it possible for any one to offer suggestions. One afternoon during the rehearsal of "The Warrens of Virginia" Dick Storey and I, during our scene where we were supposed to sit quietly for a long time, found we grew very uneasy and self-conscious with nothing to do.

I called to Mr. Belasco, who sat out in front of the stage, explaining the situation to him. He sat in a deep study for two or three minutes and then asked: "What do you want to play with—blocks?"

"I guess I'm too big for blocks," I replied. "Couldn't I have a doll?"

"What kind of a doll, Betty? As you are a little Southern girl during wartime, you must think of the playthings she would be most apt to have."

"I remember my mother talking about a doll she played with when she was a little girl. It had a flat china face, with painted black hair."

Mr. Belasco smiled reflectively.

"My mother had one, too," he replied. Then turning to Dick Storey, "What do you want, Dick?"

"A horse and a hoop," came Dick's prompt reply.

And so it was that Mr. Belasco had these toys made for us and they traveled with us across the country when "The Warrens of Virginia" left New York on tour. One of the dearest possessions I have today is that homely but beloved china doll with the painted black hair.

After leaving Mr. Belasco, I went into pictures and did not see him until I had written the original story I appeared in, "Nina and the Gipse." Mr. Griffith thought it one of the best things I had done in pictures, and as it was to be released at the Herald Square theater in New York, I telephoned Mr. Dean, Mr. Belasco's manager, and asked him if he remembered Mary Pickford, whom they always called "Betty," because of the role I played in "The Warrens of Virginia."

"Why, Mary Pickford!" he cried over the telephone. "You are just the one we have been looking for. Mr. Belasco asked us several days ago to find you, as he has a new part he thinks you would like."

He then asked me to hurry down to the office, which I did with all eagerness.

"Well, well, here's little Betty grown up," was the first thing Mr. Belasco said to me. "Take off your hat and let me see your curls."

As I was drawing my hat off, I turned around to become aware for the first time there was a stranger in the room.

"Mr. Armstrong, this is the little actress I thought would do for the blind girl in your play, 'The Good Little Devil.' What do you think about her?"

I did not dare look up for a minute for fear I would meet disapproving eyes, but the Fates, the author,

and Mr. Belasco dealt kindly with me, and a few weeks later I went into rehearsals preparing to open in New York.

Mr. Belasco wanted to see me in some of my pictures, so Mr. Griffith arranged it and Mr. Belasco came down. I think it was the proudest moment of my life when I took this great genius into the Biograph studio.

Mr. Belasco was persuaded to pose in a picture and we took several hundred feet of film. It was a comedy satire on the signing of my contract. Mr. Griffith had the camera swung on Mr. Belasco and himself for a few amusing scenes where Mr. Griffith pretended to be the poor, trembling author and presented Mr. Belasco with one of his plays. As soon as he departed, Mr. Belasco looked at the script, read a few pages of it, almost collapsed, and pitched it headlong into the waste basket.

Then I came on as a nervous ingenu and played the scene for the pictures just as I had done it in life the first day I met Mr. Belasco.

Mr. Dean has since died, and as he had been with Mr. Belasco for fifteen years, that piece of film is monumental to the happy days when those two great friends were together.

I have much more to write about Mr. Belasco, as he is the most interesting figure in my stage life, but I shall reserve it until a future date.

Answers to Correspondents.

G. M. H.—By location is meant the exterior scene which is used in the making of a part of a film.

Herbert J.—Typewrite your scenarios on one side of the paper only. Send them to the scenario editor or department of any of the reputable companies. Enclose stamps for their return in case they are not accepted.

P. B.—Go to an eye specialist. You are endangering your eyes by using such remedies as you describe.

Mary Pickford.



MY FIRST LOVE AFFAIR.

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IT would not be quite right to tell you his name, especially as the denouement is a sad one, but we all like to talk of our first transient emotions, so I must tell you of mine.

My aunt took me to a matinee where he was the star, and although I was too little to understand what they were talking about, I liked the parts where there was much action on the stage, and invariably went to sleep when people sat at a table and talked for a long, endless time.

But somehow it didn't make any difference whether he was just merely talking or not—I thought he was so wonderful that never once did I catnap even through the dulllest moment.

In one play he sat on a table with the leading woman and put his arm around her, finally gathering her into both arms and kissing her on the lips. I remember how angry I was and how much I was going to dislike the leading lady if I ever met her!

Later, I was taken behind the scenes and met my leading man, who boldly picked me up into his lap, called me his little sweetheart and asked me how old I was, which you must admit was a very tactless question, even if one is only five.

And then, Fortune playing into my hands, just a few weeks later I was to play a role with him in "The Silver King," taking the part of his daughter. There was a line where he had to say to me, "Will you give me a kiss?" Perhaps it was because I was so in love with him, but at any rate, my answer "That I will" was always very self-conscious, and then he teased me about it.

I played in four or five productions with him, and one morning while we were sitting at the breakfast table, there came the dreadful news that he had been taken ill with pneumonia and was lying very low in the hospital. How badly I wanted to cry and how I struggled to control my emotions!

Goodness knows if I would have succeeded had it not been that at that opportune moment Lottie took my egg spoon and that was an excuse for letting out a long wail. I cried and moaned and threw myself down on the couch to the family's astonishment, who had never seen such actions before.

"To think you should cry about

an egg spoon," my mother scolded me, little dreaming I was quite heartbroken because the handsome leading man was going to die of pneumonia.

Soon after I, too, was ill with pneumonia, and when I heard the doctor whisper the fatal words to mother I beamed with delight. It was so romantic—I, too, his affinity, was to suffer the same illness he had!

Convalescent and my hero well, I was carried to the theater upon my demands that I see him in his play, "The Bootless Baby," where I had been told there was waiting a very fine part for me. How thrilled I was when he picked me up and said to me: "My poor little sweetheart! She's been sick!" And what a boasting voice mine was as I cried out, triumphantly. "But I had pneumonia!"

Not long after that I confided to him that I would marry him, but as the years went by I forgot, like many others, and not until a few months ago did I see him again. He came out to our studio to play characters, a nice, comfortable, fat, quite elderly gentleman with a bald head and two gold teeth!

Answers to Correspondents.

J. T. B.—If you care to go to the trouble you might be able to arrange for a visit to the plant by taking the matter up with some of the high officials by letter, and if you will explain your purpose, he may give you a permit.

K. G.—"Who Pays?" was produced by Balboa and "Perils of Pauline" by the Whartons. You are mistaken in thinking the same company produced both. Pathe released both, however.

R. R. B.—I could not even estimate her age for you, and surely I would not ask it. You should like her or not for what she does without thought as to how old she really is.

F. B. D.—The name Triangle was selected because the three directors, D. W. Griffith, Tom Ince, and Mack Sennett, are officers of the company and it is their supervision of the productions which gives the company its main strength.

H. B.—No, the two you mention are not married—that is, not to each other; but he is, and I would suggest that you save your postage.

Mary Pickford.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET.

Robert Hilliard.

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MR. Hilliard came to our home town, Toronto, Can., playing his vaudeville sketch, The Littlest Girl. In every town he would get one of the child actresses to play the part of the little girl in the sketch, and carried with him five sets of costumes so that one would be sure to fit the child.

It fell to my lot to be chosen, and well I remember the exciting day when mother brought the costume home and I studied my lines while she washed and ironed the many frills of the dress and cleaned the slippers, so that all would be in readiness for the day of the rehearsal.

It was a pathetic story. The Littlest Girl, of a mother who had run away from a wealthy father, carrying her little baby with her. Later, when the mother died in the ballet, the little girl was raised in a trunk. The man's dearest friend, coming to the theater had found the little girl. He had gone to the father, who was now embittered with life, and had taken the little girl, still in her odd little ballet costume, with him.

When they reached there the father was asleep and the little daughter was hidden behind the screen. There followed a scene between the best friend and the father, who denounces the child, but when the best friend takes the screen away, the father cannot resist the child and holds out his arms to her.

I enjoyed the part in spite of the fact that I was dreadfully afraid of Mr. Hilliard, whose deep voice rumbled in me in the most fear-inspiring tones.

One day I had been playing in the snow, making snowballs, and mother, taking off my wet gloves, found my hands were rough and red. When it came time to dress me for the performance, mother took the greatest care in washing my hands, then powdering and perfuming them to hide the chapped surface.

In the act, Mr. Hilliard had to kiss them, so when I was brought in to him in my costume, ready for inspection, he looked me over critically. Mr. Hilliard was always so immaculate in appearance himself, it made him critical of others. He saw the red, chapped hands and said to mother: "Madam, are this child's hands clean? Did you wash them tonight?"

Mother looked at him unhappily. "I certainly did," she replied.

For a minute I stared at him, and then, bursting into tears, I ran away from him crawling in back of the scenery, wedging myself in where he could not get to me, and cried out, "I don't like you any more!"

He felt very sorry and tried to coax me out of my hiding place, but I stood my ground. Finally, when he hauled me out, he apologized

with an amused twinkle in his eye. "I didn't mean it," he said as he kissed me. "These hands are not only clean, but lovely."

The next day he gave an actress ten dollars to buy a doll for me, and on Easter sent me a basket of Easter eggs which contained a chocolate rabbit and a chocolate egg. We ate the egg immediately, but we kept the rabbit until the following summer, when one day, out of loyalty to Mr. Hilliard, I devoured it and almost died.

I never played with Mr. Hilliard again, as I was in stock the next year he came, but Lottie played the part. I was so astonished to think that any one could fill my place, and well do I remember the superior airs Lottie put on because she was playing in a better house than I. She was in vaudeville while I was only in stock.

Mr. Hilliard came to the matinee and how proud I was because he sat in a box and at the end of the second act of The Silver King he threw a box of flowers to me. But alas! the leading lady thought they were for her and picked them up, thanking him for them, while I, in the wings, looked on hungrily and fought hard to keep the tears back.

Mr. Hilliard has not changed much since those days. He is a little stouter, perhaps, but he looks just the same, handsome, strong and clean cut.

Answers to Correspondents.

O. F.—Anita Stewart is with Vitagraph. The rumor of her having gone must be a mistake.

Betty D.—I had not heard that Isadora Duncan appeared in a picture, and think you must be mistaken. You do not mean Pavlova, do you?

Alice T.—Alice in Wonderland was produced in pictures several years ago.

M. R.—Get Rich Quick Wallingford series was released by Pathe. Burr McIntosh played J. Rufus Wallingford and Max Figman was Blackie Daw.

H. H.—Paul Scardon played the part of Professor Stilteer in The Goddess. Anita Stewart was the goddess and Earle Williams played the role opposite her.

T. B.—Viola Dana played Gladiola in the picture of that name. Miss Dana has had stage experience, having played the role in The Poor Little Rich Girl.

Mary Pickford.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET.

Alice Joyce.

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IT was seven years ago, in the old Biograph studio, that I first met Alice Joyce, and then, as now, I thought she was the most beautiful girl I have ever seen, with large, brown, lustrous eyes, a very pale complexion, cherry red lips, and a wonderful head of dark, brown, wavy hair.

"She is like Mona Lisa," we told each other when a faint suggestion of a smile appeared on her lips. First, like most of us, she began playing small parts, but her unusual beauty soon made her famous throughout the country and she was soon starred in Kalem features.

Several of us from the Biograph studio always sought her pictures and watched her, not only because we thought she was beautiful, but because she was equally clever. I remember that I stayed to see "Indian Summer," an Indian picture, run two or three times because I was so enchanted with Miss Joyce.

For years she was the reigning favorite and then she disappeared from the screen. It was because all her life she had not cared for her professional career, but had dreamed always of the quiet life of a home, a husband, and children.

Her dream came true when she married Tom Moore, but, like most women who give up their profession for their homes, the call of the stage—or in this case of the screen—was so strong that she came back to it. Her popularity never seemed to affect her—praise of her never turned her head—and although she was admired by many men, she was always indifferent to them.

One of the most distinguishing things about her is her beautiful speaking voice, which is slow and well modulated, of that caressing quality which leaves an everlasting impression. While many of the girls danced around the study, she would sit apart and embroider, even making her own clothes, which were the envy of the rest of us.

On Christmas Eve I went to visit her in her cunning little home, where she lives happily with her husband, and there, in her arms, was a beautiful little baby! I thought she was lovely when I first saw her, as she sat there in a little plain gray dress, holding her baby in her arms, her eyes looking down at it with mother tenderness, her hair brushed off her brow and coiled on the back of her

head, she was startlingly like a Madonna of the old masters.

"Some day I shall go back on the screen," she told me, "and even now I am making arrangements with one of the big companies. An actress can have her home, her baby, and her art, especially we of the screen who do not have to travel on the road and can spend our evenings at home."

Miss Joyce is so proud of her little baby girl and says that her motherhood comes before all else in her life.

At the last Greenroom club gathering in New York, Miss Joyce made her first appearance on the stage with her husband. She told us afterward her teeth chattered with nervousness, but we assured her that from the audience it was not apparent, and that her magnetism reached across the footlights, even as it had done in pictures.

Perhaps some day the little Joyce girl will follow in her mother's footsteps. Let us hope so!

Answers to Correspondents.

Mrs. M. G.—Letters like yours are very encouraging. Yes, indeed, I do want you to write again and not to feel that your letters are troublesome. I do not feel that way.

Ralph I.—I should think a little boy like you could get some work in pictures during the summer time, and hope you succeed, since your purpose is commendable.

H. F.—The quotation you send is from "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," by Oscar Wilde.

F. R. D.—Arthur Johnson died in February last. You must be mistaken in the release.

Gertrude J.—By all means have your scenarios typewritten. Scenario editors are too busy to read handwritten manuscripts. Haven't you a friend who can typewrite them for you?

Master George Pierce—Yes, indeed, I still have Billie, the canary. I enjoyed reading about your dog very much. He must be a very nice playmate.

Mary Pickford.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET.

Elsie Janis.

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WE met as children, Elsie Janis and I, when I was playing with Robert Hilliard in a vaudeville sketch, The Littlest Girl, and Elsie was on the bill, doing her imitations. She was very young then, but wonderfully clever, and I listened open-mouthed to her imitation of Edna May in Follow On, Anna Held in her famous song, I Just Can't Make My Eyes Behave, and a score of others.

"She's getting \$70 a week," whispered one of the actresses to me, and if it had been a dollar more I think my eyes would have popped out of my head. To think that any little girl could make \$70 a week was a revelation to me, and so I tagged after her like the tail of a comet.

She was little and slender, a typical American girl, with great, sparkling dark eyes; so ambitious and such a hard worker. She looked quite like her mother, who was always with her, standing in the wings and coaching her.

I remember mother asking Mrs. Janis' advice as to whether she should send me to a dramatic school or not. Mrs. Janis did not encourage the idea, but told mother to take me to all star performances, pointing out the best bits of acting, which was the education she had given Elsie.

Everyone spoke of Elsie's love for her mother and of how she looked to her mother more than to the audience for praise.

One afternoon she took me into her dressing room. All around the walls hung her many costumes, most of them made by her mother, and I have keen recollections of one fascinating white-spangled dress and a long cane, which Elsie carried when she wore the costume.

Of course, we were very important on the stage and acted very grown-up, but the minute we were out on the street we played games like the other children—tag around the lamp post and hide-and-go-seek.

Vaudeville time over, we went our ways, and it was while I was playing melodrama on the road that Elsie made her big hit at the New York Roof Garden, doing her imitations. I was so proud that I had known Miss Janis and believe I bragged quite a bit about it to the other girls in the company.

One afternoon at Macy's, Mrs. Janis and Elsie met mother and, recognizing her, stopped her to ask for me. Leaving mother, Elsie gave her a bouquet of gardenias she wore and asked her to take it to me. I cherished those flowers in a glass until they began to fade and then I pressed them in a book, showing them to all my friends, telling them how they came to me from a famous actress.

It was not until I was rehearsing with Mr. Belasco for The Good Little Devil, that Miss Janis and I picked up the threads where we had dropped them. We came face to face one afternoon as I was leaving the theatre, and though I recognized her immediately I was surprised when she came straight to me and held out her hand.

And then I looked at her and realized that she did not remember me as the little girl from Toronto whom she had played with as a child, but only from seeing me on the screen. And then I reminded her of those days when we were children, especially of the time when, Elsie, chasing me, had slipped and fallen splash into a mud puddle with her best dress on.

"And the gardenias you sent me!" I exclaimed. "I still cherish them!"

We have seen a great deal of each other lately, and it was my turn to watch Miss Janis when she went into pictures, starring in her own original stories.

If some one asked me my opinion of Miss Janis, I would say she is one of the most versatile actresses in the country, either as a comedian or a tragedian. She is very frank and serious-minded, has a scintillating mind, a spontaneous wit and is as entertaining off the stage as she is on.

I am very proud of my friendship with Miss Janis.

Answers to Correspondents.

Anna M.—I would not advise any one to take a correspondence course in acting.

Hazel J.—Do not bleach your hair. Go to a hair specialist if it is in such a bad condition.

J. K. P.—Keep your present position. You do not know that you would succeed in pictures, and you know the old adage about "A bird in the hand."

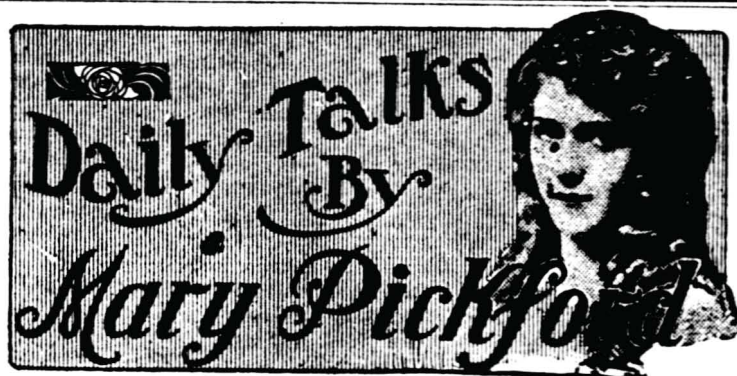
Hetty R.—I cannot recommend any school which teaches scenario writing.

Josephine L.—I cannot answer such personal questions. Think it over and you will see that I am

right about it.

G. T.—I am glad you feel my advice is good and that it has helped your daughter. Yes, indeed, I know that mothers haven't any path of roses.

Mary Pickford.



MAE MARSH.

PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET.

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"WHO is that little girl sitting over there?" I asked one day, pointing to a shy little tyke sitting in a corner by herself, reading a book. "She looks like a little bird just out of its egg-shell, looking around and wondering at the bigness of the world."

"That's Margaret Marsh's sister Mae," a girl whispered in my ear. "She's never played in pictures, but comes out here often with her sister to watch her."

I looked at her again. She had such a winsome, wistful face, with little, tiny freckles on her nose and her auburn hair brushed straight back from her forehead in a tight pigtail down her back.

A few days later Mr. Griffith saw her sitting on a rock looking into space, with a woe-begone expression in her eyes.

"That little girl has talent," Mr. Griffith remarked, "and I think she will become a great actress. Some day I am going to try her in a picture."

And he did, not long after, giving her the part opposite me in "Nina and the Geese." It was wonderful how quickly she learned, with her bright Irish imagination and her keen perceptions. From then on she made rapid progress, stepping right into leading parts and never having to climb the ladder as slowly as most of us.

Because of her wonderful sense of mimicry, she could do anything Mr. Griffith told her, but she was so timid she never offered suggestions. Often have I noticed Mr. Griffith leaning over to hear what she was saying, for her voice was so faint, and she never volunteered any conversation unless some one criticised one of her friends—then the timidity would vanish and she would defend them valiantly.

Even today she is as quiet as she was in those yesterdays when Mr. Griffith discovered her, and though she is considered one of the cleverest stars on the screen, she is just the same little girl, peering up at those she loves with her steady blue eyes, offering them a friendship which is sincere and lasting.

The marvelous work she did in "The Birth of a Nation" will make her live forever in the minds of the people, for her portrayal of the role she played was so realistic whole audiences have sobbed over the

scene where she died in her brother's arms.

While we wept with her in this feature, we laughed with her as Apple-Pie Mary—in fact, Mae Marsh has mastered both comedy and drama.

When we gathered in the dressing rooms at the studio, it was always Mae Marsh who made us laugh the most, for she had such a whimsical, tender, yet keen sense of humor. I do not remember her ever criticizing unkindly another girl or her art, which, after all, is a very beautiful trait, one which stands monumental, especially in our profession, where we are sometimes too prone to censure or judge others.

If you have not seen Mae Marsh, do not miss seeing her. She plays very often with Robert Herron—as clever an actor as she is an actress—and I know you will enjoy their human characterizations.

Answers to Correspondents.

Callie H.—Yes, Billie Burke is married to Flo Ziegfeld. Her first picture, "Peggy," was released by Triangle. You might write to her for a photograph.

H. G. D.—I wouldn't write to your idol, if I were you. I happen to know that he is "very much occupied" with his wife.

G. R.—Yes, Viola Dana was the original "Poor Little Rich Girl," and a very appealing little figure she was.

H. C.—Myrtle Stedman has signed a contract with the Morosco company and will be starred on the Paramount program.

Hazel J.—Yes, he's married. That's enough.

Paul R.—That flickering you speak of in the films occasionally is caused by the film being over-heated in the laboratory.

Mary Pickford.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET.
Chauncey Olcott.

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WHEN I first met Chauncey Olcott I was 12 years old. We had been hunting an engagement all summer and had not secured one. Late in August we went to the famous agency, run by the mother of Mabel Taliaferro, which was really the best theatrical agency in New York, especially for children.

Mrs. Taliaferro told us that Mr. Olcott was looking for three children and that we might go down to see him, although, since early morning, she had sent a dozen children there to be interviewed.

Undaunted we left her—mother, Lottie, Jack and I—and on our way there, I remember, I prayed as hard as I could, hoping that my prayers might reach Mr. Olcott and prepare the way for us.

It seemed a long ride to his office, and when we arrived there, around the walls, on the window sill, occupying all the chairs and benches, were children of all sizes, types and ages, guarded by their mothers—lean mothers, fat mothers, good-natured mothers, and cross mothers. When my mother landed with her three children, glaring glances were exchanged.

One by one the children went in, and one by one they came out. It was a tense, terrible moment, but finally our turn came.

Mr. Olcott looked at us critically and asked us many questions regarding our experience and the parts we had played. He talked kindly to us as we three children clung to each other and hung our heads, too frightened to look at this great star.

At last, he said he was sorry, but we were just the opposite of what he wanted—we were two large girls and one small boy and he wanted two large boys and one small girl.

Then mother suggested that if that was all, she could easily manage—Lottie and I would act the boys' parts in boys' costumes and Jack would be dressed up to make a very cunning little girl; whereupon Jack began to howl and rebel—he did not want to be a girl!

Mr. Olcott looked at us again and decided we could have the parts, as he needed three children and preferred them in one family, where the mother could play the comedy role.

And so it was that Lottie and I became Lord Bertie and Lord Algier in Mr. Olcott's famous play, "Edmund Burke," and little Jack, though he kicked, wailed and howled because he had to wear a wig and be-

come a little girl, played Lady Phyllis!

Mr. Olcott was very kind to us and very patient at rehearsals, and all went well, except in the part where Jack was to be trailed by two Indians with feather headdresses, hatchets and blankets, who chased the "fair maiden" through the woods. Jack was supposed to scream with terror, but one of us had to stand behind the scenes and scream for him, so frightened was he at the time that he always lost his voice.

We were there with Mr. Olcott a year, and it was one of the happiest years of my life. We never tired of his wonderful singing and never can we forget Mrs. Olcott's kindnesses to us. That was the beginning of a friendship which has lasted through the years.

Mr. and Mrs. Olcott we always think of as the ideal couple—they have always been so happy with each other, Mr. Olcott in his love for his art, and Mrs. Olcott in her love for her home and her vast charities.

When I appeared at the Hippodrome not long ago, I turned to glance over the audience, and found myself gazing down into their smiling faces. How grateful was I to them for their tender encouragement!

Answers to Correspondents.

G. T.—The National Board of Censors is not a legal organization, but is made up of members from various research and reform organizations who volunteer their services for "the good of the cause." In some places their rulings have been made to hold as legal by action of the local authorities.

B. B.—Yes, that was an old Biograph. Blanche Sweet did some very good work in the old days. Did you ever see "The Painted Lady," which she was featured in many years ago?

Mary Golden—Anita Stewart is still with the Vitagraph.

E. R. T.—Yes, Miss Vivian Martin is in private life, Mrs. William Jefferson.

C. D.—The shadows you speak of are caused by insufficient lighting in the interior scenes.

Edna D.—I should say that you should remain where you are.

Mary Pickford.



PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET.

BLANCHE SWEET.

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WE have just returned from seeing Blanche Sweet in "The Thousand Dollar Husband," and to me she is more beautiful than ever. You do not know how strange it is to watch our friends upon the screen, and when they look straight into the camera's eyes, which are the eyes of the audience, we have a little thrill quite as if they were looking at us and saying: "How do you do! I am glad you are here watching me!"

Once when Blanche Sweet smiled at me, I unconsciously smiled back at her, bridging the distance of those three thousand miles, with Blanche in California while I am here in New York.

How well I remember the day at the old New York Biograph studio when I first saw Miss Sweet. I had been away on a short vacation, and when I came back the other girls swarmed around to tell me about Mr. Griffith's new find, whom he called "Maud Adams" because she looked so much like that lovely stage star.

"Where is she?" I asked, all eagerness, and they pointed her out to me.

"What do you think of her?" came a dozen whispers, and I remember telling them that she made me think of some rare plant, like one of those pale yellow orchids we sometimes see in the flower shops. She had silver-blond hair, eyes of jade, and as I glanced at her slender figure I noticed her hands. They were beautiful hands, so white and delicate they made me think of the big, feathery snowflakes that fall in the early winter.

"To Save Her Soul" was the first picture we played in together, where she had the role of a dancer. I think the next was "All on Account of the Milk," a little comedy drama.

Blanche was a very studious girl and we envied her because of her ambition and her judgment in reading and studying the classics of literature. She did not mingle with the girls of the studio, but would sit out alone, delving into the dusty books which would give her an enviable education.

Her first great success was "Judith of Bethulia," and after that she was voted one of the most beautiful girls on the screen. When Mr. Griffith left the Biograph studio for the Mutual, Blanche was among the large company which followed him.

Her work in "The Escape," "The Secret Sin," "Home, Sweet Home," "The Secret Orchard," and "The Ragamuffin" are among her late successes, some of them with Mr. Grif-

fith and others taken at the Lasky studio, where she is now working. How often we have laughed over the time when I played the part of Faro Kate, an adventuress, in one of the Biograph pictures, and Blanche was the leading lady who suffered at the hands of myself, the villainess.

If you should ask me what her chief characteristics are I would say that above all things we love her for her frankness, her truthfulness, and her honesty in her criticisms of other people's work. She is as clever with the needle as she is on the stage or on the screen, and designs all her own clothes, believing that a woman expresses her individuality through the gowns she wears. In her artistic apartment she has a very fine collection of books. These friends have always seemed a part of her life.

We often send each other telegrams after seeing pictures, and here is a little one from Blanche to me which is so characteristic of her that I must publish it. It came after her seeing "Madam Butterfly."

"Butterfly was as good as I expected and wanted it to be. I came out of the theater with tears in my eyes. I am very glad of your success and very jealous. Your loving friend, Blanche."

Because of her great loyalty, we who are her friends consider ourselves fortunate.

Answers to Correspondents.

K. C. C.—I cannot recommend any school which guarantees to teach you the "art of acting" in six weeks.

G. B.—Consult the trade journals for names of directors and what sort of scenarios they are using.

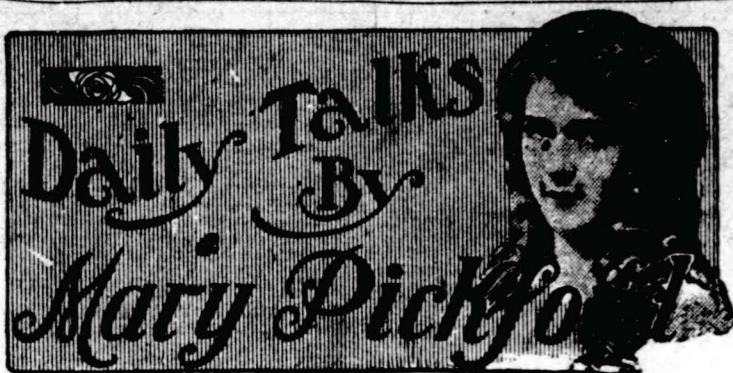
H. R. V.—Few of the film companies make their Western stuff in the East; therefore, I am afraid you will have to go West to secure the kind of position you want.

Helen W.—Your scenarios will have to be in typewritten form, on one side of the paper only, and sent to the scenario editor of the different companies. If you want them returned in case they are not used, send return postage and self-addressed envelope.

C. K. Y.—V. L. S. E. stands for Big Four.

Evelyn B.—Billy Garwood has been with the Universal for at least a year. Vitagraph-Lubin-Selig-Essanay, and it is more generally known as "The

Mary Pickford.



PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET.

NAZIMOVA.

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DO you know that the marvelous Nazimova is going to appear upon the screen? Yes, it is true, and we are all watching eagerly for her first picture, which will be "The War Brides," so we understand at the present writing.

For the last two or three years many have marveled why Nazimova had not done a picture, as most of the great artists had appeared upon the screen in at least one five-reel feature.

This is the question I asked her several years ago when I met her for the first time on the train coming from California to New York.

One morning mother and I passed through a private car on our way to the dining car, and we were astounded when the people in the car applauded our entrance. But a minute later it was explained—it was Madame Nazimova's private car which had been attached in the night and she had expressed a wish to meet me when told we were on the same train.

This was our first introduction—a memorable one to me. I asked her eager questions about her art and the Russian school of acting, and she in her turn wished to hear about pictures. She expressed a desire to appear upon the screen, but was so timid of the appraising eye of the camera she was afraid she would not be successful.

I told her then she would be very lovely in pictures, and that some day I hoped to see her upon the screen.

She was one of the most charming actresses I have ever met—so unaffected and so generous in her praise of others. Her great, dark, sparkling eyes flashed messages of fire when she talked, ever about the most trivial little details of life. We noticed then the strong yet sensitive lines of her mouth. She is an exquisite Russian type, the midnight hair brushed back and coiled in a simple knot at her neck, with wonderful slender, caressing hands.

She did not act toward the rest of the company as if she were the star, but just as one of them, and that is the epitome of her whole existence—simplicity. I remembered how she

laughed when I told her that after seeing her in "The Doll's House" and "Belladonna" one of my greatest ambitions had been to wear a long dress, a high collar and imitate Nazimova!

And again we talked pictures, Madame Nazimova saying she did not think she would ever be popular on the screen because she thought the American public did not care to see her type of plays. They wanted more the innocent, simple stories and not the big, pulsing dramas and tragedies of life.

"A great artist can make a melodrama a classic," I assured her, but she still felt at that time it was hopeless.

"I am only for the stage," she replied.

Of course, her quaint little accent will be mute and that rare coloring lost, but as Nazimova is undoubtedly the greatest artist of pantomime on the stage today, she will find, like Geraldine Farrar, a new expression for her art.

Answers to Correspondents.

Harrison Clark.—I am sorry, but I am unable to give you any information regarding any star's private life.

Helene M.—Yes, college men make good "extras." It is most certainly an honorable way to pay one's way through school.

K. L. M.—Sorry, but I can't help you market your scenarios. I know how hard it is, too, and wish I could help you.

Anna J.—I cannot suggest any names of persons for you to see in regard to entering pictures. (2) No way except through personal interview with casting directors.

Josephine G.—I don't believe if you have had time to go to moving picture theaters three and sometimes five times a day for the past year you are very industrious. Why not more reading and study if you wish to become an actress?

P. D. T.—It is true that some of the prettiest actresses do not "screen well."

Mary Pickford.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET.

Frank Keenan.

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YOU who have not seen Frank Keenan on the stage have perhaps seen him in pictures, now that he is with the Triangle company and has been featured in such unusually fine pictures as "The Despoilers" and "The Coward." We who knew him as a stage star agree that the pictures are fortunate in having such an actor to perpetuate his art upon the screen, where he brings with him earnestness, splendid technique and forceful personality.

I first knew him when he was the star in "The Warrens of Virginia" and I was playing the part of Betty. Dick Storey, Edith Storey's brother, and I whispered to each other, that we would not dare to speak to him unless he spoke first and that when he passed us we had better squeeze close to the scenery to avoid him, as his brusque manner quite terrified us. But we soon found that his was a great, tender heart and that of all the actors we had ever known he was the kindest.

One day he stopped me as I was leaving my dressing room.

"You don't look well, Betty," he said to me. "I don't think you eat enough."

"Yes, I do, sir," I replied, looking up into his eyes and smiling at the tenderness I saw there, half hidden under his scowling eyebrows.

"I am going to watch you hereafter," he continued. "Beware of me."

That very evening he came to the theatre with a package under his arm and in it were two bottles of tonic and a measuring glass. He told me that if I didn't take this tonic in the prescribed time I should be fined for my disobedience. But, let me add here, hoping it will not reach Mr. Keenan's eyes, he had the worst taste in tonics I have ever experienced!

Night after night we never wearied of standing in the wings and listening to him when we were not on the stage. It was his wonderful voice which held us spellbound and even then, though we were little more than children, we realized a great deal from his experience and his art.

After I had left the stage and gone into pictures, I met Mr. Keenan in Chicago and was almost afraid to tell him I had given up my ambitions as an actress and had gone into pictures, afraid he would scoff at the screen, as many others did at that time. But he mentioned it first, telling me he had seen me in pictures, that he had watched for me and had become a picture fan, all eagerness to know about the life at the studios.

He did not dream at that time of the day when he would become a picture star himself and the pleasure of seeing him in pictures would boom-erang to me.

I remember one little experience at the Belasco theatre when Mr. Keenan saved the day. While waiting for my cues, I would steal up to my dressing room to read or study, but one night I remained a little

too long, and when I stopped to listen for my cue I found there was but one speech before my turn to go on. My heart almost stood still, for I had to go down three flights of stairs, run under the stage, hurry up one flight and get in back of the scenery during that one speech.

By the time I did reach the stage, I was so breathless, I could not utter a sound. Dick Storey had waited for me until the last moment, as we were to make one appearance together, and then he had gone ahead without me. I even stumbled as I ran on the stage, and after I caught my breath I was so excited that I asked myself the questions which were Mr. Keenan's lines, and then went ahead, still breathlessly, and answered them. The audience laughed, and Mr. Keenan, looking at me with a whimsical, amused smile, said aloud, "Well Betty, now you have said everything—there is nothing left for me to say!"

This made me so hysterical I laughed and cried against the woolly coat he wore, expecting it would be my last appearance on the stage, but much to my surprise and happiness he never mentioned it again.

Some day I hope to have the pleasure of playing in the same company with Mr. Keenan. It would be a great honor and a greater privilege.

Answers to Correspondents.

Miss P. C. T.—Thank you for your very kind and encouraging letter. I am very glad indeed to hear that my talks have slightly influenced your girl friends to better living.

H. A. S.—Yes, there is a moderate demand for boys of your age at the studios. Go to the studio in person, see the casting director, leave your photo, address and description and when they are in need of your type, they will send for you.

Anxious Mother—I would advise that you let your little daughter remain in school. If you still wish it, you can enter her in pictures when she has finished school.

Mrs. W. E. D.—I regret very much that it would be impossible for me to do as you request about your husband's photograph, and it would not be to his advantage. It would be best for him to apply at the studio, in person, leave his address, description and a photo, and when they are in need of his type, they will send for him.

L. H. M.—Never take a correspondence course in acting.

G. F. Marres—The quotation you give is from Shakespeare. However, it is not correctly quoted, the last lines being, "Steals that which not enriches him, and leaves me poor indeed."

Mary Pickford.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET.

Arthur Johnson.

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EVER since I have been a little girl I have heard my mother talk about Sol Smith Russell, and when I met Arthur Johnson, with his slow, sweet, sunrise smile, I always imagined they were very much alike.

Although I have written on the passing of Arthur Johnson, in turning over the scrapbook of Time one of the red-letter pages is my knowing and playing with Arthur Johnson in the old Biograph days.

If I can end by telling how much I liked him, I can certainly begin by confessing how much I disliked him when I first went to the studio, for he was a great tease, and as I was at the bashful, oversensitive age, of course he made me the target of his winged shafts of humor.

There was many days when I fled to my dressing room to give vent to the tears which would flow in spite of myself, but if he had known it there was no one in the studio who would have grieved more, because he had hurt any one's feelings than Arthur Johnson.

The first time I met him was in Chicago, when I was playing there with Mr. Belasco's traveling company in "The Warrens of Virginia." He was at that time with Jim Corbett in "The Gentleman Burglar."

Several from our company took a box at the theatre where he was playing, and we all remarked that he was our idea of the ideal Irish gentleman, for Arthur Johnson was born in Ireland and always had a bit of brogue which made him the more fascinating to all of us. He was very well educated and all of his brothers had studied for the ministry. "But not I," laughed Arthur Johnson. "I was destined to be the black sheep of the family."

Among the pictures I played in with him perhaps the ones I liked best were "Love Among the Roses" and "The Little Schoolteacher." He never seemed to be acting, but would say many amusing little lines which made us quite imagine we were living the part.

Mr. Griffith always enjoyed directing him, and what a company it was—Mack Sennett, Marion Leonard, and Florence Lawrence!

We were all envious of Arthur Johnson because his mail box burst with letters from admirers, and sometimes, to repay him for teasing us, we twitted him, insinuating he was getting very vain on account of the attentions showered upon him.

Once in a cigar store in California, several college boys were peering at Johnson out of the corner of their eyes.

"I was just getting pretty chesty," he confided to me, "thinking I alone was the center of attraction, when

one of the boys came up to me, and apologized.

"We're not exactly looking at you," he explained, "but we're just wondering if you aren't the man who plays in moving pictures with the little girl who wears her hair in curls and pouts."

"Did you mean me?" I asked, all surprised to think that far out in California they had heard of me, not realizing that our pictures went everywhere, even to the most remote corners of the globe.

"While you took the blue ribbons away from me," Arthur Johnson, continued, "I have something new to tease you about. Hereafter you shall be 'the little girl with the pout.'"

Never have I heard any one speak so tenderly of their daughter as he did in telling about his little girl. They were wonderful stories, and lost nothing in the telling, I can assure you. Because of his great love for his home, he was never really happy either on the stage or in pictures, and always longed for the time to come when he could have a quiet home in the country and a great, wonderful yard for his children.

Often we actors and actresses gather together and talk over the romance and charm of those yesterdays at the Biograph, and always does the name of Arthur Johnson linger the longest in our hearts.

Answers to Correspondents.

T. F. W.—My advice is never, to take a correspondence course in acting.

Mrs. D. H. M.—Thank you for your nice, encouraging letter. Letters like yours give me so much pleasure.

S. C.—Thank you very, very much for the Precious Promise Testament. It was very thoughtful of you and indeed I will read in it sometimes.

W. L. D.—If I were you, I would go to the moving picture studios, leave my address, photo and description, and as soon as they are in need of your type they will send for you. That will give you a trial and after that, it is up to you to make good.

Miss H.—New applicants who are given a chance as "extras" receive wages, which vary with type, etc. It depends upon a girl's own ability how long she does extra work. She has to furnish her own clothes. There is a studio in Cleveland, newly opened. I would go to the studio in person, leave address, photo and description. This is much better than writing.

Mary Pickford.